The Saturday Evening
POST
October 1, 1955 — 15¢

SEP 27 '55
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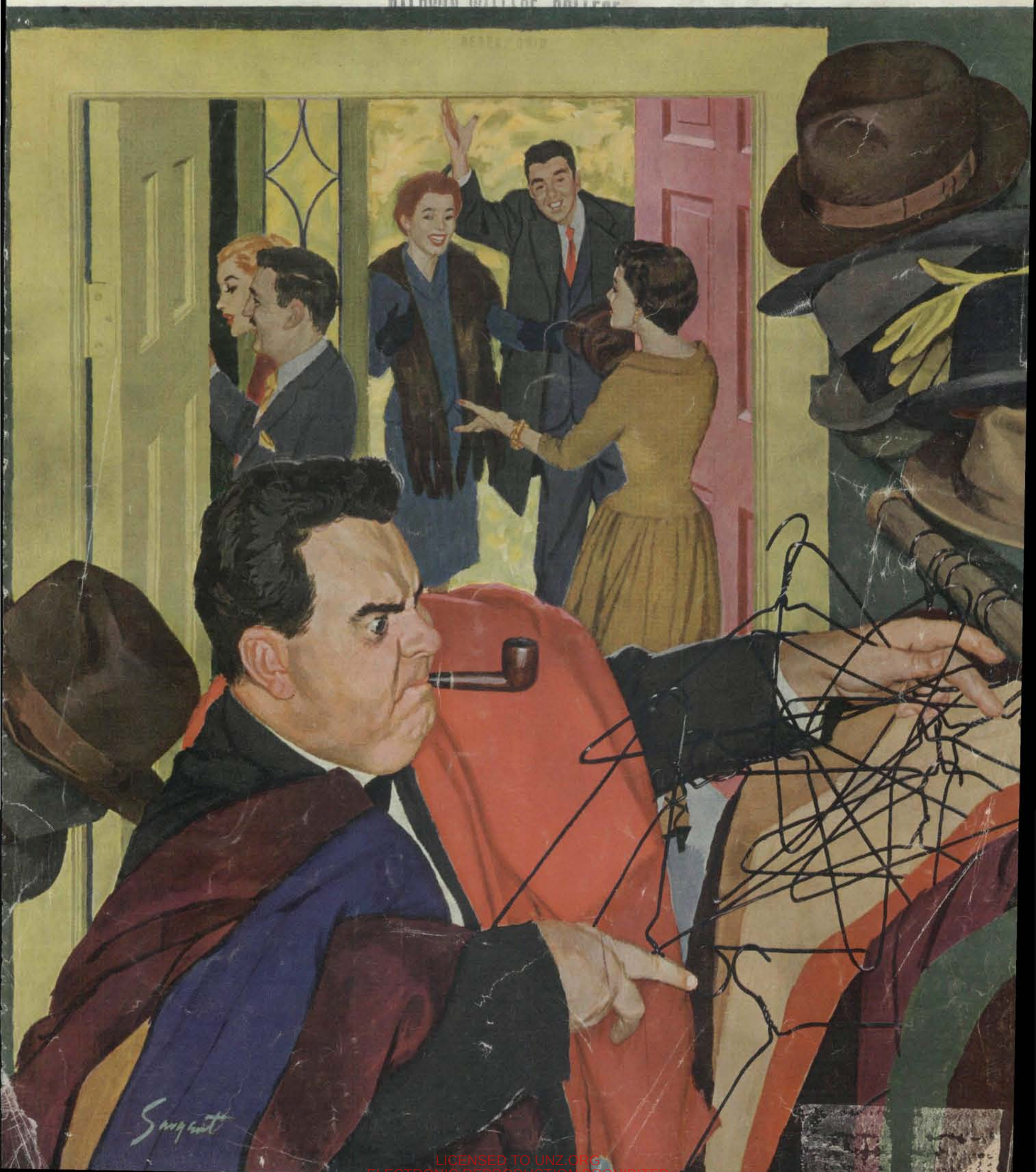
A Long-Awaited New Novel

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY

By Agnes Sligh Turnbull

Author of THE BISHOP'S MANTLE



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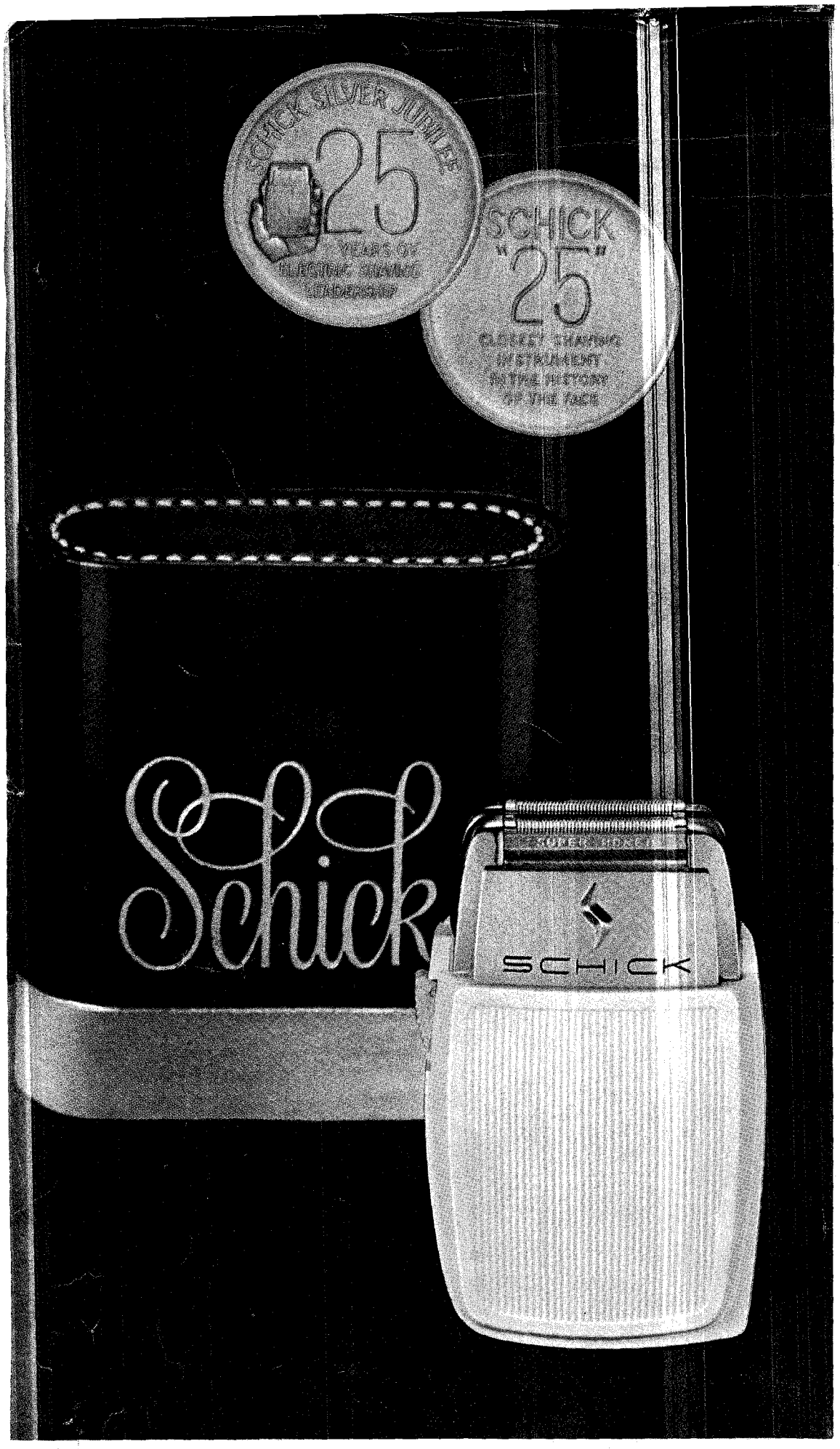


The inventors of Electric shaving
on their 25th Anniversary

PRESENT THE NEW SCHICK "25"

Shaves closer than anything ever invented

25 years ago Colonel Jacob Schick electrified the shaving world by introducing the first electric shaver.

Every year since 1930, Schick has pioneered new improvements in the electric shaver—making it easier, faster—above all, *closer.* And now we introduce the Schick "25"—the most magnificent shaving instrument since beards began.

Here's more than white-and-silver beauty. Here's the Hi-Power Motor, putting new power in the palm of your hand, moving twice as fast as an airplane engine traveling 300 miles an hour. Here are the only curved combs that guide each whisker into the shearing action. And the heads, super-honed to a new sharpness, shave each whisker at skin-line.

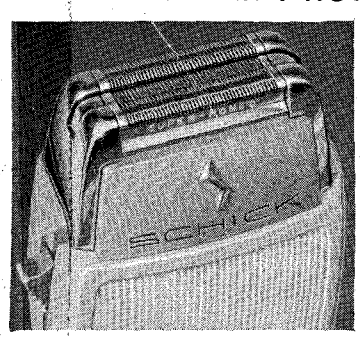
But only when you put all of this into action and get the feel of this new Schick on your face—only then can you tell what a precision instrument it is. What's more—you'll discover a shave closer than you ever dreamed possible.

So ask your dealer about the 14-day money-back home trial. At all dealers and Schick Shaver Shops. Only $29.50. Your dealer will allow you $5 on your old electric shaver, any make or condition. Schick Incorporated, Lancaster, Pa.

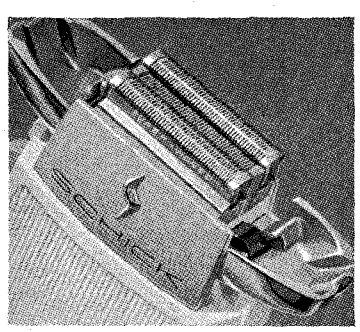
P.S.: *The smartest gift you can give him is the closest shave he can get—and that's the new Schick "25".*

Watch the Robert Montgomery Show every week on NBC-TV. See why more men use Schick Electric Shavers than any other make.

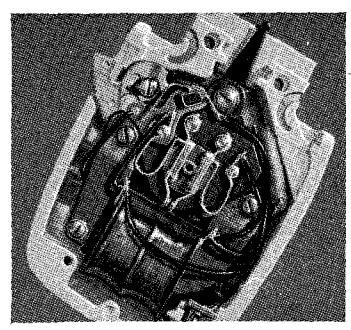
3 REASONS WHY NOTHING SHAVES CLOSER THAN THE NEW SCHICK "25"



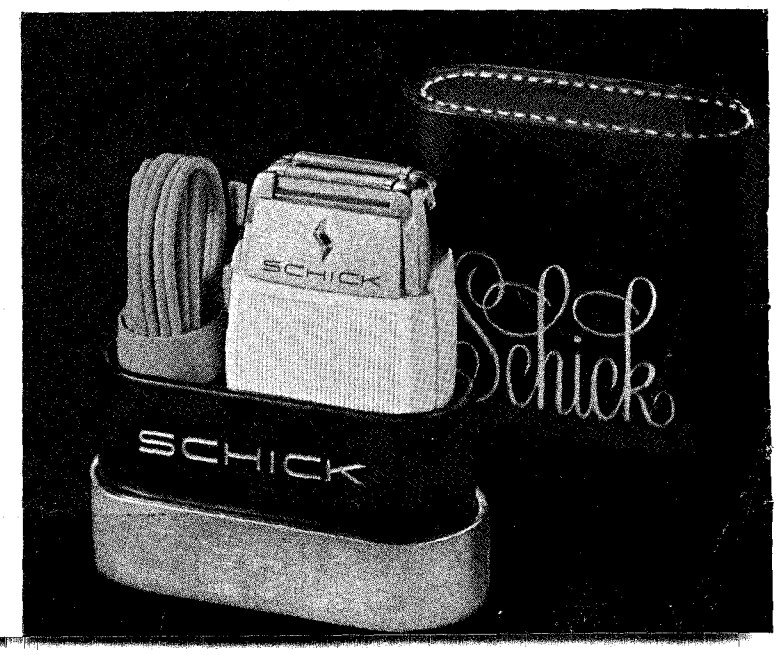
1. SUPER-HONED HEADS. Honed and finished to a sharpness unmatched by any other shaver. Result: easy, quick and amazingly close shaving of every whisker. Never pull or pluck.



2. CURVED COMB. Curved shape presses down skin around each whisker for gentle shaves, no irritation. Comb guides each whisker into place no matter which way it grows.



3. HI-POWER MOTOR. Snap it on with a touch of the switch. Goes twice as fast as an airplane engine at 300 mph. Most powerful motor for its size. Shaves the toughest whiskers.



More men use Schick Electric Shavers than any other make.

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THREE TELEPHONE PIONEERS from different sections of the country are shown here. They are Robert C. Price of Williamsport, Pa.; Mrs. Marguerite T. Burns of Minneapolis, Minn.; and Melvin F. Held of St. Louis, Mo. Shown also are emblems of the two Pioneer associations.

They're Telephone Pioneers

Experience and fellowship of long-term telephone men and women are important factors in good telephone service

Robert C. Price, Mrs. Marguerite T. Burns, and Melvin F. Held, shown together here, are Telephone Pioneers.

They are representative of the more than 180,000 men and women who belong to two big and important organizations in the telephone business.

These are the Telephone Pioneers of America and the Independent Telephone Pioneer Association.

These two organizations are composed of employees who have spent many years in the business, their average service being well over 21 years. About one out of every four telephone people in the Bell System and independent telephone companies in the United States and Canada is a Pioneer.

Each day the active, working Telephone Pioneers bring over 3¾ million years of "know-how" and experience to the job. Equally important is their deep-seated spirit of service that is so important a part of the telephone business.

By sustaining and nourishing this spirit, they help to insure its continuance and provide a solid foundation for greater progress to come.

The fast, courteous, low-cost telephone service you enjoy today is due in no small measure to the men and women who wear the proud emblems of the Telephone Pioneers.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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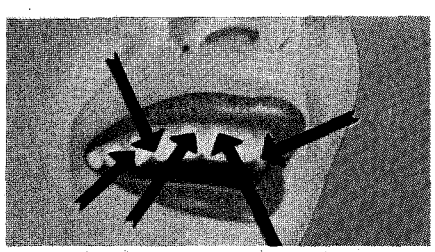
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL—To Give Up To 7 Times Longer Protection Against Tooth Decay ...With Just One Brushing!

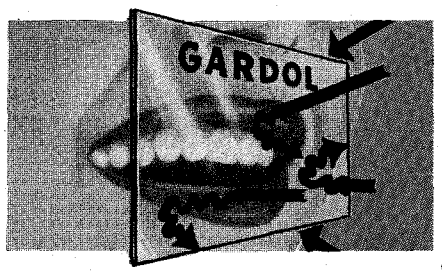
GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTHPASTE



DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!

12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS

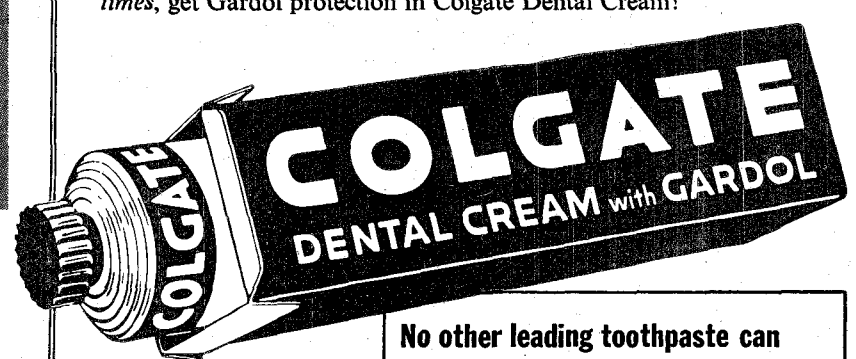


STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria come back in minutes, to form acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* *keeps on* fighting tooth decay 12 hours or more!

Thus, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours *with just one brushing*. Ask your dentist how often you should brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And *at all times*, get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!



No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against decay you get with Colgate's with just one brushing!

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IN THIS ISSUE

October 1, 1955 — *Vol. 228, No. 14*

4 Short Stories

Captain Ruthless . . . . . *Jacland Marmur* 24
She Wouldn't Believe Him . . . . . *Charles Goforth Ewing* 28
Babe's Strange Illness . . . . . *R. Ross Annett* 31
The Mystery of X . . . . . *Cordelia Baird Gross* 34

9 Articles

Are Patients Human Beings? . . . . . *Milton Silverman* 17
The Face of America: City of Splendor . . . *Photograph by Glenn Embree* 22
Did the Best Teams Get in the Series? . *Fred Fitzsimmons, as told to Stanley Frank* 25
The Town That Reformed . . . . . *John Bartlow Martin* 26
Trouble in the Suburbs (*Last of three articles*) . . . . . *Hal Burton* 30
School for Ultramodern Girls . . . . . *Henry F. and Katharine Pringle* 32
The World's Newest Army (*First of two parts*) . . . *James P. O'Donnell* 36
The Perils of Rosalind Russell . . . . . *Richard G. Hubler* 38
Why Animals Don't Need Maps . . . . . *Ben Pearse* 43

2 Serials

The Golden Journey (*First of eight parts*) . . . . . *Agnes Sligh Turnbull* 20
Underworld U.S.A. (*Fifth of eight parts*) . . . . . *Joseph F. Dinneen* 45

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 40
Verse . . . 56, 76, 87, 94, 104, 123
Keeping Posted 136

THE COVER

Our host is in a whingding because he has an interesting puzzle to solve and is not interested in puzzles. If Dick Sargent had made it darker in the closet—that always adds to this kind of fun. Comment on life: if those hangers came from cleaning companies for free, is it humane to welcome the little friends into one's home; then turn against them and call them distressing names? A more deserving thing to blaspheme is found in upstairs closets—the loose-jawed pants hanger which, after a man has hung up his raiment and confidently walked away across the room, quietly flings it on the floor. Why doesn't this host be really hospitable—let his guests climb up to a bedroom with their stuff, later climb wearily back up and bring it down, while he just stands below and smiles?

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

THE same research and specialized experience that developed the batteries that made the electric torpedo a practical weapon will work for you . . . *when you put an Exide ULTRA START® battery in your car.*

Only ULTRA START offers you patented Silvium® alloys to combat grid corrosion and sulphation—the real reasons why ordinary batteries wear out. Thus, ULTRA START assures you the ultimate in dependability and long life . . . the last word in battery economy.

You can have an Exide for the price of an ordinary battery—starting as low as $11.95 exch.—*and you get experienced neighborhood service.* Find your Exide dealer in the yellow pages of your phone book.

WHEN IT'S AN Exide... YOU START

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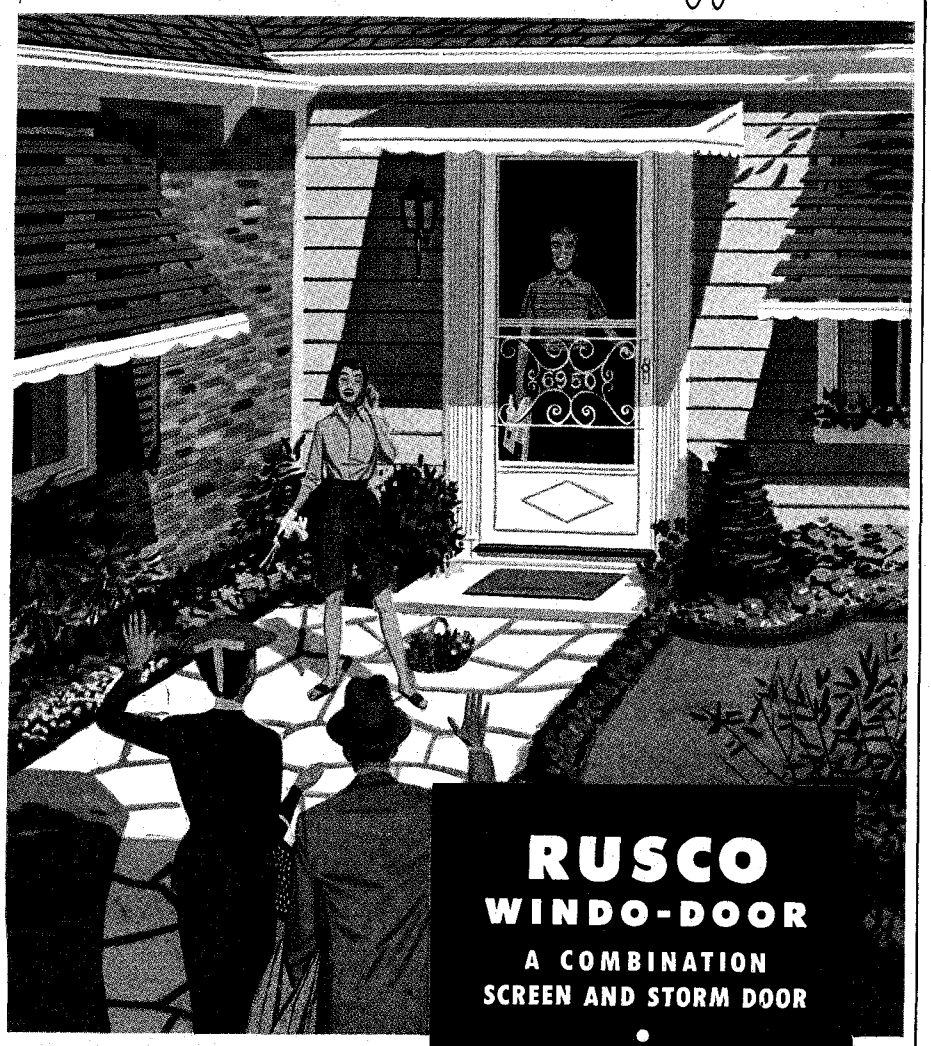
with RUSCO...there is a difference!



RUSCO WINDO-DOOR
A COMBINATION SCREEN AND STORM DOOR
•
Self-Storing COMBINATION WINDOWS
•
YEAR 'ROUND, ALL-METAL AWNINGS AND DOOR CANOPIES

RUSCO brings you year 'round protection in lovely "DECORATOR COLORS"

There's a big difference in convenience, comfort and economy when your home is protected the year 'round by a Rusco Windo-Door—A Combination Screen and Storm Door—that operates just like a window!

There's a difference, too, when your home is equipped with Rusco, the easiest operating Combination Screen and Storm Sash, with exclusive felt weatherstripping and beautiful baked enamel finish!

There's a difference you'll enjoy in the wonderful beauty Rusco's permanent venetian Awnings and protective Door Canopies bring to your home!

There's a difference you'll *really appreciate* when you compare Rusco's unmatched quality and dollar value!

And only Rusco gives you a choice of sturdy, hot-dipped galvanized steel or satin-smooth extruded aluminum!

Don't delay—call your Rusco man today and get the facts!

"Hello there! I'm Sally Steele from the Rusco Consumer Service Department. We have just printed new, beautifully illustrated, Rusco booklets filled with detailed information on each of these fine products. If you'll write to me—at the address below—I'll rush your FREE copies to you."

BY INVITATION MEMBER
WARRANT OF QUALITY
Always one step ahead of the weather with RUSCO

DEALER OPPORTUNITIES available in many attractive sales territories.

RUSCO THE F. C. RUSSELL COMPANY
Dept. 1, SE 105, Cleveland 1, Ohio
In Canada: Toronto 13, Ontario
World's largest manufacturer of windows, doors and home comfortizing products.

Letters

How Effusive Should a Doormat Be?

Dear Sirs:

Concerning Norman R. Jaffray's delightful verse, RELUCTANT HOST (Post, July 30, 1955):

Mr. Jaffray's suggestion
Re changing the format
Of his own doormat
Raises a question:

Wouldn't the scope
Of his intent
Be clearer meant
By saying "NOPE"?

E. FORD
Hobbs, New Mexico

● Poet Jaffray was in favor of having his own doormat read "Well—O.K."—ED.

Gadgets May Make Exercise Old-Fashioned

Dear Sirs:

It is with interest that I read your editorial SCIENCE FREES THE SWEATED GOLFER FROM HATED EXERCISE [Aug. 27] referring to that odd little vehicle seen on golf courses, the golf runabout or caddie.

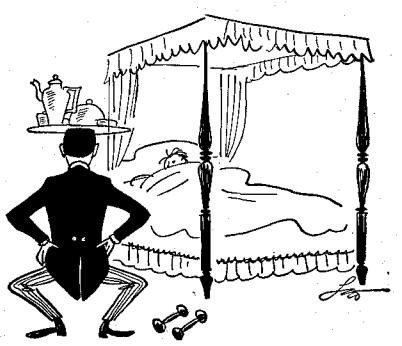
You may be interested to know that in West Englewood, N.J., the letter carriers have adopted these devices, incidentally at their own expense, on which they hook their heavy mail bags, a boon these hot days. . . .

HARRY ALLAN LUCHT,
West Englewood, N.J.

● It appears that quite a few letter carriers throughout the nation have adopted the same sensible idea.—ED.

Dear Sirs:

Refusing to accept your new-fangled ideas . . . I hereby attribute my long and still forward-looking life to the fact



that I've never owned an automobile. But I'm reminded of an old-time cartoon that shows a rich young man, luxuriously in bed, watching a Japanese servant do for him his morning setups.

F. H. MCMAHON,
Wahpeton, N. Dak.

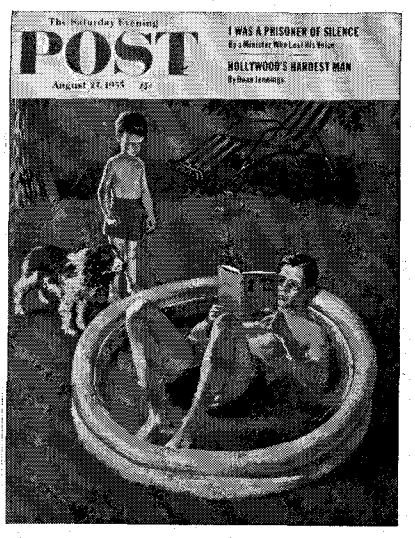
Post Cover Sets Off Snapshot Coincidence

Dear Sirs:

About four weeks ago, my city editor and I were discussing an idea for a hot-weather picture. We came up with the inclosed idea [see below]. Then as weather cooled off somewhat, we postponed the picture for the time being.

Yesterday, Aug. 23, it got hot enough (a blistering 103 for the record high of the year in Fort Worth). I left the office and . . . turned out my work and went home still feeling a bit cocky. . . .

Imagine my chagrin when I got home and picked up my copy of the Aug. 27



Saturday Evening Post . . . that same day. Amos Sewell had beaten me to it and done it with almost the same composition that I had used. UNGHHH! . . .

I led a dog's life the next day at work. Copycat Lee, they call me. . . .

I still deny it. It was a miserable coincidence.

JOHN LEE, *Photographer,*
Fort Worth Star-Telegram,
Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Sirs:

After seeing Post's cover . . . I recalled the enclosed picture that I had taken on July 3rd, 1955, of my father and uncle

enjoying the cool water on a hot day with my father's oldest granddaughter looking on. . . .

MRS. MARY LOUISE MACPHERSON,
Leonia, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

. . . My husband, George . . . has even improved on the general idea, by using the additional

(Continued on Page 6)

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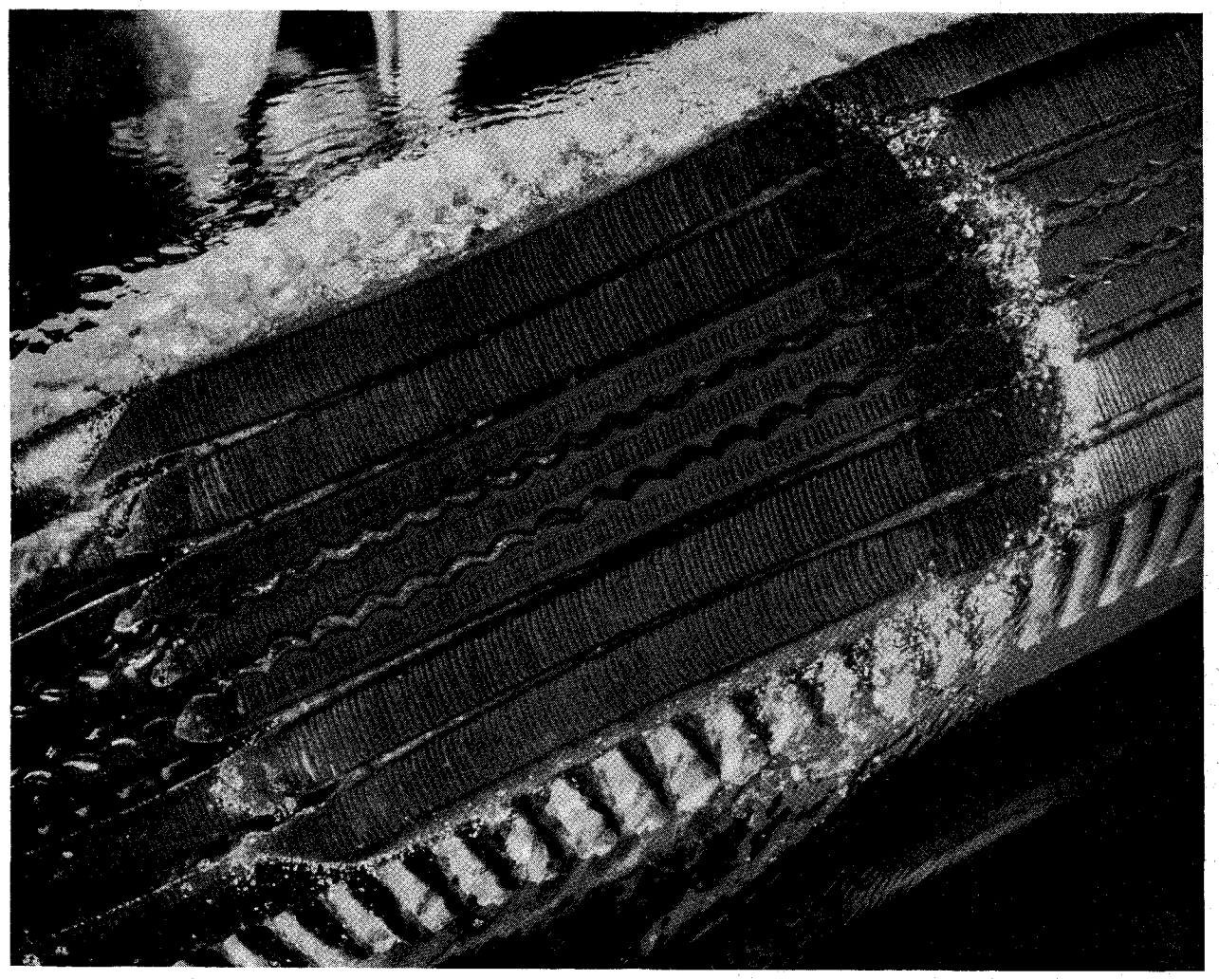
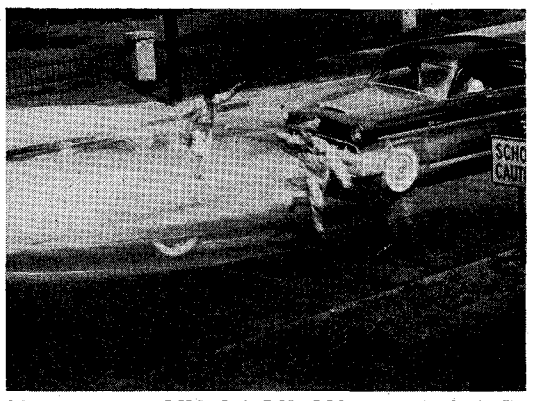
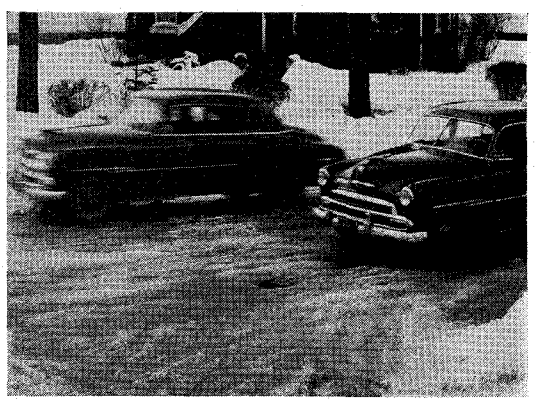
B.F. Goodrich First in Tubeless





LIFE-SAVER GIVES YOU AN EXTRA SAFETY MARGIN ON WET ROADS. Photo shows how LIFE-SAVER grip-blocks (on dark car above) give you a life-saving margin of stopping power on wet pavement.



LIFE-SAVER DEFIES SKIDS ON ICY OR SNOW-PACKED ROADS. Grip-blocks *flex*, *wipe* away water, *hold* on the dried path. And LIFE-SAVER Tubeless give you year-round blowout and puncture protection.

Thousands of grip-blocks in LIFE-SAVER® tread defy skids on wet streets and icy roads

The closeup photo above shows a B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless stopping on a sheet of wet glass. Taken from underneath, it demonstrates what happens when you apply your brakes on a wet, icy or snow-packed road.

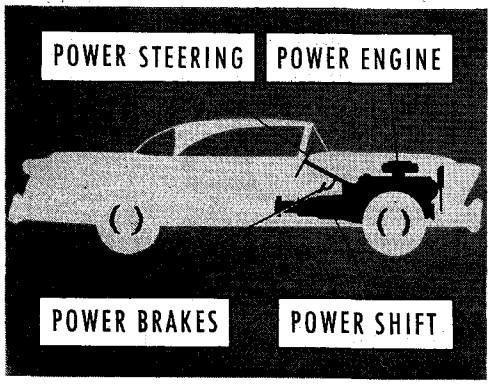
B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless have thousands of grip-blocks that flex to wipe wet roads dry. They grip the road with caterpillar action to stop your car when the brakes stop your wheels.

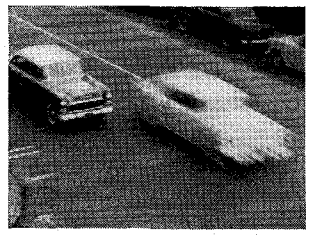
B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless give you year-round protection against bruise-blowouts and seal punctures permanently nail in or out. They are made by the Inventor of Tubeless, B. F. Goodrich. B. F. Goodrich Tubeless are engineered to meet the demands of today's power cars. You can get this extra safety for your present car *now*. They fit your standard wheels.

Find your B. F. Goodrich retailer listed in the Yellow Pages under "Tires". Many B. F. Goodrich retailers offer convenient terms. As little as $1.00 down puts a LIFE-SAVER on your car. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Tire and Equipment Division, Akron, Ohio.

RESEARCH KEEPS B.F.Goodrich FIRST IN RUBBER

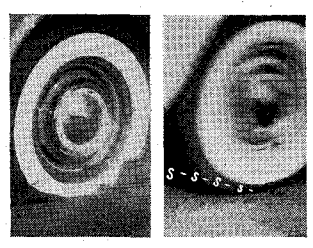
All this POWER here: ↓ needs B. F. Goodrich POWER Tubeless Tires to put it to work on the road:



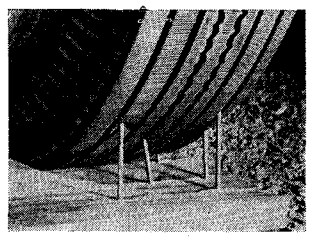


FOR POWER STARTS—*They give more grip, less slip.* With power shifts and engines, it's easy to spin your wheels on quick take-offs. B. F. Goodrich Power Tubeless turn slip to *grip* on wet streets.

FOR POWER TURNS—*They take out the squeal.* Where quicker, power-steered turns make regular tires squeal, B. F. Goodrich Power Tubeless are quieter. They resist side-skid, give you better control.



FOR POWER GO—*They take out the bruise-blowout.* A patented inner liner, part of the tire itself, slows air loss. Instead of a blow-out, you get a safe s-s-slowout that gives you time to stop.



FOR PUNCTURE PROTECTION—*LIFE-SAVER Tubeless* seals punctures *permanently*. Patented sealant gets air-tight grip on puncturing nail. When nail is pulled, sealant plugs hole, makes permanent repair

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THIS is the coat you'll live in *rain, sun, cold*

An Alligator coat really makes sense

You'll never cease admiring and enjoying all the extras you get in Alligator outercoats. The beauty of their luxurious fabrics. The "just-right-weight," full-cut roominess . . . comfort beyond compare. And wide choice . . . from classic gabardines to other fabrics in exciting patterns and colors. Or the smartest and lightest rainwear. All flatter your appearance . . . all water repellent or waterproof. No wonder the all-weather usefulness of an Alligator makes so much sense to men . . . why it has become the coat "you'll live in" . . . rain, sun, cold!

You can't mistake that Alligator elegance

No matter what Alligator coat you choose, it is traditional that *all* have that envied Alligator elegance, instantly recognized in their luxurious flare . . . drape and full-cut sweep. No other coats give you such distinctive good looks, such all-weather enjoyment . . . such "fit-your-wallet" values from **$8.50 to $49.75**

Famous Alligator **GOLD LABEL** *America's most wanted gabardine* **$40.75** Very fine all wool worsted, water repellent processed. The coat you'll wear and enjoy most.

Weatherstyle All Wool Shetland features a soft, luxurious fabric, in a wide range of patterns and colors. Smartly styled, it is also water repellent for all-weather use. **$33.75**

Travelweight Rainwear...Smart style and light weight feature this super water repellent fine cotton rainwear you'll wear proudly in any weather. Single breasted, **$19.75.** Trench, **$20.75**

Dacron Gabardine smartly styled of 50% Dacron*, 50% finest all wool worsted. Super water repellent for year 'round wear, as well as wrinkle resistant, long wearing. **$40.75**

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

garden sprinkler on himself; quite refreshing in those "dog days" we have had! I took this snapshot weeks ago. . . .

MRS. GEORGE S. SZEKELY,
Glen Ridge, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Your cover . . . reminded me of a picture I snapped earlier this summer. My little nephew doesn't look very happy to share his swimming pool with his father.

MRS. R. E. MOHR,
Mechanicsburg, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I was especially amused . . . since this particular scene has not been uncommon in our own back yard this summer. . . .

MRS. JOHN COOKE,
Tyler, Texas

Is Shakespeare a Literary Fiction?

Dear Sirs:

Re: your controversial [editorial] WAS SHAKESPEARE A PLAYWRIGHT OR AN ALIAS? [Aug. 20].

Trouble, trouble toil and trouble,
Those "literary snobs" your mail will double.

M. RENSHAW,
New York, N.Y.

● Our mail didn't quite double, but it did jump some.—ED.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Prof. Alfred Harbage's . . . defense of the Stratford Shakspere as the author of the plays is certainly not sound. . . .

There is no evidence whatever that Shakspere of Stratford was an active dramatist in the early 1590's, or that "Shakespeare" was then a dramatist. It is true, of course, that the latter appeared as a poet in 1593; and the same name appeared as a poet in a little hand-copied collection copied by Ann Cornwallis possibly as early as 1590 or even earlier. But there is no reference to Shakespeare as a dramatist until 1598. No documentary evidence about the Stratford man has ever been uncovered that gives even a hint that he was a poet or dramatist. . . .

ROY B. CLARK,
Richmond, Kentucky

Dear Sirs:

. . . In 1908, Sir George Greenwood's book The Shakespearean Problem Restated . . . demonstrated with finality that William Shaksper of Stratford could not have written the Plays. . . .

In 1920 appeared the volume, Shakespeare Identified As The Seventeenth Earl of Oxford by J. Thomas Looney. The perspicacious and discerning Looney . . . definitely proved in his book that the hitherto little regarded Elizabethan courtier-poet and hereditary nobleman was the author of these works.

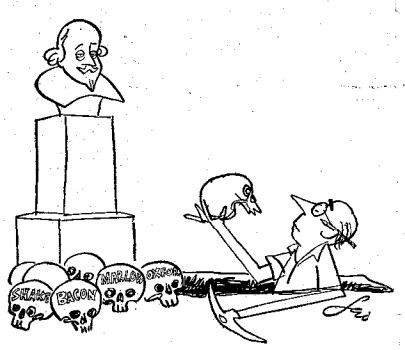
In the decades following, Looney's thesis was accepted, verified in detail and enlarged upon by a line of independent scholars and researchers. . . .

Let it be said that everywhere that "Shakespeare" should be found the Earl of Oxford appeared. His early published poems presaged in metre, form, sentiment and characteristic use of words which later appeared under Lord Oxford's nom de plume; "Shake-speare." The content of the poems and plays mirrored the life of Edward De Vere. . . .

FRANK X. LEYDEN,
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

Just read your editorial regarding the dispute over authorship of the Shakespearean Plays, and had recently read



the article in another magazine . . . trying to prove that Marlowe wrote them. . . .

It was definitely Francis Bacon. . . .

DWIGHT W. EGGLESTON,
Miami, Fla.

Post Picture Credits

Read across page, then down:

17–Sid Avery. • 18–Jim Burns. • 19–three by Jim Burns; Sid Avery. • 20, 21–Stanley Zuckerberg. • 22, 23–Glenn Embree. 24–Harvey Kidder. • 25 Harry Saltzman. 26–two by Harry Saltzman; Peoria Journal. • 27–Harry Saltzman, cartoon from newspaper advt., Harry Saltzman. 28, 29–Edwin Georgi. • 30–Jim Burns, Larry Keighley. • 31–Amos Sewell. 32, 33–Frank Ross. • 34, 35–John Fernie. 36, 37–Eugene Kammermann. • 38–Paramount; two from Culver. • 39–Don Ornitz. • 43–Ollie Atkins, Mrs. Stacy Woods, Washington Post. • 45–Sam Bates. • 98–Stanley Zuckerberg. • 100–Stanley Zuckerberg. • 120–Eugene Kammermann. • 136–Don Ornitz, anonymous, Larry Fried, H. G. Pybus.

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Cut your wood faster, too

. . . with the new Super 33 power saw

You'll be surprised at how easy and fast you can cut your own wood with a McCulloch power saw. At today's prices, just a few loads of firewood will pay for it.

This new Super 33 model weighs only 22 pounds. Pound for pound, dollar for dollar, it's the world's fastest-cutting gasoline-powered saw!

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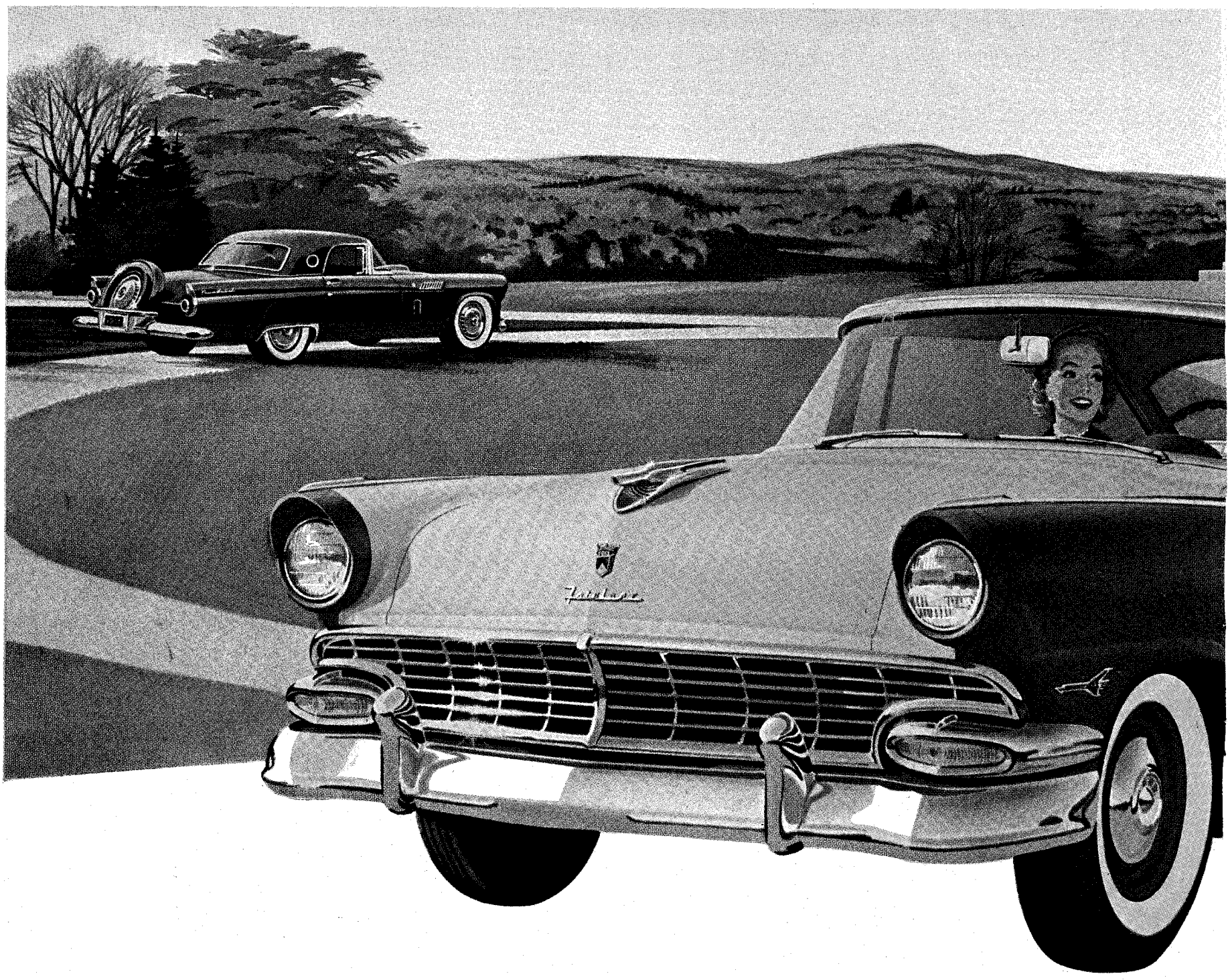


New '56 FORD...the fine

With new 202-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8 engine...

WITH ALL ITS exciting *beauty* and *power* news for 1956, Ford announces the biggest safety news in car history. *It is Lifeguard design*—the first major contribution to driver and passenger safety in accidents.

Two years ago, Ford undertook a program of research and testing to determine the causes of accident injuries . . . so a safer car could be built.

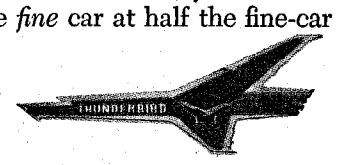
In co-operation with universities, medical associations and safety experts, it was found that over half of the serious injuries were caused by drivers being thrown against the steering post, riders striking hard surfaces within the car, or being thrown *from* the car. To guard you against these hazards, Ford developed Lifeguard design—a Ford First for "Safety First"—a whole new family of safety features described on the opposite page.

When you learn the full Lifeguard story, you'll appreciate that Ford has done something definite and important for the protection of you and yours.

Here is the rest of Ford's spectacular news! Ford brings you new Thunderbird styling in all 18 models—long, low, breath-taking lines that only the fabulous Thunderbird could inspire.

Ford brings you the magnificent 202-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8 . . . an engine so packed with GO . . . so completely responsive in all driving ranges that it is just sheer delight to command. And you'll appreciate the reassuring passing power that is yours instantly when instants count.

But you've only heard the beginning of the Fo story for '56. When you see the colorful ne interiors and the quality workmanship that everywhere so evident, you'll know that Ford truly the *fine* car at half the fine-car price.



NEW Thunderbird Y-8 power. Imagine! Th 202-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8 engine—and all the ligh ning that goes with it—is offered in all Fordomati Ford Fairlane and Station Wagon models. In Ford matic Mainline and Customline models you can ha the new GO-packed 176-h.p. Y-8. And Ford's ne 137-h.p. Six is available in all 18 Ford models for '5

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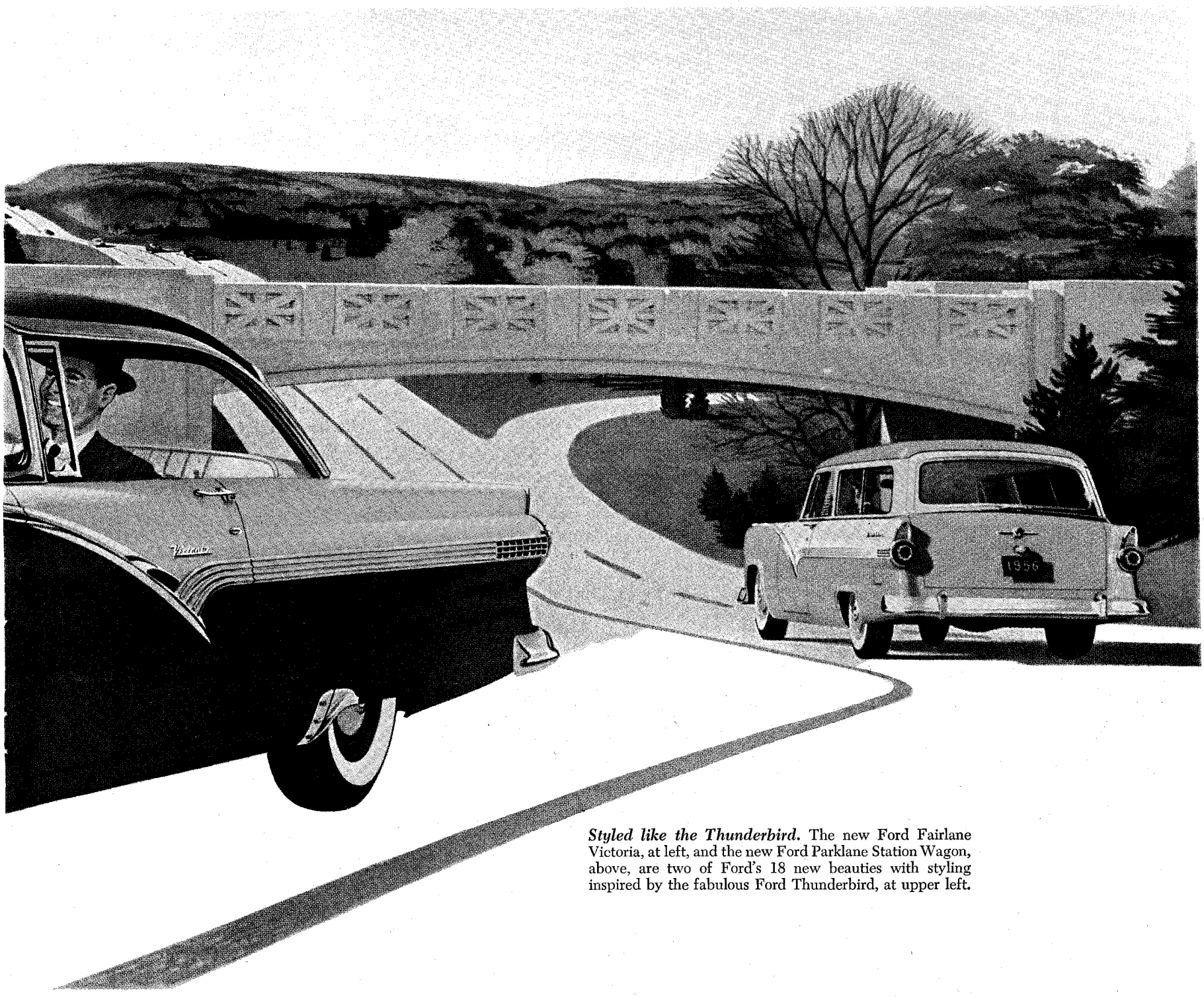
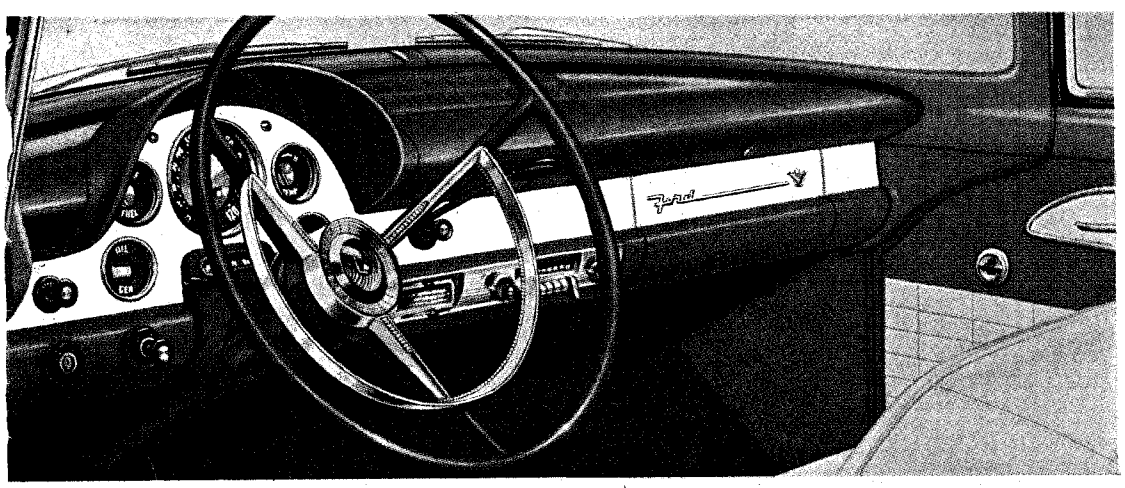


Styled like the Thunderbird. The new Ford Fairlane Victoria, at left, and the new Ford Parklane Station Wagon, above, are two of Ford's 18 new beauties with styling inspired by the fabulous Ford Thunderbird, at upper left.

car at half the fine car price

with new Thunderbird styling...with new Lifeguard design



NEW Lifeguard safety features. They include Ford's Lifeguard steering wheel (its deep-center structure acts as a cushion in the event of accident) . . . Lifeguard double-grip door locks (they're designed to give extra protection from doors springing open under shock) . . . optional Lifeguard cushioning for instrument panel and sun visors (to lessen injuries from impact) . . . optional Lifeguard seat belts (that keep occupants securely in their seats for added safety). And you get all these Lifeguard features *only in Ford.*

'56 FORD

WORTH EVEN MORE THAN EVER BEFORE!

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Editorials

A Loyalty Board's First Duty is to the U.S.A.

The papers are now filled with stories about young men being denied commissions in the Navy because their mothers were communists, and Government workers being asked silly questions by loyalty boards. The idea seems to be that, although the Federal bureaucracy must be protected from Red infiltration, nobody in the Government's employ must in the process be unfairly accused, "grilled" by a loyalty board or subjected to any inconvenience whatever!

This is a pretty big order, human beings—even members of loyalty boards—being what they are, but the Americans for Democratic Action and certain politicians and columnists, who apparently feel that the "spirit of Geneva" implies a free ride for "security risks," want it carried out. The ubiquitous Fund for the Republic has on the fire several projects to investigate the investigators. A subcommittee of the Senate has been engaged in probing the conduct of loyalty boards, although some of the questions asked by the committee members have hinted that there may be less to these alleged abuses by loyalty boards than meets the eye.

The American people do not like to see individuals kicked around and they want the security system administered fairly. To be wrongly accused and interrogated is a terrible ordeal and, if anything can be done to decrease the likelihood of such miscarriages of justice, it ought to be done. But we have a strong hunch that the ordinary citizen's primary desire in this connection is a system that will protect the United States from subversion by the communist conspiracy. Furthermore, most of us agree that the Government has to win all ties. We have been fooled too often to be persuaded to trifle with "doubtful security risks" in sensitive jobs. It is easy to make bad gags centered around "Is a man his mother's keeper?" when a man having a close relative in the Red stable is denied a Government job. A little knowledge of the manner in which the communist espionage apparatus is able to use people in this position makes for greater tolerance for security officers in making these delicate decisions.

Among the operations sponsored and financed by the Fund for the Republic is an investigation of a series of loyalty proceedings which has been conducted by the Bureau of National Affairs, Inc., under the direction of Adam Yarmolinsky. The preliminary report issued by the bureau is a collection of several accounts of security and loyalty proceedings before Government boards. The description of these hearings is based on material in the files of the lawyers who represented the various persons investigated. "The reports," says the introduction, "are necessarily incomplete because the Government file, which was not released to the employee, was also not available to our interviewers."

In other words, these accounts are *ex parte*. But accepting them as accurate, one learns chiefly that members of loyalty boards often ask foolish questions. A look into the Government's files in these cases might make them look less foolish.

When one has looked through this horror story it appears that the number of suspected Government workers who were cleared and returned to duty with back pay was about equal to those who were fired. Of the industrial workers who were screened for security reasons, those cleared outnumbered those not cleared by two to one. And both the cases involving military personnel chronicled in this report resulted in clearance. In short, what it comes down to is that boards of inquiry, faced with the enormous task of sifting all sorts of rumors, charges, scattered bits of evidence and personal history, have made a good many people uncomfortable. But it doesn't appear that there has been any vendetta against Government workers. Indeed, of all the workers screened, a remarkably small number have been removed from the service.

The present concentrated effort to center public attention on alleged abuses of innocent individuals, which are by no means typical, and to direct attention away from the reason why we have loyalty boards at all, is supported by many sincere liberals. But in the background, waiting for this yeast to ferment, is the international communist conspiracy. That's the first thing to remember.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

Fanning a Treacherous Flame.

In Baltimore the Desegregation Crisis Didn't Come Off

There have been many guesses and predictions as to how racial desegregation in the public schools would work in communities where segregation has been the rule in the past. Up to now there have been few performance reports. However, two groups dealing with interracial problems in Baltimore (The Maryland Commission on Interracial Problems and Relations and the Baltimore Commission on Human Relations) have undertaken a study of the first year's experiences with nonsegregated schools in that semi-Southern city.

Unlike some other communities in the same area, Baltimore elected to rescind immediately all regulations and ordinances upon which racial segregation in the schools had been based. The Baltimore school board took the view that the Supreme Court decision of May 17, 1954, had taken the subject of school segregation out of public discussion, and that the only right course was to comply with it immediately. There were no hearings before the school board because the board felt that a Supreme Court decision was not subject to debate, and there would be no advantage in hearing "both sides" when, in the view of the board, there was only one side.

When the schools opened in September, 1954, there were several protest meetings and some picketing, although the demonstrations were by no means as general as had been feared. The school authorities and the Baltimore police co-operated in insisting that order must prevail. The report by the two commissions expresses the view that the disturbance may have had a "salutary effect." The most bitter opponents had their day and found themselves in the minority. The average citizen, who doubtless did not welcome the Supreme Court's decision, did not care to be in the position of condoning resistance to law.

(Continued on Page 12)

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You can remember—it wasn't long ago—when a beautiful room could have a floor that was luxurious—or practical. Never both. But now, new modern plastic floors like Armstrong Custom Corlon Tile combine the two wonderfully. Here's the luxury of soft delicate colorings, a wide range of tones that sparkle with the clear beauty of vinyl plastic. Here is the luxury of quietness and cushioned comfort underfoot. And here also is great practicality, for Custom Corlon Tile is one of the very few floors you can install anywhere, from basement to attic. You can use it, for example, on all levels of a split-level house, to give an effect of spaciousness by carrying a single floor throughout. Here is easy care at its easiest, too. A smooth surface that's quickly swept and resists spilled things. Wherever you use it, all through the house, Armstrong Custom Corlon Tile is the modern fashion in plastic floors.

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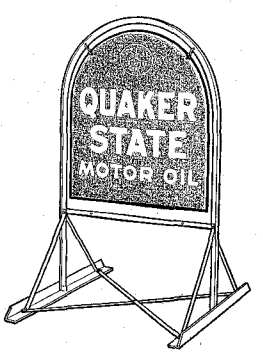

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

Editorials

(Continued from Page 10)

But what happened in the schools? Apparently very little. In Baltimore, as in other places, children are likely to attend the schools which are nearest to their homes, and there were few instances where Negroes went out of their way to attend white schools merely because they were white. In only five or six "white" schools did the infusion of Negro pupils total 10 per cent or more. Local geography seems to have confined the shifts to marginal situations.

Undoubtedly the response of Baltimore to this new situation will not be duplicated in some other cities where the preponderance of Negroes in the population is greater and where the tradition of separatism is more deeply ingrained in the local social pattern. Nevertheless, the Baltimore experience does suggest that in many communities this difficult adjustment can eventually be made without bloodshed, if public authority and public-spirited citizens give a lead.

Country Roads are Loaded With Hazards

WINCHESTER, IND.—Two cars hit head-on on a sharp curve on the river road southeast of Fairview, Tuesday evening. No one was injured. Drivers were Charles Henry Balle, Redkey, eastbound and turning right at the curve, and Thurman L. Pursley, R. R. 1, Farmland, northbound and turning left at the curve. Sheriff Perry Jennings reported that high bushes and weeds obscured the view at the turn, so that neither driver saw the other in time to avoid the accident.

In the above little item garnered from an Indiana small-town newspaper there is a warning to everybody who travels on the country roads. You may think you're safer off the main-traveled highways, but you aren't.

For one thing, as most Corn Belt dwellers will tell you whether they drive carefully or not, corn in August or September is taller than any man—taller than two men, they'll tell you in Iowa. Along rural roads the corn may form a solid wall obscuring vision at intersections just as effectively as big-city buildings would. Moreover, brush and weeds get out of control along the right of way.

Also there's a lot of routine farm-to-farm and other rural traffic. Even on a paved road you're likely to come up behind Bill Jones on his tractor, driving over to his west forty acres. Country roads are especially dangerous at night. If you don't hit or get hit by another vehicle—perhaps a farmer backing out of his drive—it's possible to bump into a vacationing cow or a pig.

Official highway-accident statistics don't quite tell the story because it's hard to separate "rural" from "suburban" areas in the figures. But according to Sgt. Elmer Paul, head of the Indiana State Police Crash Injury Division, about half of all reportable automobile accidents in Indiana occur on country roads. By "reportable" he means accidents involving personal injury or death or damage of more than fifty dollars.

Basic rules: Drive carefully on country roads, even if nobody else seems to be on them. Slow to a stop or near-stop at intersections, using your horn if you can't see adequately. At night, it's a good idea to flash your lights at country-road intersections.

How Long Should an Antitrust Trial Last?

This current year of 1955 is the one during which the Department of Justice has undertaken a study of the antitrust laws. Perhaps it is because of the department's preoccupation with this study that it appears reluctant to agree to expedite action in respect to the proposed merger of Bethlehem Steel with the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company. In September, 1954, Attorney General Brownell reported that after a careful study of the proposed merger, "we concluded that the merger proposed by them would be in violation of the antitrust laws."

Since that time, the corporations concerned have submitted data which they feel indicate that the merger would not result in a lessening of competition. They say they are willing to put their views to the test of an antitrust suit provided the Government will agree to expedite the case and not conduct such a monumental fishing expedition as in the recent DuPont case. Up to now, the Department of Justice appears unwilling to give any such assurance.

Without attempting to pass upon the basic issues involved, it does not seem to us unreasonable that the companies involved should learn the official attitude toward their plans within a reasonable time. Under the terms of the so-called Expediting Act, the Department of Justice may in its discretion speed up the legal process for antitrust cases "considered to be of general public importance." The Bethlehem-Youngstown people have testified before congressional committees that their proposed merger would increase Bethlehem's ability to compete in the Chicago area without upsetting the balance of forces in that area.

However these arguments are regarded, it seems to us that the antitrust division has had time enough to make up its mind on the general principles involved and should be able to apply them to the facts of this proposed merger without unnecessary delay.

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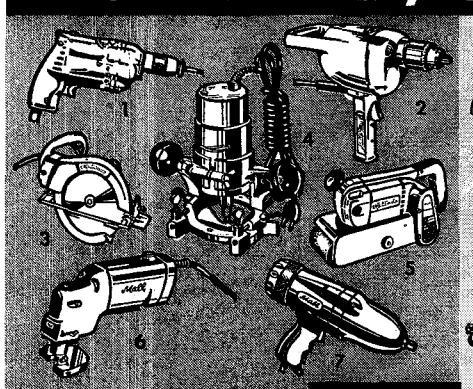

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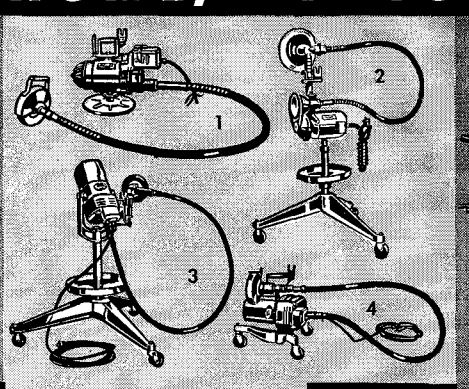

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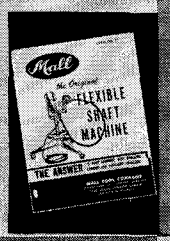

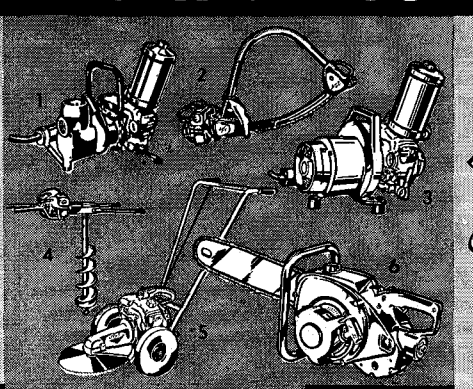

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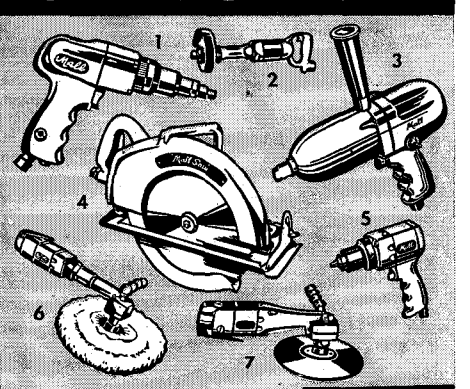

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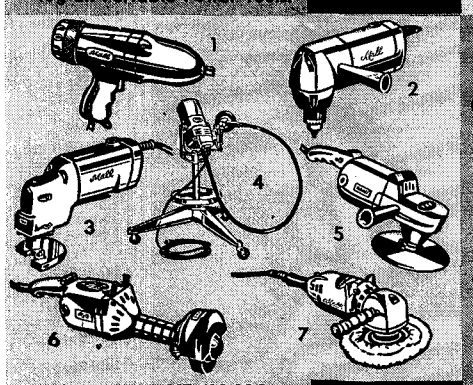

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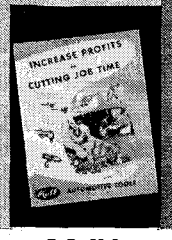

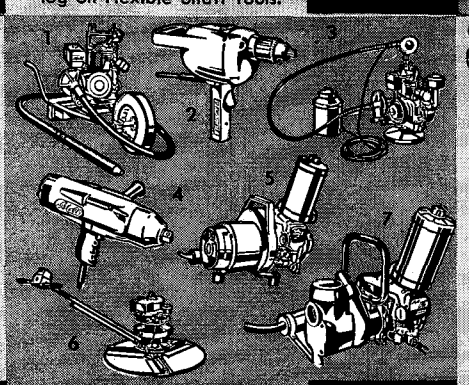

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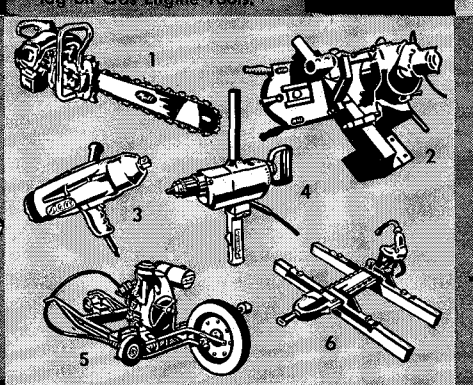

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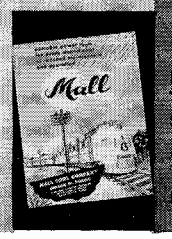

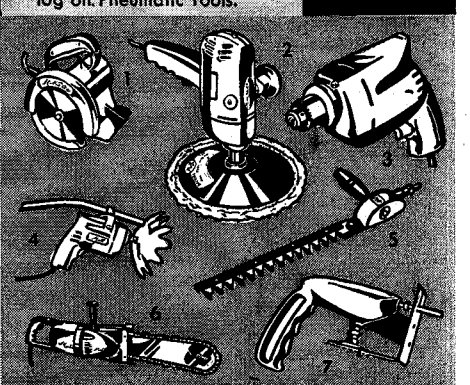

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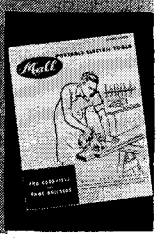

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NEW 1956 G-E FILTER-FLO BRIGHTER, CLEANER

Look for this filter—the most talked-about washing improvement in years—and only the G-E Washer has it. It filters the water as you wash. Here you can see the lint being filtered out before your very eyes, as the circulating water flows through. Full tub of wash water is filtered five times during a wash cycle without wasting water or detergent. The filter also holds detergent, dispenses it evenly dissolved through clothes. Slip removable filter into place (inset) after clothes are placed in washer . . . slip it out after wash is finished for easy cleaning. You'll marvel at the results.

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WASHER GIVES YOU CLOTHES...NO LINT FUZZ

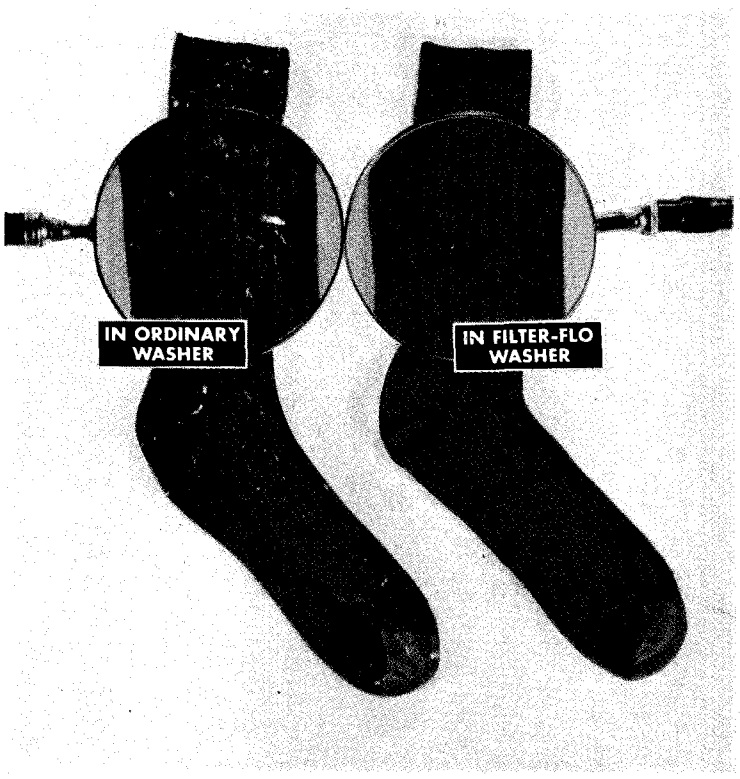
G.E.'s new kind of washing system cleans and re-cleans wash water as you wash . . . removes lint, sand and soap scum

Never again need you put up with a linty wash . . . the bother of picking off fuzz from just-washed clothes.

Now the marvelous new General Electric Filter-Flo Washer cleans and re-cleans wash water; removes lint before it can settle on your wash. The Filter-Flo washing system circulates and filters the water at the rate of six gallons every minute to make sure your clothes come out clean, white and bright.

As the washbasket continuously overflows, sand settles out the bottom. Soap scum floats away. Lint is trapped in the filter which lets only cleansed, sudsy water flow back into the washbasket.

Big capacity, too! G-E gives you over 50% more clothes capacity than many other automatics. You can do more at once . . . save splitting many washes into two loads. Water Saver Control lets you select water levels from 11 gallons for small washes up to full capacity for big washes.



Not the "linty-water" way

These socks looked like this—dulled and discolored by lint fuzz after 11 washings in an ordinary washer. Lint often gets stuck in seams, too.

But the "clean-water" way

After 11 washings the G-E Filter-Flo way, an identical pair of socks looked like this—hardly any lint visible! Clothes are washed really clean.

Now in Color! G-E Automatic Washers . . . about $2.90* weekly

G.E. has models for any budget—you can buy a big capacity G-E fully automatic washer for less than $200 and your old washer.

Only G-E gives you so much for your money: **1.** Filter-Flo Washing System. **2.** 3-zone G-E Activator® Washing Action. **3.** Big capacity. All this—plus famed G-E dependability—makes the G-E Automatic your soundest washer investment. See it at your General Electric dealer's along with the matching G-E Automatic Dryer above—both in 5 Mix-or-Match colors besides white. Petal pink (shown), turquoise green, canary yellow, cadet blue, woodtone brown. *General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.*

**See your dealer for his prices and terms. Specifications subject to change without notice.*

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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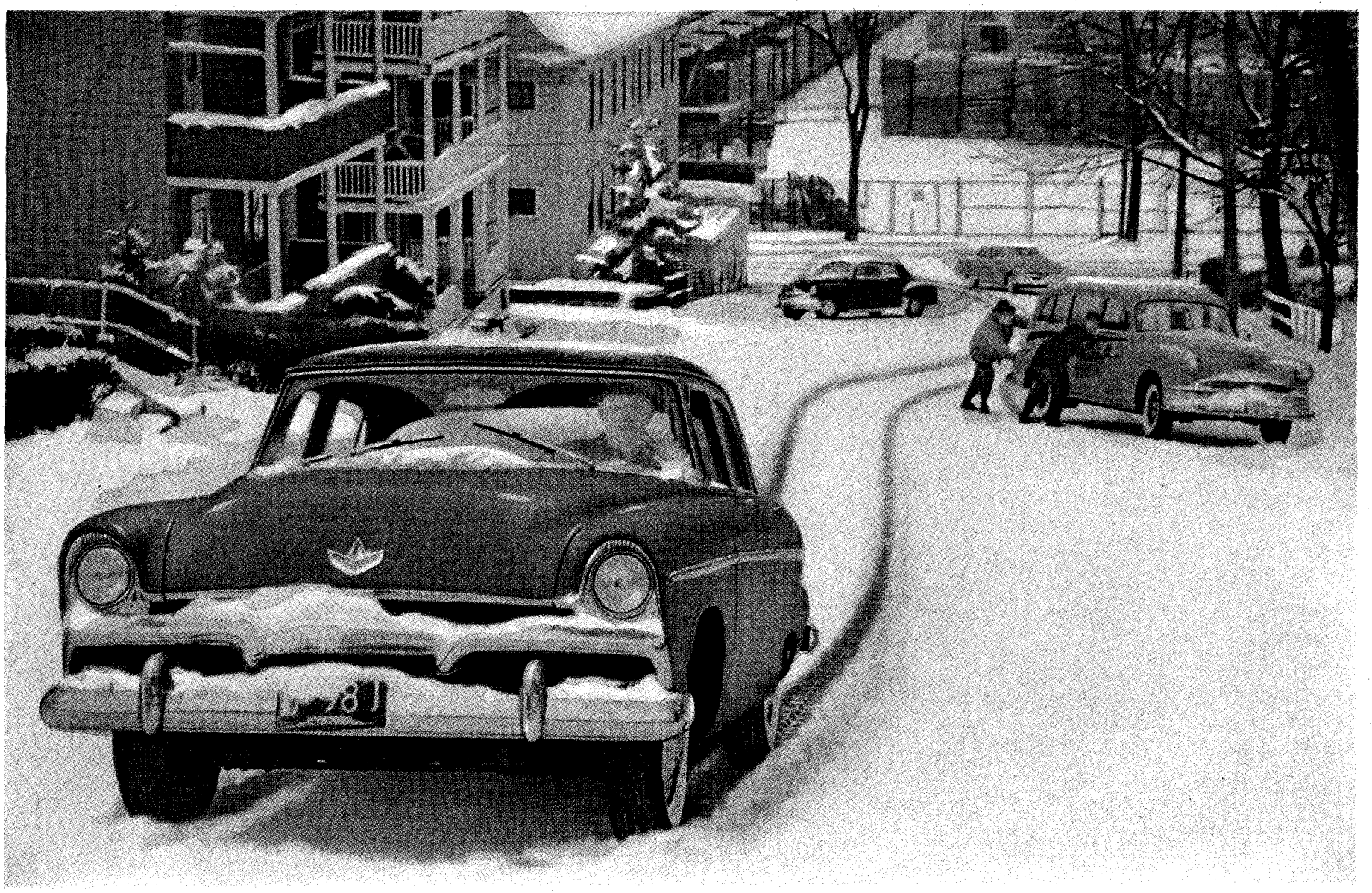
Snow-slick hill climb proves superior traction of

NEW TUBELESS SUBURBANITES



From a dead stop, we started a car equipped with Suburbanites and a car equipped with regular tires up this steep, snow-covered hill. The rear tires on the car at the right pulled for only a short distance; then started to slip and spin—lost all of their pulling power. The Suburbanite-equipped car pulled right to the top without a pause! That's what we mean by greater Suburbanite traction. Get Suburbanites from your Goodyear dealer today.

They'll outpull—outstop—outperform other tires in every winter test!

Only Suburbanites have the logical winter tread design.

Four rows of sharp-edged cleats, angled like a skier's "herringbone" step, dig in like claws for greater traction in deep snow and mud—surer footing on hard-packed snow.

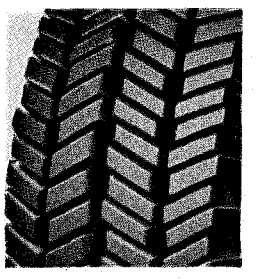
And on cleared highways, the Suburbanite rolls along with quiet smoothness.

Get Suburbanites now and you'll get better starting, safer stopping, surer traction all winter long. This famous tread design is also available in a Suburbanite that uses a tube. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES
THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

HERE'S WHY...

Suburbanites give you more "pull through" traction for winter driving!



464 Suburbanite cleats are set on a scientifically designed, non-skid angle. These angled edges dig in like claws for greater traction—give you *extra* protection against slip or skid on wet roads, ice, or hard-packed snow—provide safer starts and stops.

GOODYEAR TIRES

SUBURBANITE WINTER TIRES

by GOODYEAR

Look for this sign; there's a Goodyear dealer near you.

Suburbanite, T. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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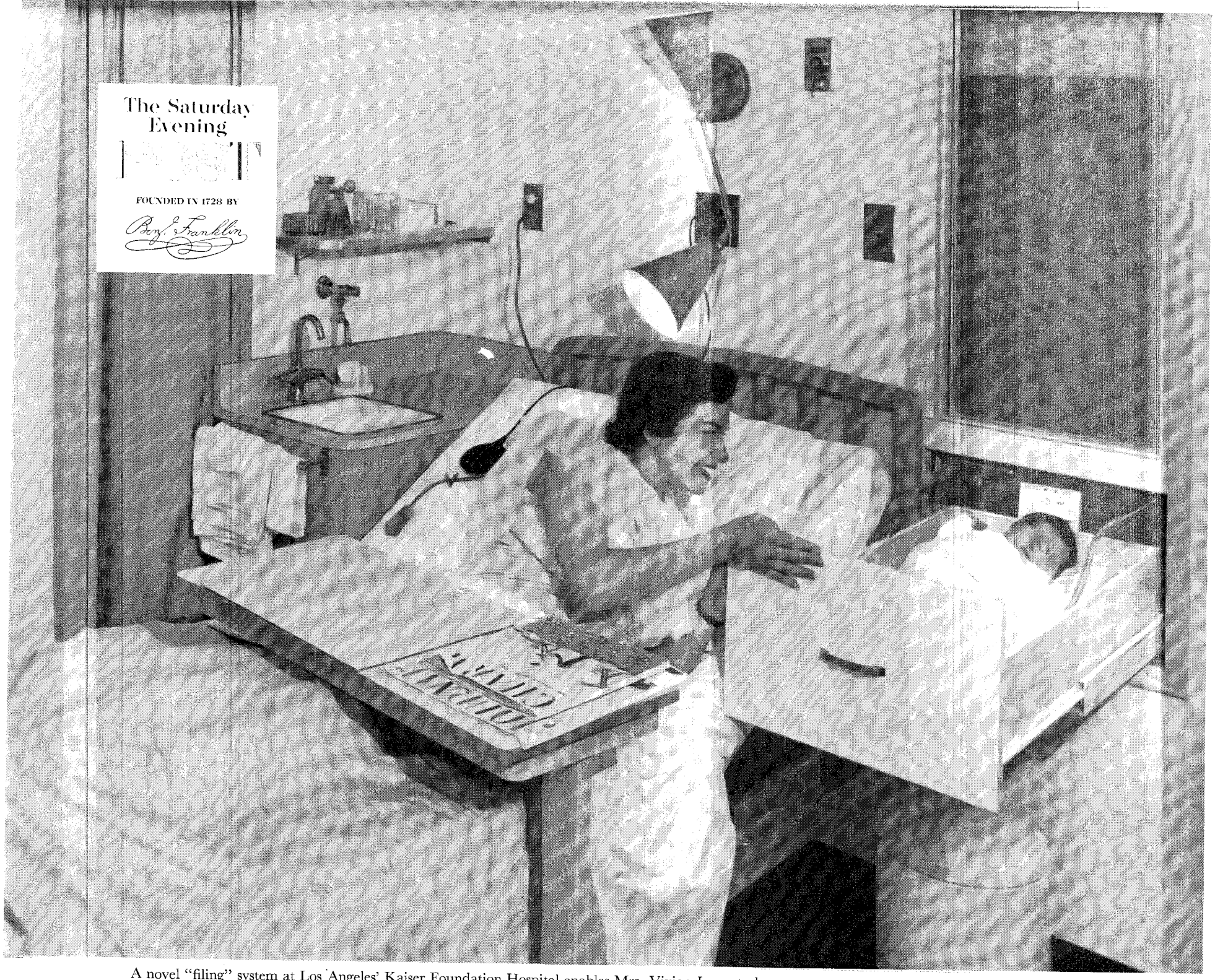
The Saturday Evening

FOUNDED IN 1728 BY

Benj. Franklin



A novel "filing" system at Los Angeles' Kaiser Foundation Hospital enables Mrs. Vivian Janov to have her new baby at her side at almost any time. A nursery is behind the wall.

By Milton Silverman

Are Patients Human Beings?

Smart hospitals are junking traditional but boneheaded customs like 5 a.m. reveille and payment in advance. Result: Patients get well faster and don't go home mad.

In hospital circles, where tales of crisis, tragedy and brilliant triumph are all common fare, perhaps the weirdest story in recent years is the one that has become known as the case of the woman in the elevator.

It happened in a California city, where a mother—we'll call her Mrs. Adams—awoke early one morning, realizing that her second baby was about to make its formal debut. She telephoned her obstetrician and reported the news.

"The labor pains are pretty severe already," she explained. "I think this one is going to be quick."

"You get right to the hospital," the doctor directed. "I'll telephone ahead and have them expect you. I'll be there myself as fast as I can."

Mrs. Adams and her husband reached the hospital at a few minutes before three o'clock.

"We're all ready for you, Mrs. Adams," the night admission clerk said. "Would you and your husband mind going up in the automatic elevator by yourselves? Your nurse will be

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This is Our New Look

For many months our editors and printers have been preparing the changes you see in this issue. We have gone over the Post from cover to cover, redesigning each page to give you an easier-to-read, more beautiful magazine.

You will see new arrangements of pictures and often more pictures than before. There are wider margins around our text, which is set in clearer, larger-size type. You will see a fresh new look in Post Scripts, Keeping Posted, Letters and every other department.

Our text type is Baskerville, after its designer. A great friend and admirer of John Baskerville was a previous editor of the Post, Benjamin Franklin.

The Editors

waiting for you on the third floor. You won't have any trouble."

The patient and her husband stepped into the elevator. He pushed the button for the third floor and the elevator door closed. That much is clear. What happened thereafter is somewhat confused, and has never been adequately explained.

The elevator rose, went past the third floor and stopped at the seventh. Mr. Adams pushed the third-floor button a second time, and the elevator went directly to the basement. He tried again and again for the third floor, but for the next fifteen minutes, with repeated button pushings, alarm bells ringing, lights flashing, and a mild state of pandemonium throughout, the elevator continued its insane rising and falling. During this period the Adams baby was born.

When the elevator was finally halted long enough for the removal of its passengers, Mr. Adams was obviously disconcerted, but mother and son were doing surprisingly well.

This, however, was not the end. Mrs. Adams was moved to her room on the maternity floor, but the baby—considered under hospital rules to have been "contaminated"—was put in its own room in the pediatrics department. When mother and child were discharged, their bill included full charges for the baby's room, as well as routine fees for anesthesia and use of a delivery room.

Mr. Adams, regarded by his associates as a mild citizen, was considerably upset.

"I'm not blaming you people for the elevator affair," he told a hospital official. "Maybe that was an act of God or something. It might have happened anywhere. But don't you think, under the circumstances, your charges are out of line?"

"No, sir; your bill is quite proper. As a matter of fact, you and your wife should be grateful we had the extra room available for your baby."

It was at this point that mild-mannered Mr. Adams blew his top, loudly proclaimed his feelings about all American hospitals, and marched off to see his lawyer. The hospital made a satisfactory out-of-court settlement.

When details of this incident were discussed before a recent meeting of the American Hospital Association, a distinguished doctor described it as one of the finest examples in years of how not to run a hospital.

"Good Lord!" he declared. "When will our folks learn that hospital rules must be set up for the benefit of the patient, not for the hospital or the doctor or the nurse?"

And he added, "I'd like to get my hands around the neck of the hospital man who thinks his patients have to be grateful to him for the services they buy."

This doctor was Anthony J. J. Rourke, a big, jovial Irishman, administrator of the Stanford University Hospitals in San Francisco for twelve years, later executive director of the Hospital Council of Greater New York, a recent president of the American Hospital Association, and now a successful New York hospital consultant.

"Down through the ages," he told his colleagues a few months ago, "the cure of illness and the prevention of pain rested largely in our hands. We hospital and medical people were held in awe. This was wonderful for our morale, but it has made a lot of us quick to take offense from everyone, and mighty slow to take advice from anyone."

During the past decade, he noted, hospital administrators have been given ample advice from their customers, ranging from politely phrased suggestions to sizzling denunciations. One patient spoke for many of his brethren when, in an article published in a leading hospital journal, he castigated drawn-out admission procedures and asked, "Do we have to be three-fourths dead before you're willing to dispatch us at once to our rooms and get the necessary details later?"

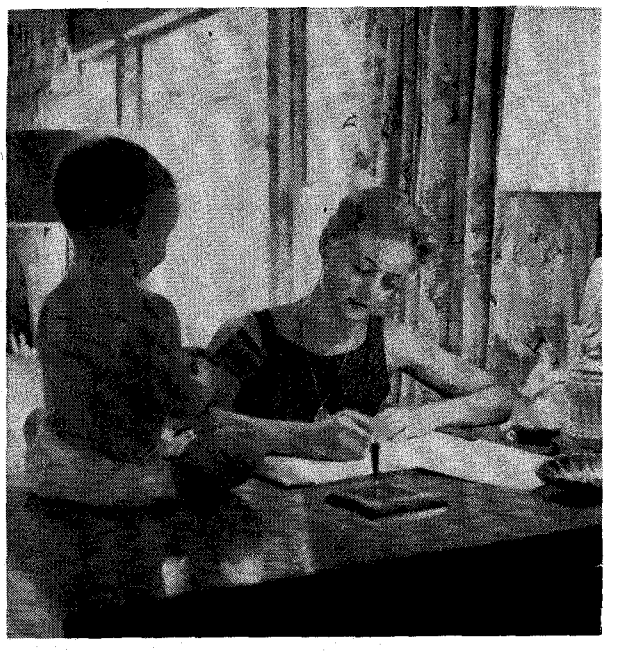
The same critic pointed to the large advance deposit required by many hospitals, and said, "Hotels don't regard us as suspicious until we prove otherwise. If they take us on faith, what's wrong with hospitals doing the same thing?"

Other patients have bitterly assailed such items as poor coffee, lukewarm food, the lack of essential privacy, noisy corridors, extreme restrictions on visitors, awkward room arrangements, inability to find out what was happening to them, nurses who don't come when called, thoughtless or rude admission clerks, the use of the standard wall color known commonly as hospital buff and sometimes as pale nausea yellow, and especially the ancient and apparently sacred custom of awakening patients at five or six o'clock in the morning.

Why haven't these various flaws been generally corrected? During an informal survey conducted over the past three years, I was told by hospital administrators that the blame belongs on the nursing staff. Nurses blamed the medical staff. Doctors blamed the administrators.

And all three of these groups heaped additional blame on the dietitians, the unions and the hospital boards of trustees. Even the patient was criticized, primarily for complaining in the first place.

"I don't see that there's such a problem," a Texas hospital director told me. "A little discomfort which a patient suffers for a few days



Expecting her second child, Gabriell Deitch fills out forms at home for the Manhasset, L.I., hospital.

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is a small price to pay for what we give him."

Doctor Rourke and a few other outspoken hospital experts have retorted to these and similar explanations with considerable vehemence. "The typical patient in a community hospital is now paying an average price of nearly twenty-two dollars a day for his hospital care," he declared. "This is a substantial sum. It should be considered payment enough."

They likewise note that many of the traditional but irritating customs of hospitals are no longer necessary—if they ever were—and are being continued only because of a hospital version of ancestor worship or because of outright laziness. The best proof is that some hospitals have successfully junked these traditional but outmoded ideas.

"The result," claims Doctor Rourke, "is the most exciting thing that's happened to hospitals since the development of hospital insurance, and possibly since the work of Florence Nightingale."

A few years ago, for instance, officials of the Glenwood Community Hospital at Glenwood, Minnesota, questioned the wisdom of one sanctified hospital tradition—the payment-in-advance policy—and wondered whether it might be saving them only a few dollars at the cost of making a host of enemies. They agreed to try a no-deposit program, hoping they would win good will without running up too many unpaid bills.

Two years later Dina Bremness, superintendent of the hospital, told a hospital convention in Chicago that the experimental program had been an unqualified success. The policy of trusting patients had actually reduced the percentage of bad debts.

Earlier this year, it was noted that only 47 per cent of hospitals in the United States still require the advance deposit. Most cheerfully extend credit to all patients who carry proper hospital insurance, who are personally recommended by a staff doctor or who have a good credit rating in the community.

Another boon to patients is a new procedure known as preadmission registration, now being adopted by some hospitals for patients whose stay is scheduled well in advance. It permits such patients to answer by mail the detailed and often embarrassing questions concerning age, previous illnesses, financial status and personal family matters.

In one West Coast hospital this new program was put into effect following an incident which will long be remembered by the hospital staff. The case concerned an elderly couple who arrived one afternoon. The woman was in evident discomfort. "My wife has a reservation here," the husband said. "She's in awful pain. Can I take her right up to her room? The doctor said he'd be waiting for her. I'll come right downstairs and answer all your questions."

"Sorry, it's against hospital rules," said the admission clerk. "Both of you please step this way and we'll fill out the forms."

For the next fifteen minutes, while the woman was moaning in distress, the clerk plied her with queries regarding age, sex, number of children, whereabouts and current health of grandparents, and exposure to every illness from whooping cough to bubonic plague.

"Please," said the husband, "can't we do this later? My wife is ——"

"Sorry; hospital rules. Now, do you have health insurance?"

"No, but ——"

"Do you own property in this county?"

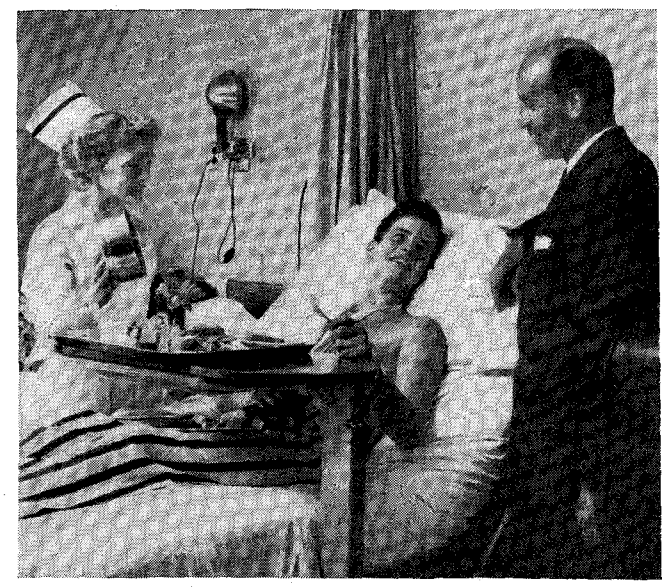
"No, but ——"

"Oh, my," said the clerk. "That's too bad."

"Look," said the husband, "I'll write you a check right now for whatever you want—five hundred, a thousand—but, for heaven's sake, let my wife get to her room!" Only when the check had been written was the wife admitted.

It was, as the clerk had remarked, too bad. She learned only too late that the husband, although he possessed no property in that county, did own a magnificent estate in an adjoining county, plus a chain of grocery stores, a small number of factories and a string of quite productive oil wells. In the ensuing repercussions, both (Continued on Page 114)

North Shore's Henry Hausli and Margaret Kane supervise a birthday party for Peter Dumaresq (center).



Harlan Paine, Jr., (right), the man who "humanized" the hospital routine at Winchester, Mass.

Cheery, modern décor at Manhasset's North Shore Hospital provides a real tonic for the patients.

Los Angeles' Kaiser Hospital is a wonderful surprise for patients accustomed to drab, old buildings.

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It was only by the strongest effort of control that he kept from taking her into his arms.

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The Post presents a new novel by a famous American author: The story of a beautiful woman imprisoned by paralysis, and the ambitious man who married her.

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY

By AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL, *author of* The Bishop's Mantle *and* The Day Must Dawn

PART ONE

The great curving stairway hung delicately between the floors like an unsupported cloud, as though designed only for light, happy, unladen feet, but the two men, with no thought of the beauty of its architecture, descended it now heavily and without speaking. They crossed the wide hall and entered the library at the rear of the house, which James Kirkland, the host, indicated by the slight direction of his finger.

Once within the room, which now in the late March afternoon was filled with the young, golden light of spring, they faced each other. Kirkland waited, his tall body and aquiline features rigid. He swallowed with difficulty, his own eyes fixed upon those of Doctor Hertzog.

"Mr. Kirkland," the doctor began, "you brought me to this country a week ago at great cost to see if I could help your daughter. In that time I have met with the other physicians who have had charge of the case; I have heard every detail of the accident and of all the treatments given since. I have made my own thorough examinations and tests, ending with these I have just finished here in her own room. And I must sadly now report to you that I am forced to concur with the American doctors."

Kirkland sank into the chair behind him as though all strength and volition had gone out of him.

"You too," he whispered. "My God, is there then no hope at all?"

"There is complete hope that in all other respects she will remain a healthy and normal girl. But I cannot hold out any honest assurance that she will ever walk again."

He paused, watching the stricken man before him. His English was excellent, but the heavy accent seemed to put additional emotion into his words.

"I am a doctor, yes, but I tell you now with honesty I have never so greatly wished to help anyone as I have to help your daughter. She is your only child?"

Kirkland nodded. "All I have in the world."

"She is beautiful—very beautiful—and with a mind as well."

Kirkland's face worked convulsively. "She has everything, doctor, everything for her life's fulfillment. She graduated from college a year ago with honors, she has beauty, as you can see, and a fineness of spirit which I know better than anyone else. And now—now at twenty-two—she's condemned for life ——" A terrible sound broke from him. "I could curse God and die!"

The doctor had not sat down, though neither was conscious of the fact. He paced now slowly back and forth, his heavy head low, his hands behind his back. The lines on his face had gone deeper.

"No, Mr. Kirkland"—he spoke slowly, calmly—"you will not do that. You are thinking small. We must never think small. I may speak so to you, for I have seen much tragedy. More than you can even imagine. We in Europe have had to learn to bear, to endure and to try not to—how shall I say it simply?—put the blame on God. Who of us little people can know what are His powers or His limitations? Perhaps the heart of the Eternal suffers with us, no?"

James Kirkland straightened, his face now composed, but gray. "I am ashamed of my outburst," he said, "but I am her father and I've never until now given up. Surely you can see ——"

The other nodded. "I know. I see all too well. As I tell you, I would give much to be able to help her. Like the others, I find no actual physical reason for this paralysis of the limbs. It is caused by some subtle, undetectable nerve injury which evades us, but which, I am convinced, is deep and permanent. I would to God I could feel otherwise. And now, Mr. Kirkland, I must take my leave of you."

Kirkland rose and drew an envelope from his pocket. "You have been kind," he said, handing it to the other. "Your coming at all was a very great favor. I deeply appreciate it."

The other fingered the envelope without opening it. "It is a very large sum. I feel, now, a little embarrassed. When I set my fee I had expected—I had hoped to be able to render a commensurate service."

Kirkland waved away his reluctance stiffly. "Do not think of that. You have done all you could. The money is of no consideration."

"In that you are fortunate," the doctor replied gravely. "You will be able to make her life more happy or, shall we say, more bearable and full. One more thing before I go. You will not have to tell your daughter of my report."

"She knows?"

The other nodded. "She asked me for the truth. I told her. She has courage. She—she smiled and thanked me. It moved me greatly. I shall always remember her—always."

He wrung Kirkland's hand and walked quickly into the hall and on toward the outer door. Suddenly he stopped, stood for a full minute as though considering, and then, looking up at Kirkland, who was watching him closely, made a sign again toward the library. When they had re-entered it, Doctor Hertzog seemed visibly agitated; he stood upon the hearthrug, looking at Kirkland uncertainly.

"I am about to do a thing which I feel is very unwise. All my professional judgment is against it. Yet I shall be haunted always by your face—and your daughter's. This that I shall tell you is an unrelated fact merely. You will now make me your promise you will take it as such."

Kirkland assented, his strained face surprised and intent.

"So!" said the doctor. "Many years ago I had a patient in the

(Continued on Page 80)

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The Face of AMERICA

City of Splendor

Here, in evening clothes, glitters San Francisco, the first great boom town of the Golden West, birthplace of the U.N. and home of Joe DiMaggio. Sir Francis Drake sighted the harbor in 1579, but it took a gold rush to establish the city. Jack London and Robert Louis Stevenson roamed the notorious Barbary Coast, and empire builders like Mark Hopkins and "Bonanza Jim" Fair built gingerbread castles on Nob Hill. The shimmering ribbons of traffic at the center of this time exposure trail steeply from that famous hill down California Street. At far right is the Russ Building, tallest structure in the city. The brightly lighted tower on the Embarcadero tops the Ferry Building, once the country's busiest transportation terminal. Now most traffic rolls—or creeps—over the double-decked eight-and-one-fourth-mile-long San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. Daniel Webster said this bay alone was twenty times more valuable than Texas. To hundreds of thousands of servicemen home-bound from the Pacific, San Francisco symbolized all America. San Franciscans love their town, and though some disparage its fog and steep hills, all agree on one point: The name, please, is not "Frisco." • Photograph by Glenn Embree

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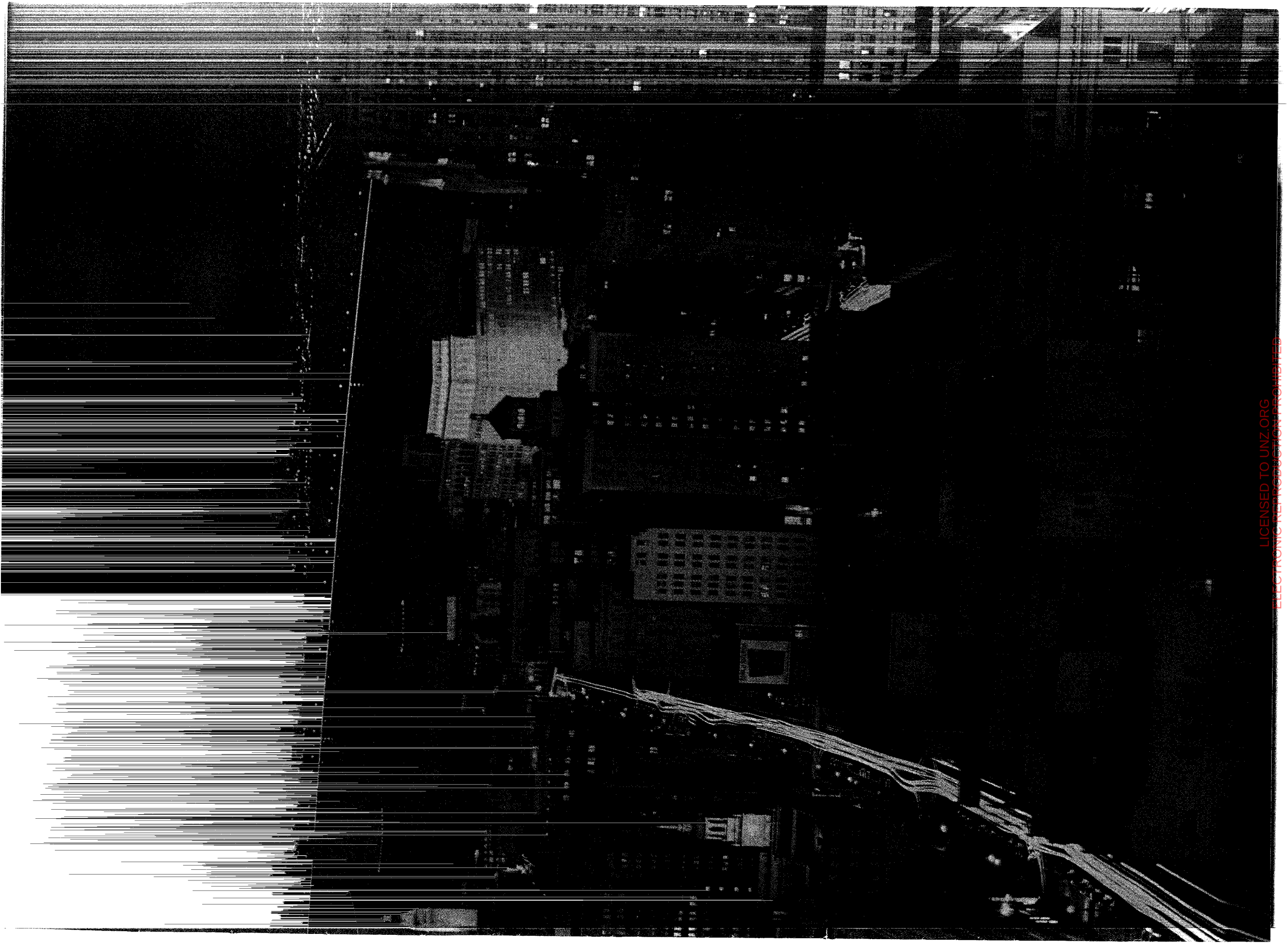

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The cold eyes bored at David Gorman. "You will not refuse an order."

Captain Ruthless

By JACLAND MARMUR

This was the man responsible for his son's death.

Joseph Cardin swore he would break him.

There was this deep, enduring hatred in the man. He came out of solid shadow cast along the foreshore by the jute and timber godowns, walking into brilliant sun glare on Lopanga Jetty. Mr. David Gorman, standing at its seaward edge, the launch below him rustling quietly against the ladder in a pool of dappled water, heard the measured footfalls on the planking at his back. He did not turn around.

Mr. Gorman knew it would be Joseph Cardin, tall, gaunt owner of the Cardin Line, white-clad in fresh, crisp drill, his face the same gray iron mask. So David Gorman stood unstirring on the landing jetty. He kept staring out to where the SS Cardinan lay motionless at anchor in Lopanga Roads, her cargo booms dark fingers angulating at the sky. Here on the Northwest Luzon coast, her ailing captain, Homer Bledson, came ashore and died. She was a ship without a master. Mr. Gorman was her chief mate. He could hear the heavy footfalls louder at his back. Then suddenly they stopped.

"The captain left an entry in the logbook," Joseph Cardin's hard voice said.

"I know it, sir."

"He wrote down your appointment to be master on his death." The voice was harsh. "He wrote that you were eminently fit for command."

"I know, sir. The captain was my friend."

"It was against my wish!" The taut voice cracked the words out like a whiplash. David Gorman turned at last. He saw the cold eyes on him, bitter and implacable. The Cardinan's first officer stood quietly for a moment, resisting such an unforgiving hatred with his silence. But his gray eyes narrowed and along his sunburned cheeks the muscles worked in ripples for an instant and were still.

His voice was slow and even when he spoke. "Ten years ago you warned me I would never command any ship of yours. Well, it is your right. You are the owner. You are in the ship now for the passage home. She is without a master still. I have not signed the captain's entry in the log."

(Continued on Page 51)

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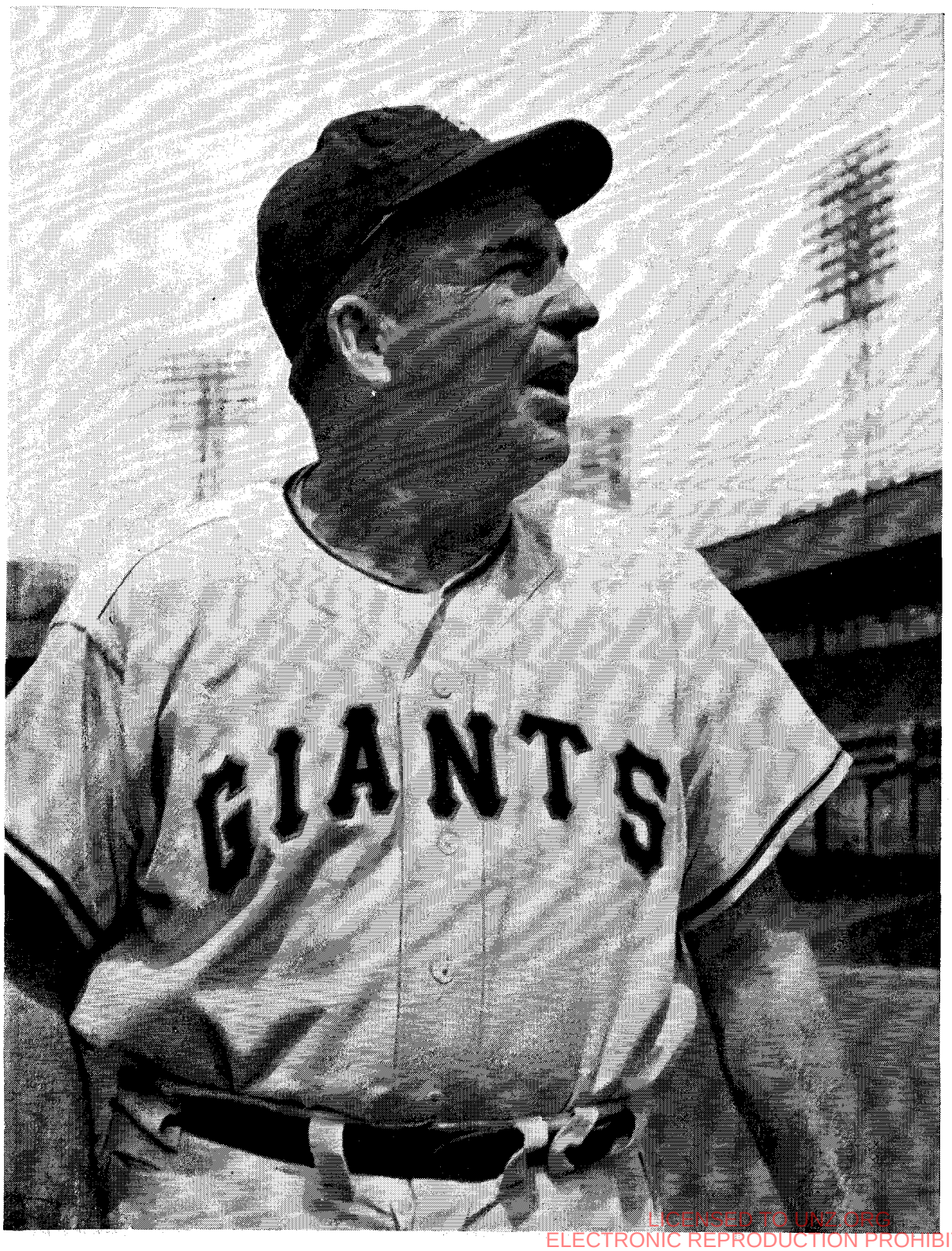
DID THE BEST TEAMS GET IN THE SERIES?

By FRED FITZSIMMONS as told to STANLEY FRANK

A big-league veteran reveals why the clubs with the most talent don't always win the pennants.



Coach Fitzsimmons — irreverently known as "Fat Freddie" — at the Polo Grounds. He says the 1948 Boston Braves, whom he helped coach to a pennant, were "probably the fourth best team in the league that year."

During my thirty-five years in professional baseball, enough people to fill a ball park must have told me to relax and stop stewing over every defeat. These friends and fans mean well, but they never played ball for a living. If they were as casual in their own businesses as they advise me to be in mine, they wouldn't have the price of a bleacher seat.

I've been a pitcher or coach on six pennant winners, and on several runners-up that lost out in the final week. The payoff every time went to the team keyed up highest down the stretch. Relaxed clubs don't get in pennant races. A team in contention is straining with aggravation and anxiety all the way.

You'll read and hear a lot this week about how much pressure there is on the players in a World Series. Well, the series is the greatest sport show on earth, and it's always a thrill to be out there, but it's actually an anticlimax after a tough pennant struggle. A team going into the World Series is generally more relaxed than it has been since leaving training camp. The real pressure ended the day it clinched the pennant that put it in the series.

Pennant-race pressure can make an apparent sure-shot club fall apart at the seams or cause some also-ran to get hot. I've been through both experiences. And I've seen the same club react in exactly the opposite way from one season to the next. For the life of me, I can't explain why. I only know that the psychological effects of pennant pressure mean more in a close race than pitching or hitting.

If I had to wrap up in one phrase a good ballplayer's chief asset I'd say it was mental discipline — the willingness to bear down and go all-out on every play. In baseball, that means sustained effort over a period of six solid months and 154 games. It's awfully easy in September for a man who already has had two hits in a game to wave at a pitch and sit down in the shade of the dugout or for a pitcher who has fired maybe 125 deliveries to loaf on a little trickler tapped along the baseline. It's done all the time — but rarely by the stars who make a habit of getting into the World Series or finishing high up in the averages. If baseball were simply a matter of hitting and throwing the ball hard now and then, then the hustling little guys like Pee Wee Reese, Phil Rizzuto, Bobby Shantz and Davey Williams never would advance beyond the sand lots.

In my time, I've gained and lost the equivalent of a banker's annual salary on some of the most dramatic episodes in baseball history, such as the famous home run Bobby Thomson hit on the very last pitch of the 1951 season to win the pennant for the Giants. But my most vivid memory is the sight and sound of Eddie Stanky lying on the floor of the dugout during a game and yelling, "I mustn't get mad! I popped up, but I've got to control my temper! Ha-ha! I mustn't get mad!"

The rest of us on the bench glanced at Stanky, then turned back to the game. This was in 1948, when (Continued on Page 110)

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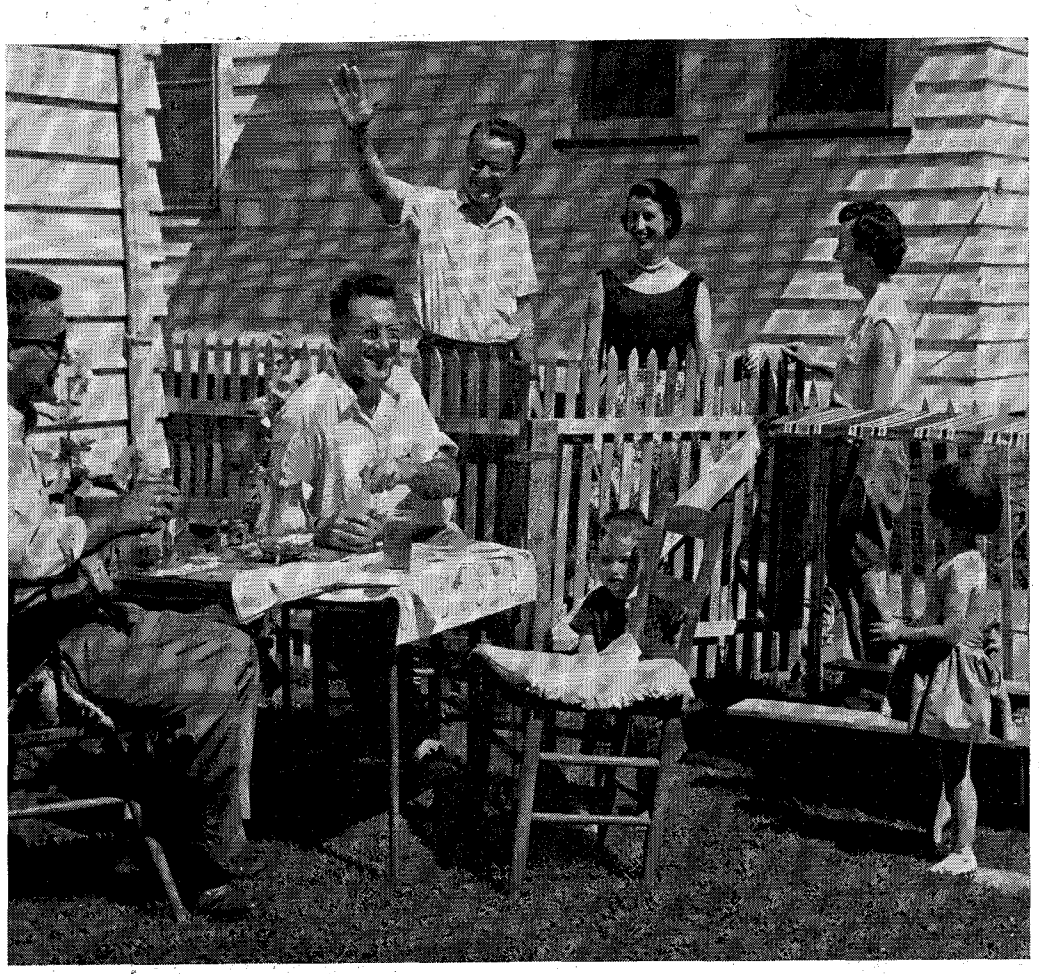

City-management experts William Sommers, Jake Dumelle and Roy Anderson are among the young (average age 29) enthusiasts the reformers brought in to help clean up Peoria.

City manager George Bean gets a sharp word from councilwoman Mrs. Myrna Harms, new majority leader and critic of the PCM-reform administration.

THE TOWN THAT REFORMED

By John Bartlow Martin

Corrupt and vice-ridden Peoria threw its rascals out and imported some bright young idealists to manage things. Now the town seems to hanker for the bad old ways.

Mayor Robert Morgan. The window was shattered by a bomb racketeers planted to cool him off on reform.

Over the years, Peoria, Illinois, has been known as a steamboat town, a whisky town, a railroad town, a river town, a convention town, a wide-open town. At one time it seemed less a city than a vaudeville joke. Renowned for its gambling, prostitution and political corruption, it was accounted almost a classic case of American municipal decay.

Two years ago the citizens voted to get rid of the old aldermanic form of government and to install the city-manager plan. The new administration assiduously scrubbed the city clean, amid loud praise. And then, in an election a few months ago, the people issued a somewhat murky mandate that seemed to indicate they thought maybe reform wasn't so good after all. Why and how did all this come about?

On a hot day in June, down by the edge of the Illinois River, where diesels honk in the railroad yards and men make earth movers in clangorous factories, heat and smoke and the stench from the stockyards press down on the gray cottages and broken streets in the section of town known as The Valley. High on The Bluff and farther out in The Knolls, the air is cleaner and traffic moves quietly past the mansions along Moss Avenue. Peoria is built on steep-rising hills above the Illinois River, and it is sharply divided into The Valley and The Bluff—the workers in The Valley, the owners on The Bluff.

Tall office buildings rise near the courthouse, set on a bench of land above the river, and out in the wide one-way street a neat policeman prowls up and down, chalking the tires of parked automobiles. ("We're pushing our chalking program vigorously," says the young man in the city administration who is giving me a conducted tour.)

The City Hall was built in 1897–99, and the copper on its dome is peeling away, and water has come through the roof, cracking the ceiling of the grimy council chamber. The new administration has cleaned the tobacco juice of years from the marble walls of the first-floor hallways, has auctioned off the old spittoons, has put fluorescent lights and brand-new steel desks and business machines into the ancient offices.

Across the street from City Hall is a parking lot where once stood the headquarters of the gambling syndicate—a gambling casino, an accounting office and a tavern. Citizens who received traffic tickets used to go into the tav-

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ern and drop the tickets into a little box, and on Friday someone would go over to City Hall and fix all the tickets. And from this headquarters, too, the gamblers brought their monthly tribute, paid directly into the city treasury—as much as $69,000 in one year.

"The town is down"—everyone says so. No more organized gambling, no more organized prostitution. The bars, once crowded, are almost deserted. The three large gambling casinos near City Hall which for years offered craps, poker, roulette and horse betting are closed. Slot machines have disappeared. The houses on The Line, the red-light district famed throughout the Midwest, are dark. A bartender says, "This used to be the best town in the country. Then we got a reform administration. Now it ain't worth a damn."

Students of local lore trace Peoria's predilection for frontier-style living to the roistering steamboat days. The town's recent history has been enlivened by gunplay and the periodic bombing of the homes of law-enforcement officials. Peorians talk about corruption the way people elsewhere talk about baseball.

Off and on, Ed Woodruff was Peoria's mayor for twenty-four years. An old-timer politician recalls fondly, "Old Ed Woodruff.

Union spokesman Richard Estep and councilman James Manning led the recent campaign to "save Peoria" from the reformers. Result: in the elections only one PCM-approved man won—and he had renounced PCM support.

The opposition likes to caricature Bean as the man who wants his own way with the taxpayer's pocketbook.

There was a man that was a liberal. What made the town a wide-open liberal town was that Ed Woodruff started in 1903 and lasted till 1945. If some reformer got in for a while and the town was slowed up a little, he'd get back in and open her up. He poured out the jobs and seen that everybody made a little money and catered to The Valley and never paid any attention to the Association of Commerce. He never took a quarter himself. 'Course, he didn't mind his friends makin' some of it. And he made the gamblers bring it in at campaign time. But, hell, they overdid it. They put slot machines in drugstores and school zones and groceries and beauty parlors.

"Old Ed had an old houseboat called the Bumboat hauled up on the bank of the river, and he and his cronies used to run the city from it. That was where they chopped the heads off"—that is, dispensed patronage. "They'd go down there and they'd eat and drink and—you know, decide the city policies. He was a tough Republican, but he'd play with them Democrats. He didn't bar any holts."

There were no application forms for city jobs till the present administration came in. Excluding firemen and police, the city employed about 200 people, and they were swept out when the mayor's office changed hands. Even policemen were fired and replaced with friends of politicians. Who ran the police force? "Well," says a veteran policeman, "there were twenty-two aldermen. And each alderman had five friends. How many's that? About a hundred and ten?"

The present chief says, "I run the police department."

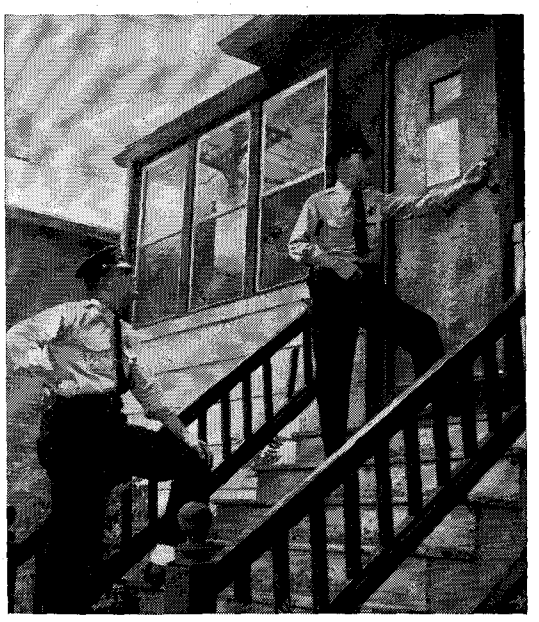
In 1951 the state legislature authorized Peoria to adopt the city-manager plan if it wished. Civic groups formed the Peorians for Council-Manager. They say that membership was open to the public, but PCM critics say PCM was a closed corporation. Mostly, PCM was led by men who live on The Bluff and represent the business interests of Peoria.

One of its young leaders, Joe Kelly, a customer's man in a stock-brokerage firm, a big, crew-cut man of thirty-two, has said, "They were all just good citizens sold on the idea of the need for the cleanup of the city—bad streets, bad street lighting, plus the general decrepitness of the city. The president of PCM and the campaign manager were both leading Jaycees. One was voted The Outstanding Young Man of 1951. We put out literature. We set up a speakers' bureau and talked to five hundred organizations. The opposition was terrific." It came from organized labor and old-fashioned politicians. But the plan was adopted, 15,000 to 7000.

The next step was to elect a mayor and eight councilmen in nonpartisan balloting. PCM decided to endorse candidates.

Kelly has said, "Not everybody thought we should. But there has to be some group to get good people to run for government. If not, the government will fall back to the grafters and crooks. To get a top industrialist or any honest man to run for

(Continued on Page 107)



Under the reform regime, police padlock houses on "The Line," Peoria's infamous red-light district.

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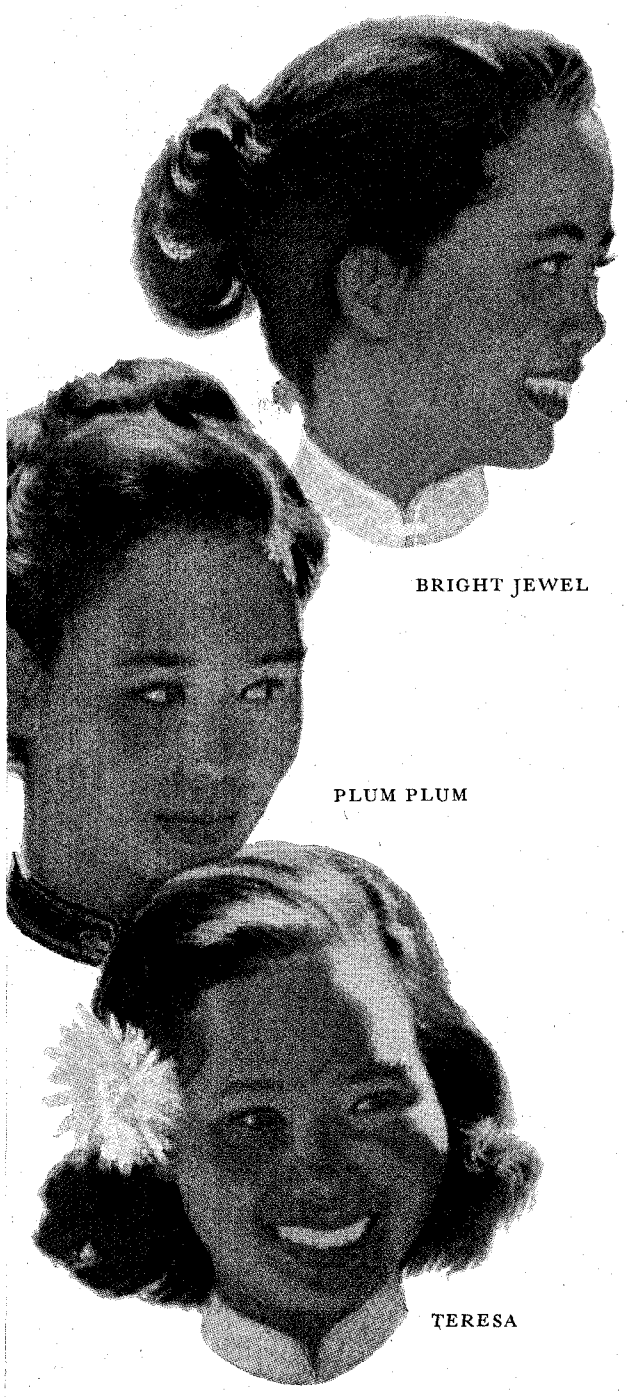
SHE WOULDN'T BELIEVE HIM

Tom had been far from home, and lonely. It was a difficult thing to explain to his wife. . . .

By CHARLES GOFORTH EWING



BRIGHT JEWEL

PLUM PLUM

TERESA

Nora Dawson, a red-haired Georgia girl with a firm chin and humorous eyes, came into the living room with three slender envelopes in her hand. "You hit the jack pot this time, Tom." She smiled at her husband and handed him the letters.

Tom Dawson—Georgia '40, 7th Army '45, Atlanta Young Man of 1950, and Pusan Relief Administrator, 1952–1954—smiled back. He liked to look at Nora and he could understand why she had been picked as one of the ten campus beauties at Agnes Scott College a few years before.

"Let's see who wrote to little ole me." He slouched his six-foot-two frame into the lounge chair and examined the envelopes. "Why, they're all three from Korea."

"Yes," Nora observed, "and I don't think they're from President Rhee, unless he uses heliotrope perfume."

"All right, honey; you can help me read them."

The first envelope carried a water-color drawing of a Korean girl swinging, with beribboned pigtails and scarlet skirts resting on the wind of a downswing. Nora, who had joined the art staff of the advertising agency while Tom was still the firm's most junior account executive, looked at the drawing critically. "Her right arm's too long," she said.

Drawing Nora's waist into a comfortable crook of his arm, Tom began reading.

Dear My Sire:

My heart jumping up and down like the little rubber ball. Today is the great day you have made for me. I am now diplomate (12 years) of the Girl's Higher School, and next year I can go to the Ewha Women's University in Seoul, to study the Fine Arts. My family have move away from next door to bordello, and now we have nice new house which my father built last Sunday. I never forget you ever. You are my teacher, my benefacter, my kind friend and sweet patootie. Mother, father, little brother all send respects. I hoping you come back someday to Korea, across ten thousand miles, to see

Your lovely daughter,
MISS H. S. PAK
(The Bright Jewel)

Tom's tenderly reminiscent smile was not returned by Nora. "Give, sire," she commanded. "Let us now have an accounting, my philandering philanthropist. Just what has sweet patootie been teaching Miss Bright Jewel?"

"It was all perfectly innocent ——" Tom began, choosing each word with great care.

On that first strange day in Korea, only three weeks after he had received the wire from his old commanding officer urging him to become an assistant relief administrator in Pusan, Tom had met Miss Pak.

She had been half hiding around the corner of the hall in the little house assigned to him at the billet area in the suburbs of Pusan. Her shy, small face was the first pleasant thing he had seen in Korea.

She had bowed low and said, "I am servant here."

"My name is Dawson," Tom said, returning the bow. "What is your name, miss?"

She kept her head lowered as she answered, "Hosh Kosh." That night at dinner Tom learned from the fat doctor whom he was replacing that "Hosh Kosh" was a corruption of the Japanese "*hasu-kashii*," meaning "bashful."

The next day Tom had asked her real name, and learned that it was Pak, Hyung Sook. When he asked her the meaning of Hyung Sook, the given name, she was astonished, pleased and embarrassed, and she ran away. But on the following morning, after having spent hours with Sanseido's Japanese-English dictionary and a little longer with Living English Grammar Book II, she placed a note by the shaving mirror:

Dear My Sire:

My name, Hyung Sook, mean the Bright Jewel. Thanks you very much.

Your sincerely
MISS H. S. PAK

In the first few weeks Tom came to welcome the brief, almost nonsensical conversations with Miss Pak. He adopted a quasi-paternal attitude toward her, and it helped him fight the twin evils of existence for an American in Korea: the hopelessness

(Continued on Page 66)

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"Well, Tom," Nora demanded, "would you care to fill me in about That Wonderful Night?"

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Town planners may deplore huge housing projects, but the Ed Hodkinsons obviously like living in this one at Hicksville, L.I.

TROUBLE IN THE SUBURBS

Atlanta swallowed its suburbs.

Houston doubled its area by annexation.

Los Angeles is so big it has four city halls, and

New York City's shadow stretches into three states.

How can the suburbs keep their identity?

By HAL BURTON

Conclusion

It would take a clairvoyant to predict where the next American suburb may pop up, but by dabbling a little in the art of forecasting, the city of Atlanta, Georgia, has succeeded in eliminating suburbia as a problem. The flight to the country—some 3,500,000 persons each year—has plunged most big-city mayors into a state of despair. The wide-open spaces have siphoned off their white-collar class, backbone of good government in any community. In 1952 Atlanta faced and solved this ugly situation by annexing enough trees, green grass and open space to satisfy its population for years to come. The annexation added 100,000 citizens and an area three times the original size of the city. Pro rata, Atlanta has fewer suburban dwellers than any other metropolis in the United States.

This minor miracle required some skilled sleight-of-hand, since country living exerts an overpowering lure. The chief magician was a (Continued on Page 132)

Commuting is part of the price these Chicago workers pay for back-yard pools and fresh air. Most of them think the daily grind is worth it.

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Big Joe never had been so scared. He prayed the doctor was wrong about

Babe's Strange Illness

By R. ROSS ANNETT

There was a look in old Doctor Barnett's eyes that frightened Joe. The doctor was peering at Babe over the top of his gold-rimmed glasses, and Joe caught a sudden veiled look in his eye, as though a shutter had closed.

Joe had known the man so long that he could tell when the doctor was alarmed. He had been Emmy's doctor when Babe and Little Joe were born. He had attended Emmy during her last illness, and that same shuttered look had come into his eyes when he realized that Emmy was not going to get better.

For several days Babe had seemed listless, not lively, as she usually was. And when Babe was ailing it affected the family like a cloud coming over the sun. She had fair hair and blue eyes, and she always had a good color. Now her cheeks were flushed and feverish, so that, except for her languid and listless manner, she seemed prettier than ever.

Doctor Barnett took her pulse and her temperature. He looked into her mouth. Her throat was sore. Her gums were inflamed and bleeding, although Joe had not noticed that until the doctor pointed it out. All the while, the doctor kept joking with Babe and making her laugh.

"How did you get those bruises, Babe?" he asked, pointing to some purplish spots on her round, bare legs.

"I don't know," Babe answered, looking down at the spots as though seeing them for the first time.

"I'll bet your pony bucked you off, but you don't want to admit it," the doctor kidded.

"The pony doesn't buck," Babe said.

"Besides, Babe can ride good," Little Joe put in loyally.

The boy had been watching the doctor anxiously. He was like his pop in his concern for Babe. He was like his pop in every way, being dark of hair and eye, sturdy of build and earnest in disposition. Whereas, Babe took after her mom.

(Continued on Page 102)

"Come with me, Babe," the nurse invited, and without protest, Babe walked down the corridor.

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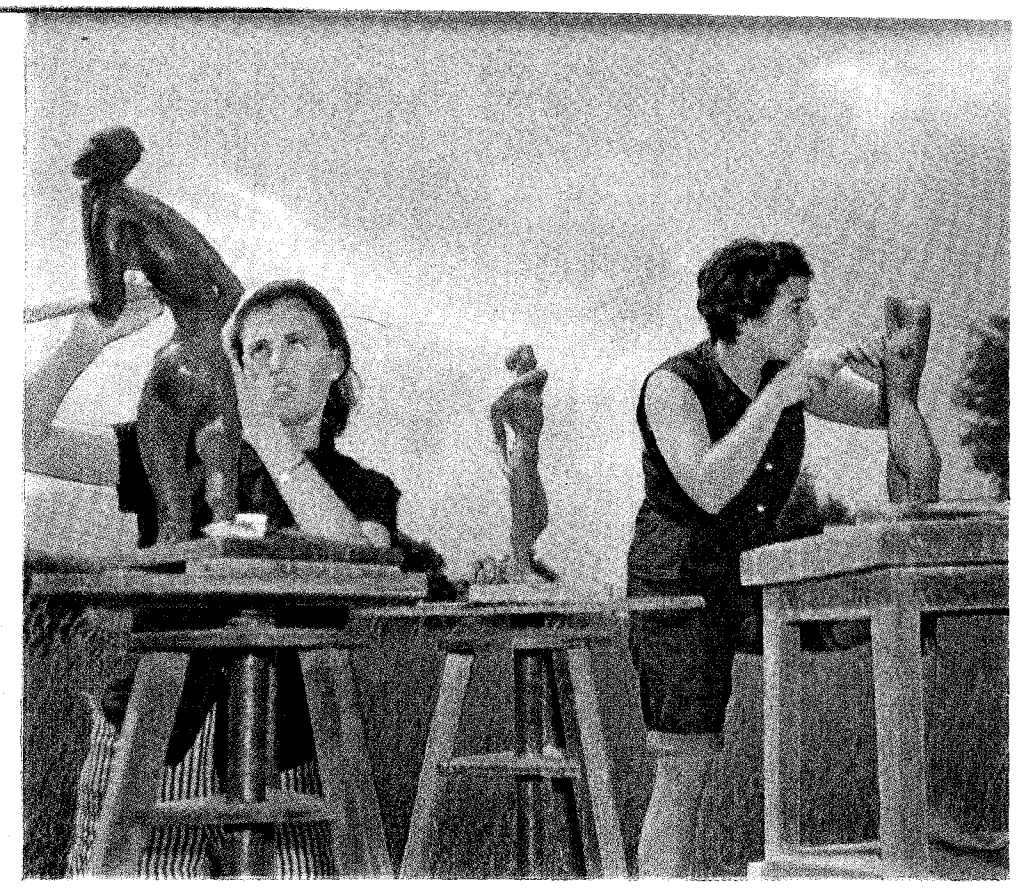
School for Ultramodern Girls

By HENRY F. AND KATHARINE PRINGLE



Art class à la Bennington. Eager artists are Anita Shaffer and Betty Kornhauser.

At Vermont's Bennington College, girls make their own rules, stay out all night if they want to, rarely bother with exams, and sometimes interrupt their studies to work in a factory.

Bennington College, a girls' institution nestling in the green hills of Southwestern Vermont, is something of an anomaly in that historic countryside.

True, nearly all the buildings in which the undergraduates live and work and play are reproductions of colonial architecture. From the campus they look across a gentle valley to a battle monument commemorating a day in 1777 when Hessian hirelings of the British were routed.

Yet Bennington is less than twenty-five years old. A very new college, it was started, to quote one of its founders, so that "the best modern thought" would prevail. And it was to be "so administered that in the remote future the best thought of the day, not the dead hand of tradition, will rule."

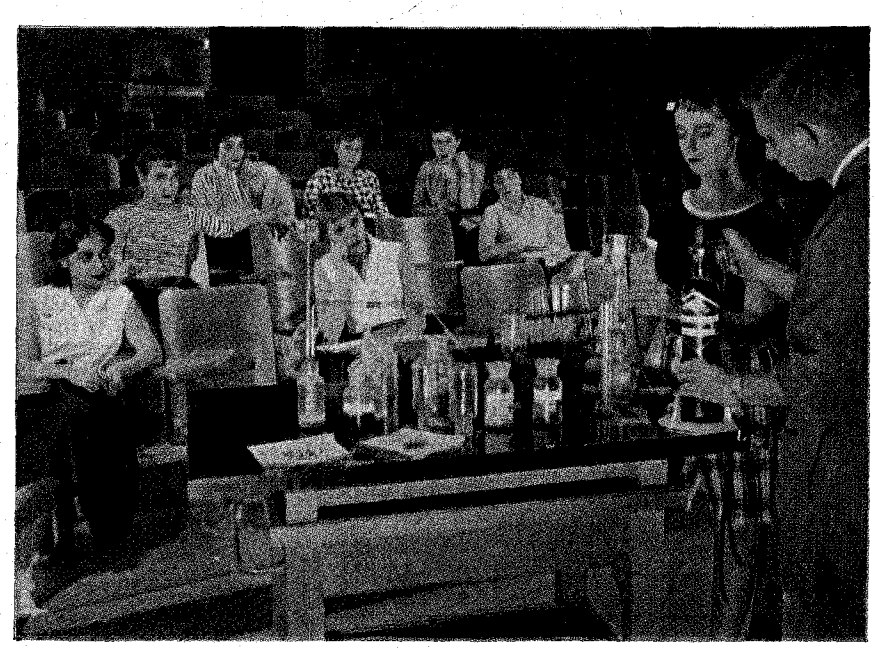
Today's students, 330 of them, are faithful to that theme. Virtually the only tradition is to reject tradition in every form. For example, the seniors never gather in front of the commons to lift their voices in a chant to Fair Bennington; in fact, there is no alma-mater hymn.

Bennington's curriculum is quite progressive, fearfully so in the view of some critics. No Latin or Greek, no Old Saxon, no ancient history, are listed in the announcements. There are no required courses, almost no lectures, few examinations, no A-B-C grades. But if a girl does not prove during intensive class discussions that she is working hard or if she does not turn in a well-researched term paper, she is urged to look for a less serious college.

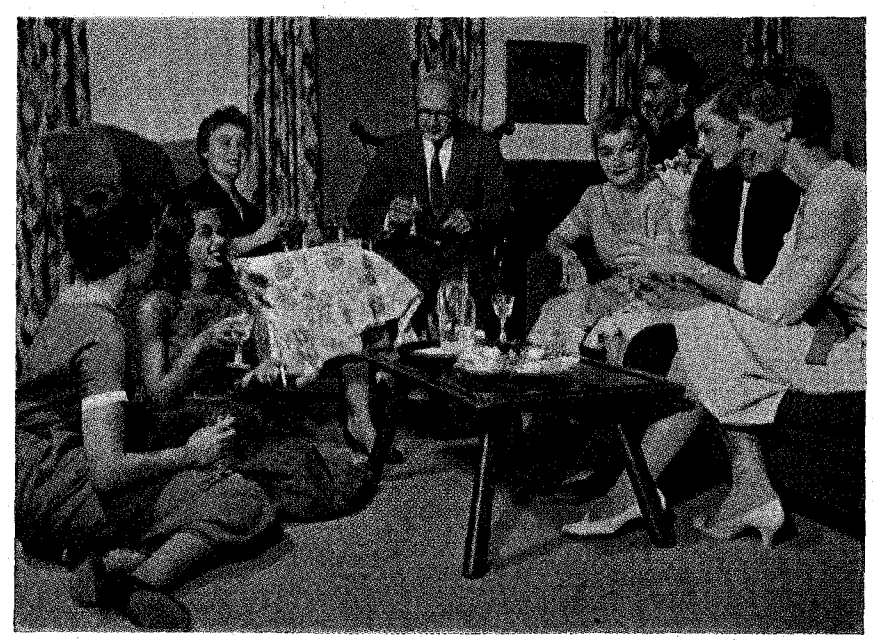
Benningtonians, both faculty and students, create modern works of art of extreme and baffling variety. Interior walls carry abstract designs—crisscrossed lines, squares, circles, dots and splotches. The girls read and write modern poetry. What follows is an exact copy, including the original punctuation, of the first lines of a poem in the April issue of the literary magazine:

to the artist on a subway train
say
mr. do not
W O N der
at the blink?ing eye
which looks into the heart of
thingsnonmetaphysical. . . .

The Benningtonians also perform dances quite unknown to Pavlova, although Martha Graham would (Continued on Page 47)



Professor E. Robert Coburn shows the ladies how to cook a batch of hydrogen.



Dean Brockway and his wife at a cocktail party in one of the dormitory houses.

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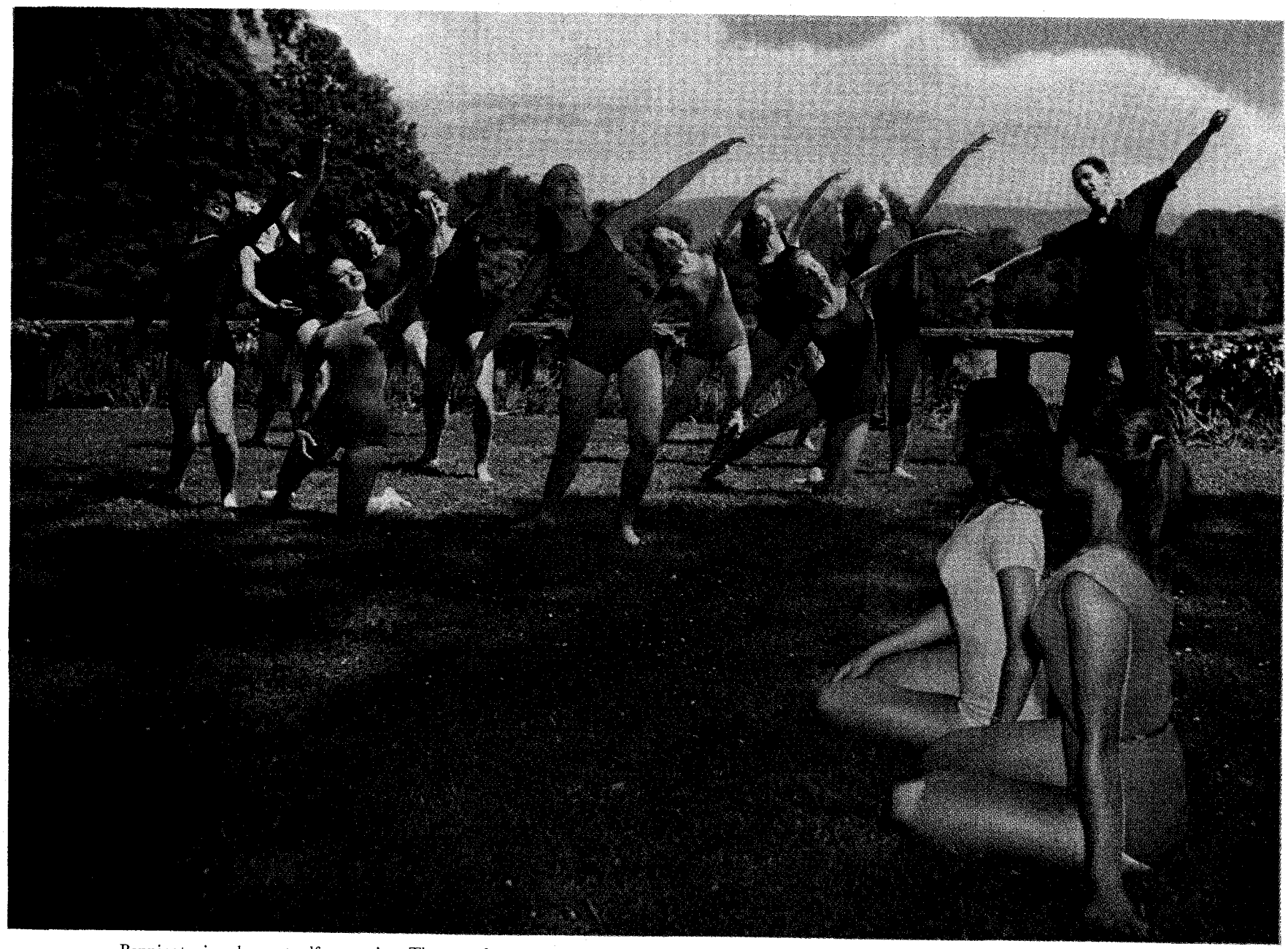

Benningtonians busy at self-expression. They get down to earth during a ten-week recess each winter, when all students have to go to work at an outside job.

Girls and a guest bask on the commons lawn. Despite—or because of—progressive schooling, Bennington graduates seem to make above-average wives.

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A tale of Manhattan after dark . Complete on these pages

THE MYSTERY OF X

By Cordelia Baird Gross

Everyone in The Tonic knew that Huie, the bus boy, longed to change his name. He was tired of being Hussein Zahid Mohammed. Such problems always sparkled up The Tonic, a night club in New York, when I worked as a secretary there.

"Whatcha folks think of ya gettin' a new name, Huie?" asked Tony, one of the owners.

Huie looked downcast. He was seventeen and awkward, with a dimple in each cheek.

"They say I gotta pass algebra first," he said, his eyes black with despair.

"Gee!" cried Tony.

"What's algebra, Huie?" asked Eddie, the bartender.

"I don't know," replied Huie. "Some creepy stuff about *x*."

"That sounds very sexy, Huie," said Iris Vaden, the singer.

"Baby knows all about algebra," declared Tony, looking proudly in my direction.

My heart sank. My college degree shone to Tony. I hated to see it lose its bright luster.

"Baby can fix you up," stated Tony.

"You can?" asked Huie shyly. I was sorry I'd never been very friendly with *x* either.

"I'll try," I said.

We started to work the next afternoon, but it was amazing how much I'd forgotten and how little Huie'd ever known.

"That *x* jumps around so," said Huie. "It's somethin' diffrunt all the time."

"You've got a wonderful name, Huie," I suggested finally. "Why don't you keep it?"

"Aw, yeah?" he replied. "You don't know what it's like. People hear 'Mohammed' and right away it's 'Where's your turban?'"

"People can be mighty silly," I said.

"They even tell me about baseball," cried Huie, "and I been a Dodger fan all my life. What the heck, I was born in Flushing!"

"You were?" I asked thoughtlessly.

"See what I mean?" exclaimed Huie. "You didn't know either. I gotta get a genuwine hunert per cent American name."

"What's it to be?" I asked.

"I'm givin' it a lotta thought," he said.

"Huie oughta take somethin' like Reginald Dupont Astor," suggested Eddie. "Ya gotta be forward to get ahead. Ya can't be backward."

"Ain't there a name book?" asked Tony. "Like this Emlee Post that tells ya when to do the right thing and when to do the wrong?"

"Get something virile, Huie," said Iris.

But Huie and I just plodded along with *x*.

When he started coming in sooner every day, I got a little worried. "We're not trying to make the Honor Roll, are we?" I asked. "Why so early?"

"Aw," said Huie, and he dimpled. "It's my grandpop. He's moved in with us."

"You don't like him?" I asked.

"He's O.K., but crazy," said Huie. "He threw out the radiator, see? We're freezing. I'm cold all day till I get here."

"He doesn't like radiators?" I asked.

"Aw, the room's so small," explained Huie, "and his bed's so big and it has to face Mecca."

"That bed sounds very sexy, Huie," cried Iris, as she stopped by Tony's office to check on our progress. Her face was gay and her eyes sparkled enough to glow in the dark. "Gotcha name picked out, honey?" she asked.

"I'm givin' it a lotta thought," Huie replied.

A few weeks later he came in greatly excited. "The teach' gave us the final test to take home!" he cried. "She's gonna pass any guy that gets all the answers!"

When I saw the twenty problems I knew why the teach' had been so generous. Every question was a stinker.

"What's the matter, baby?" asked Iris, pausing with Tony in the office doorway after the dinner show. She was wearing a sequin dress and there was absolutely no room under it for anything but Iris.

I explained my dilemma.

"I was christened Laverne Pertle," admitted Iris. "I know how Huie feels." She took a sip of Scotch, and it revived her. "Give me that paper," she exclaimed, "and we'll put the show on the road. The bar's crawling tonight. We oughta hit something good from Beth Steel or a wheel from General Motors."

"I'll case the big room," added Tony.

Paper in hand, Iris wove down the hall.

"Honey," she said, gliding up to the first man she recognized.

"You're beautiful tonight!" he exclaimed.

Iris rippled her hips, the sequins gleamed and her voice got more husky.

"You know anything about *x*?" she asked.

"You mean my ex-wife?" he inquired.

"Hardly," replied Iris. "I wouldn't think of that doll for ten grand." She moved away.

Huie'd entered the bar, a tray of glasses in his hands, and Iris waved the paper confidently at him. Then she walked over to Matt Kelly, an old friend and a V.I.P. in law.

"Honey," said Iris, "it's great to see you."

"Vaden," replied Mr. Kelly, "you've got everything."

Iris drew in her left lung.

"You know anything about *x*?" she asked.

"You mean *x* marks the spot?" he suggested.

"That's not the one we want, is it?" asked Iris.

"Not quite," I said.

"Darling," called another customer, coming up to Iris, "promise you'll never ——"

"Honey," Iris interrupted, and leaned against him, "you know anything about *x*?"

Tony was having a trying time too. "I always thought these jokers was smarter than me," he complained, when he ran into us a little later. "They don't know nothing!"

"I'd hate to try 'em on the whole alphabet," said Iris, and went back to her homework.

For some time we'd noticed a stranger sitting at the bar. He seemed oblivious of everyone around him. He just sat there, drinking steadily and staring at a fountain pen he held.

"I'll bet he's a brain," whispered Iris. She was getting a little weary of her quest, but the sight of Huie's trusting face spurred her on. She walked shimmeringly over to the new man.

"Honey," said Iris, "it's great to see you."

The man stared at his fountain pen.

"I could tell just from looking at you," purred Iris, nestling in a little close, "that you're the smartest man in this place."

He nodded slightly.

"Honey," murmured Iris, "I'm in trouble. I need your help."

"See this pen?" he asked, and held it up.

"Lovely, lovely," she cooed.

"It ain't gotta Swiss movement," he replied, sliding delicately to the floor.

It was long after twelve before Iris ran into Mr. Birnbaum, a music critic.

"Iris," he cried, "you're as compelling as an entrance of horns!"

Iris smiled wanly at him. She never could understand Mr. Birnbaum.

"I gotta find *x*," she said.

"*X*?" he asked. "You mean the *x* in algebraic equations?"

Iris looked blankly at me, and I nodded.

"I was a math major at Harvard," said Mr. Birnbaum. "I doted on Bessel Functions."

"You did, huh?" asked Iris, her eyes glazed.

"What fun!" exclaimed Mr. Birnbaum, taking the paper from Iris' limp hand. "I haven't seen anything so jolly in years."

"Mr. Birnbaum," said Iris earnestly, as she watched him whip out a pencil and sit down happily to his task, "you look very sexy to me."

When Huie went home early in the morning, he carried all the answers with him.

He was off the next day and we had to wait.

"I should 'a' told him to phone," said Tony.

When Huie returned the following afternoon, his black eyes were shining.

"Whatcha know?" he cried and his dimples flashed. "I passed creepy algebra."

"No kidding!" said Tony.

"Well, I should hope so," added Iris.

"Boy, was I sensational!" bragged Huie. "I was the only one in class gotta hunert!"

"You sure deserved it," said Iris fervently.

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"Everyone asked how I knew about *x*," Huie continued.

"What'd you tell them?" I asked.

"I didn't try explainin' much," he replied loftily. "I just said, 'Oh, I got friends.'"

"What aboutcha dad?" asked Tony.

"We're goin' to court tomorrow," said Huie, "to get my name fixed legal."

"You got it all picked out?" asked Iris.

"Yeah," Huie replied, "but it was kinda hard. I wanted somethin' real American and to sorta take in my old man too."

"What's it gonna be?" asked Tony.

"Well," explained Huie, "there was a buncha names I liked a lot. But one name sounded just right."

"Vanderbilt?" asked Tony.

"Reginald Astor?" guessed Iris.

"Smith," said Huie with a radiant smile. "I always liked John Smith."

"Gee!" cried Tony.

"That's a very sexy name, honey," said Iris.

Huie reached into his coat pocket and pulled out some small white cards. "I got these printed up, see?" he said.

Very proudly he handed us each a card.

"Do I look like Smith's my name?" he asked.

"Sure, honey," replied Iris quickly, "I'd pick you out for a Smith any time."

"Then nobody'll ask to see our harem again," said Huie with a happy sigh.

I glanced at my card and saw that Hussein Zahid Mohammed had really given it a lot of thought. The card read: JOHN SMITH, JUNIOR.

The End

"Give me that paper," said Iris.
"and we'll put the show on the road."

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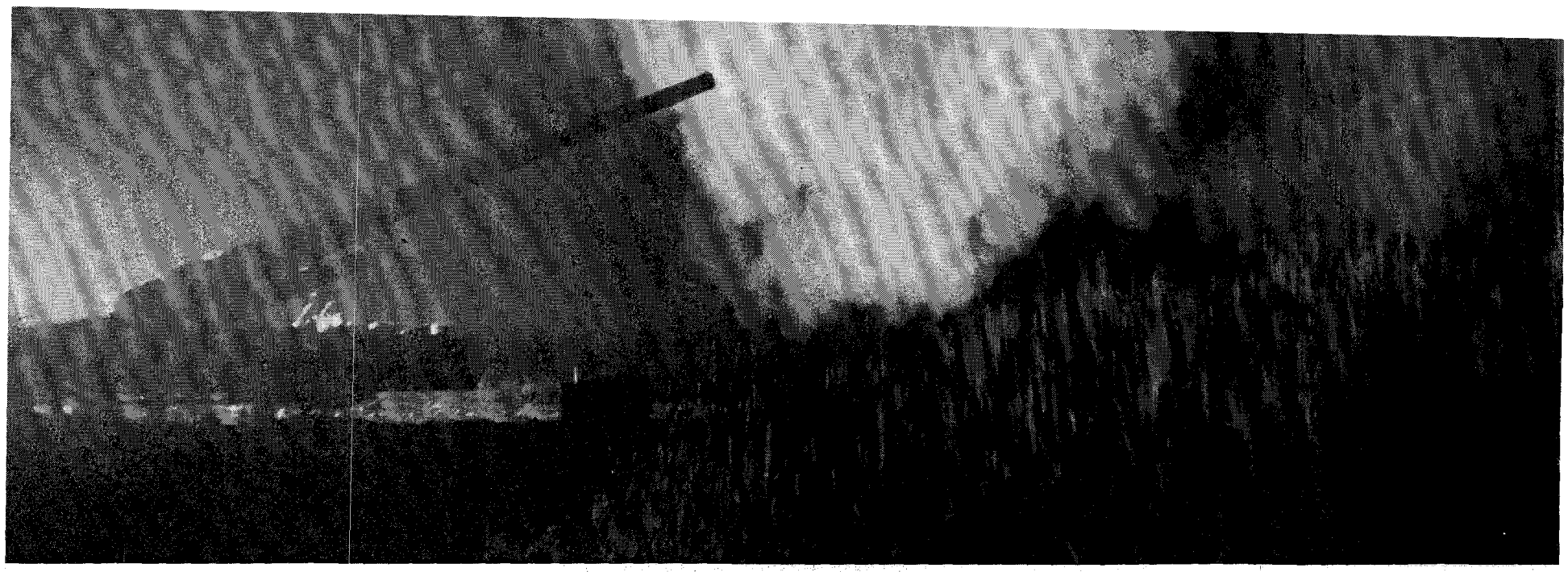


A 280-mm. atomic cannon (weight: 85 tons; barrel length: 42 feet) fires a conventional shell at Baumholder, Germany. Chief problem for the 280: How to hide it?

A Post editor tells what would happen if the Reds launched a ground attack against our forces in Europe.

An exclusive report on the rugged young Americans of

THE WORLD'S NEWEST ARMY

BY JAMES P. O'DONNELL

FIRST OF TWO PARTS

THE PALATINATE, GERMANY.

"Blotto. Blotto. Blotto."

The Soviet attack, when it came, was not a complete surprise. They struck in full force, spearheaded by tanks, under cover of night, down through the Fulda Gap. Now it is dawn, H hour plus 10. An artillery forward observer of the American 2nd Armored Division, from a dug-in Patton tank on a hill above the Rhine River, has just spotted a Soviet tank regiment, an element of the advancing 8th Guards Army, topping off its tanks in a wood beyond the river. Over buried telephone lines, as if he had rehearsed the drill many times, the FO reports back his estimate of the number of tanks, mass of troops, the stage of their refueling and the precise grid co-ordinates on the map.

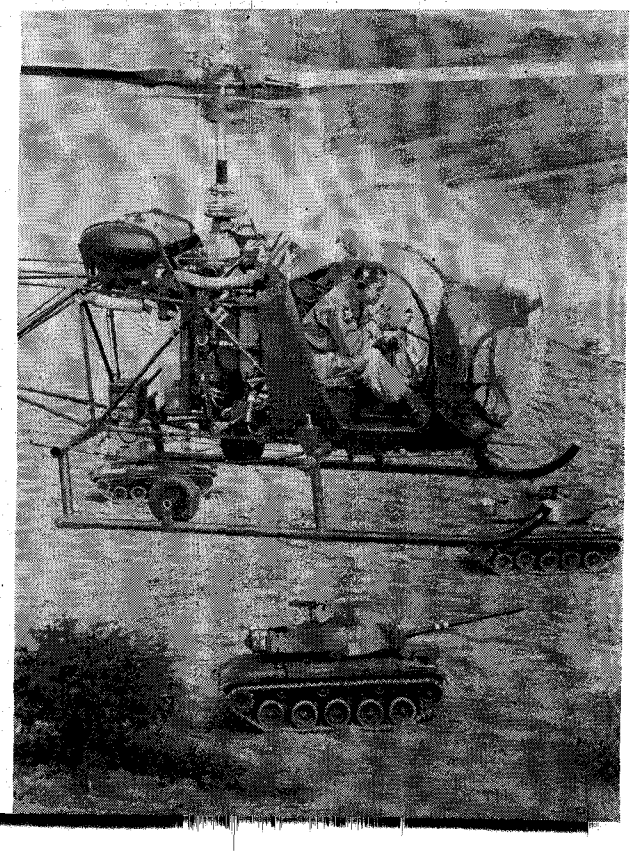
In atomic warfare—the only likely kind of warfare if just such a Red Army attack hits our 2nd Armored Division here in the heart of Europe—is this the terrible "moment of truth"? No, it is not. Several things now have to happen before anything can happen, and nobody pushes the panic button:

The FO's message redlines up to Division, to the FSCC—Fire Support Co-ordination Center. A bird colonel, the artillery exec, will grab it, scan it and hand-process it to the division commander. But Division has no authority to release an atomic round until it gets clearance upstairs from Corps. Time elapses. (And those tanks will not sit still forever.)

A blitz call goes through to Corps. The Corps artillery officer gets the news, instantly advises the release of two "hot rounds" by the corps commander. More time may elapse if the latter happens not to be on the spot.

But he is there. This corps commander, who just ten hours before has opened sealed orders

From helicopter, Maj. Gen. Ruffner inspects his widely dispersed 2nd Armored Division, now a NATO unit.



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from higher headquarters authorizing him to use every weapon he has, if attacked, releases one round only, for the 280-mm. atomic cannon. Still more time is eaten up as the order now goes down the line. Possibly in ten minutes, probably within twenty minutes, maybe thirty minutes, if it takes that long to clear friendly planes out of the target area, and the command to fire will be given.

When troops of the 2nd Armored Division hear "Blotto. Blotto. Blotto" over their earphones, they will crouch in their tanks and armored personnel carriers or hug the near and deep side of their foxholes.

They will know the first atomic artillery round in the history of land warfare is whistling on its way.

This terrible tableau may be the shape of things to come. But nobody hopes so less than the American soldiers whose military specialty it is to man, maintain and maneuver these ultraviolent weapons here in Germany, and to fire them if ordered. In at least four of the atomic-weapons batteries, I noted our GIs had clipped and posted a recent Bill Mauldin cartoon. There are old Willie and Joe, deep in a front-line trench, beyond them a flattened town under a mushroom cloud. Willie is on the field phone:

> "Hello, Fox Four? I jest called for a couple little ol' rounds of artillery. I didn't ask for no catastrophe!"

Humor is when one laughs nevertheless. Even among the toughest of our professional soldiers, permanent students of the art of warfare, one today hears a welcome, buoyant note of optimism—a belief that the very existence of this atomic military hardware is one of the solidest guarantees of peace yet. This may surprise many readers, as it did me when I first came out here several weeks ago. Like most civilians, I felt I was getting a bit of a snow job from the military, one of the oldest trade-unions in the world. I stayed around long enough to become convinced that this buoyant, persistent optimism of the soldiers is anchored in reality, the reality of weapons which every day they come to know more about.

The dramatic, staggering boost in the overall firepower and potential of the American contingent in the NATO Army has to be seen, under field conditions, to be believed. Quietly, a revolution in weapons is bringing about the most radical changes all up and down the line. With no great debate in any congress or parliament, without any increased funds, faced even with the threat of manpower cuts, the international generals at SHAPE have come up with a new battle plan that for the first time puts real meaning into what for five long years seemed just an incantation phrase, "a proper posture of defense."

Early this summer, Gen. Anthony C. McAuliffe, commander of United States Army Forces in Europe, journeyed up to Bonn on the Rhine, not to rattle the atomic bomb, but "just to rattle a few facts." Renowned since Bastogne as a man of few words, "Tony" McAuliffe laid it on the line:

"In the United States Army, Europe, there have been over the past few years a number of changes, some of them major. There are more and major (Continued on Page 119)

An electronically guided Corporal missile—more deadly even than the atomic cannon—is readied for action at the Baumholder reservation. "I can guarantee," says the commander of U. S. Army Forces in Europe, "that we are now able to make an act of [enemy] aggression a very costly venture."

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Rosalind Russell bounces through a scene from The Girl Rush, her first Hollywood appearance since starring in the smash Broadway musical, Wonderful Town.

Girls! Girls! Norma Shearer and Joan Fontaine are horrified bystanders as Roz, Paulette Goddard and Mary Boland engage in a hair-pulling contest in The Women, a 1938 epic.

Roz, who is famed in Hollywood as an athlete as well as an actress, demonstrates her football potential to Brian Aherne in Hired Wife.

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The Perils of Rosalind Russell

By Richard G. Hubler

She made a Hollywood fortune by playing bossy females, then conquered Broadway with sheer exuberance: In one role she suffered 1000 bruises.

Roz gabs in her room at Paramount Studios as she gets ready for a day's shooting of The Girl Rush.

In the spring of the 1953 New York theatrical season, enthusiastic audiences crammed the Winter Garden to see a gawkily graceful actress sing, dance, act, impersonate and cavort. She was manhandled unmercifully, winding up in a conga with a chorus of South American naval cadets. Finally she was tossed over their heads and marched off horizontally, seven feet above the floor.

This two-and-one-half-hour exhibition went on eight times a week for nearly sixteen months in Wonderful Town, a musical starring Rosalind Knight Russell. Her ability to captivate full houses night after night—during her run the show grossed more than $3,500,000—was illumined by the most glowing notices the critics could afford. Roz—who is known by her full name only on theater marquees—had passed forty. Accused at the time of being forty-five, she did not deny it. But she performed her Thespian gymnastics with such verve and good humor that audiences came away convinced that life after forty may take off like a rocket.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brisson and their son, Lance. Miss Russell's husband, once dubbed the "Wizard of Roz," has attained fame in his own right as producer of such hit shows as The Pajama Game and Damn Yankees.

Roz with Ann Cummings, winner of a "most beautiful legs" contest to promote The Girl Rush.

Roz left Wonderful Town and her 1004-bruise role—"there wasn't a night that I couldn't count at least two"—to take over an equally exhausting chore in motion pictures. With her husband, Frederick Brisson, an ex-Hollywood agent and son of the European café singer, Carl Brisson, she returned to producing independent movies.

The Russell-Brisson combination, under their own banner of Independent Artists, had already put out two pictures, The Velvet Touch, made in 1947, and Never Wave at a WAC, made in 1952. The pair cost $1,811,000 to make, and so far have grossed over $4,600,000. Roz credits this mostly to Brisson, largely disregarding her star roles as a murderess in one and a society-matron WAC in the second. "Freddie is the world's best executive," she says. "He always makes notes on everything he does."

Her estimate of her husband may not be far wrong. She abetted him in forming their company in 1946, three years after she got nearly $250,000 in each of a couple of pictures, to become the highest-paid actress in Hollywood. "Freddie said he didn't want to be an agent all his life," she says. A tall, blond Dane who came to this country in 1939, Brisson had been successful enough, but he was apparently determined to prove he was not the "Wizard of Roz," as some columnists dubbed him.

(Continued on Page 75)

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Post Scripts

Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"Honey, I was thinking today—we really don't need to have the sofa re-covered just now, because I know how business has been lately, and I certainly don't want you to have to worry about little things like that."

"Darling, I was reading over your old love letters today! Remember when you said I'd always be your wistful little girl? I guess that's one of the reasons I fell in love with you—I mean, you always make me feel so *protected*."

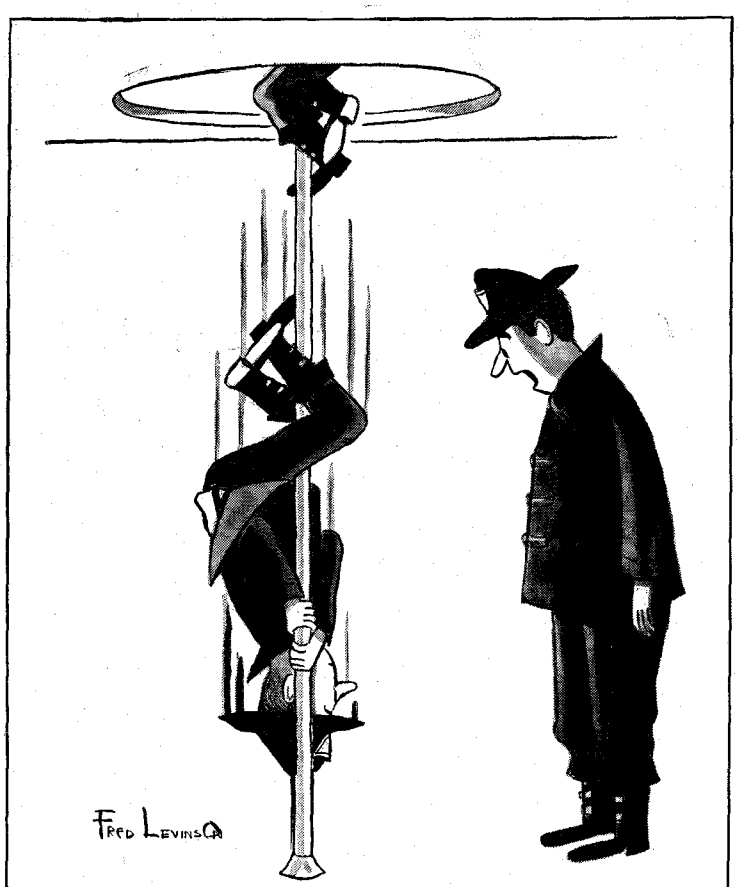
"My goodness, Grace Elliott was telling me today about how George always flies off the handle at the teeniest little thing. It's really a shame, because I think it's so true what you always say—that there's a solution to everything, if you'll just think it out and keep calm."

"Honey, isn't it awful about those poor people in the satellite countries, the way they get sent to Siberia just for overparking or something? Doesn't it make you glad you live in a democracy, where you know you'll always get a square deal?"

And the fast break:

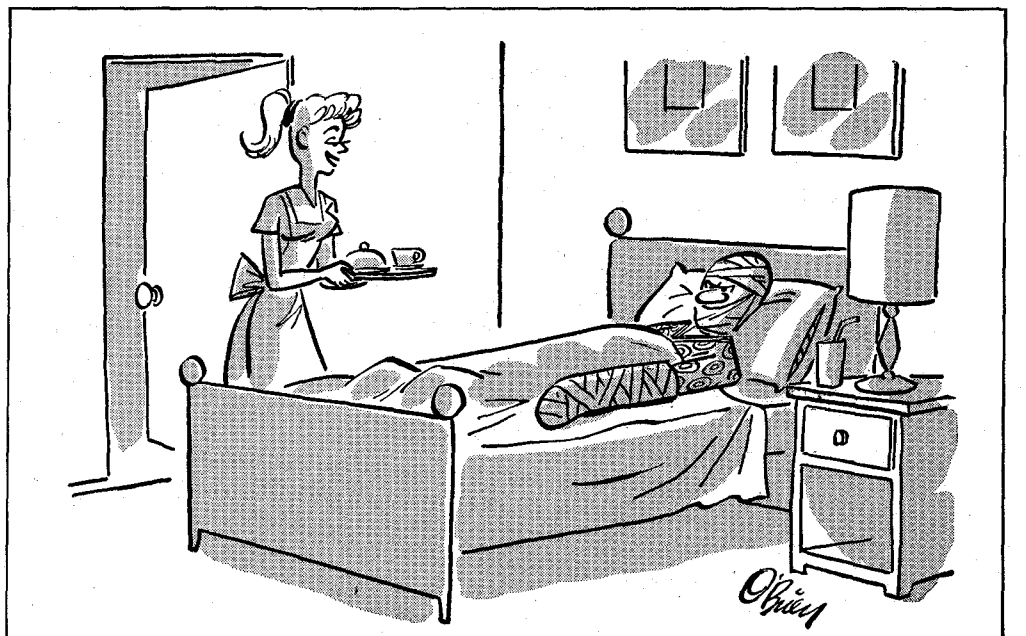
"It's the strangest thing, dear—a few months ago there was this funny letter from the income-tax people in the mail, and I threw it away because I knew you had sent them that money—only this morning this other letter came, and it seems that ——"

PEG BRACKEN



"You're new here, aren't you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"How's old Do-It-Yourself this morning?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Heinrich Schnibble and the Electrician

"G'morning. You the party called for electric service?"

"Ja, ja! Mein stovencooker ben ausblitzen."

"Well, that's just dandy, and I'm —— Your what is what?"

"Mit heaten das sauerkrauten mein stoven-cooker ben outsputteren der sparken ——"

"Oh, sparken! You got a short circuit maybe, somewhere?"

"Himmel! Meinself ist asken! Ist Heinrich Schnibble ben ein experter mit fixen der sparken-flashers?"

"I don't even know who—uh—are you this Heinrich Schnibble?"

"Ja, Ich ben Schnibble."

"Well, sir, I'd like to get this whole thing started all over. Just tell me about the heat-ensputter and that other business again, real slow."

"Mein stovencooker ben outsputteren der sparken und ——"

"I get it! I get it! Your stove don't work."

"Ja! Das sauerkrauten ist coldisch."

"Well, Mr. Schnibble, sir, what you need ist—I mean, you want our appliance man. What I do is just wiring only."

"Ach! Insiden mein stovencooker ben der wiren."

"I know, but I don't work on stovencookers. We got a man in der shop who ——"

"Himmel! Ist der noggen ben dumbisch mit-out learnen?"

"No, my noggen don't ben dumbisch! I could fix it easy, but I just ain't supposed to! And what's more, even if ——"

"Dummox! Stupischer! Meinself ist ——"

"Who's a dummox? You, that's who! Why can't yourself call der shop and ask for the appliance ——"

"Himmel, nein! Mit callen der shop ist out-comen ein donderhead mitout fixen mein stoven-cooker!"

"He will not! I ben der only donderhead mit-out—I mean, meinself ist —— Ach!"

"Ich ben haulen mein stovencooker to der shop und finden das smartisch upfixer!"

"You just do that und —— Himmel, nein, Mr. Schnibble! Nein! I'll ben gonna fixen das stovencooker now und leave! Just please don't come to der shop, ever! Das smartisch upfixer might be Out!"

"Ja?"

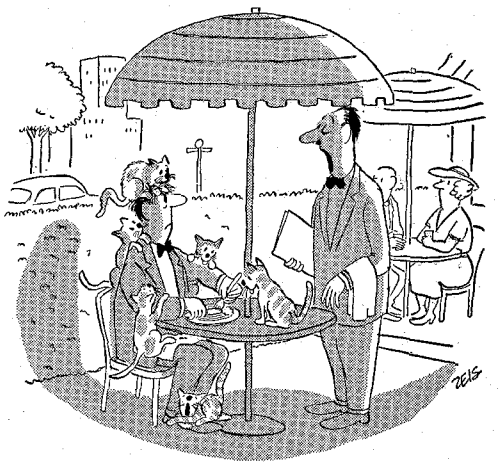
"Ja! Und ach Himmel! Meinself might ben the one that's In!"

DAVE MORRAH

From Where I Sit

I can't help concluding
That characters who
Say, "Am I intruding?"
Don't mind if they do.

ELEANOR RYDBERG



"How's the fish?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Of Phones and Women

Darling, I've simply got to run!
I'm due at the beauty shop at one.
I mean I've really got to fly.

So I'll hang up—but before I forget, did I tell you Mabel's getting married in March? Yes, to Henry Muddleberry. I don't know how she hooked him, but you never can tell about that quiet mousy type; they're sneaky, I always say. Because everyone thought Irene and Henry were a thing, and honestly, the way Mabel dresses! Did you see that bilious green monstrosity she had on at Elaine's? Why some women wear that color! Light green's different, of course. I've got a darling new apple-green suit—just precious! I got it at Grundle's last week. I'll have to shorten the skirt, but it was such a bargain, and it goes with my green suède shoes and bag, and I think I'll get a little off-the-face white felt to go with it—white's so ladylike, I always say, but, of course, I won't buy it till I get my hair fixed —— My hair! I've got to go!— Good-by!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

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After more than three painstaking years...

The 1955 Crop of Campbell Tomatoes is ready

Here's the way a small portion of the 1955 crop looked when Campbell Tomatoes were lined up for inspection at the Campbell Kitchens early last month.

Just the selection and increase of the seed from which this new crop was grown used up three years. This spring the seeds were planted in specially-prepared soil and nurtured to maturity with the help and advice of a Campbell Field Man. The people who picked the tomatoes were given special instructions, so they picked the ripe fruit at just the right stage of ripeness.

Yet it is extremely unlikely that all the tomatoes you see in the picture were able to pass Campbell's rigid tests for color, flavor, and uniformity.

The fruit that did was hand-trimmed and given at least six thorough baths in cold running water. Then the Campbell Chefs took over with their proverbial blending skill.

What came of it all is waiting at your favorite food store for you to take home and taste. You can now enjoy the Campbell Tomato, 1955 crop, in our tomato soup, tomato juice, and V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices.

When you do we think you'll know we practice what we preach when we say:

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

Campbell's

Soups • Tomato Juice • Pork & Beans
V-8 *Cocktail Vegetable Juices*
Franco-American *Products* • **Swanson** *Produ*

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Nocturne by Chicago's Pump Room *Gown by* Jane Derby *Star Chief Catalina by* Pontiac

Body by Fisher

Originators of such popular innovations in motorcar design as the trend-setting *panoramic windshield*, the *hardtop* and other famous Fisher Fashion Firsts found only on General Motors Cars:

CHEVROLET PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE BUICK CADILLAC

BODY by FISHER GM GENERAL MOTORS

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Dr. Donald Griffin, a Harvard scientist, studies a bat's hunting habits. The bat uses reflected high-frequency sound waves—something like radar—to spot its prey.

Why Animals Don't Need Maps

What enables a lost cat to find its new home, 2000 miles away? Is the pigeon equipped with a built-in compass? Scientists are striving to solve these mysteries, for the answers may prove vital to national defense.

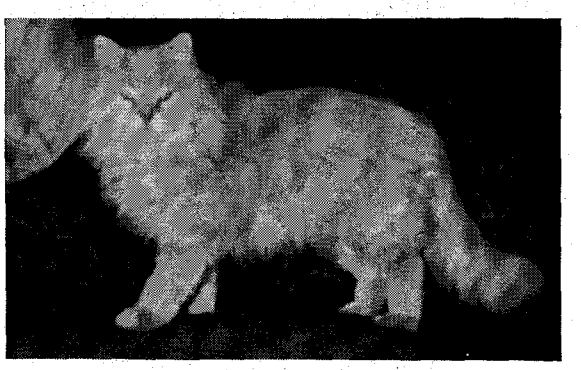
By Ben Pearse

Seated in his kitchen in suburban Washington, D.C., one warm June afternoon, William Hudgins was gazing idly out the window when he noticed an Irish setter limping slowly down the road which passed in front of his house. Something about the animal struck him as familiar.

"Myrtie," he called to his wife, "that sure looks like Pal coming down the road."

Mrs. Hudgins remarked casually that all Irish setters looked pretty much alike, and her husband agreed. Besides, nearly two years before, he and Myrtie had given Pal to her sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Blair Miller, who lived near Richmond, Virginia, about 120 miles from the Hudgins residence in Berwyn Heights, Maryland. True, Pal had disappeared from the Millers' home the previous fall, but 120 miles is a long way. Furthermore, Highway No. 1 between Washington and Richmond carries one of the heaviest traffic loads in the country. No, this couldn't be Pal, thought Hudgins. (Continued on Page 62)

Sugar followed his owners on foot when they moved from California to Oklahoma.



Faithful old Pal caught up with his mistress after two years. Pal died last year.

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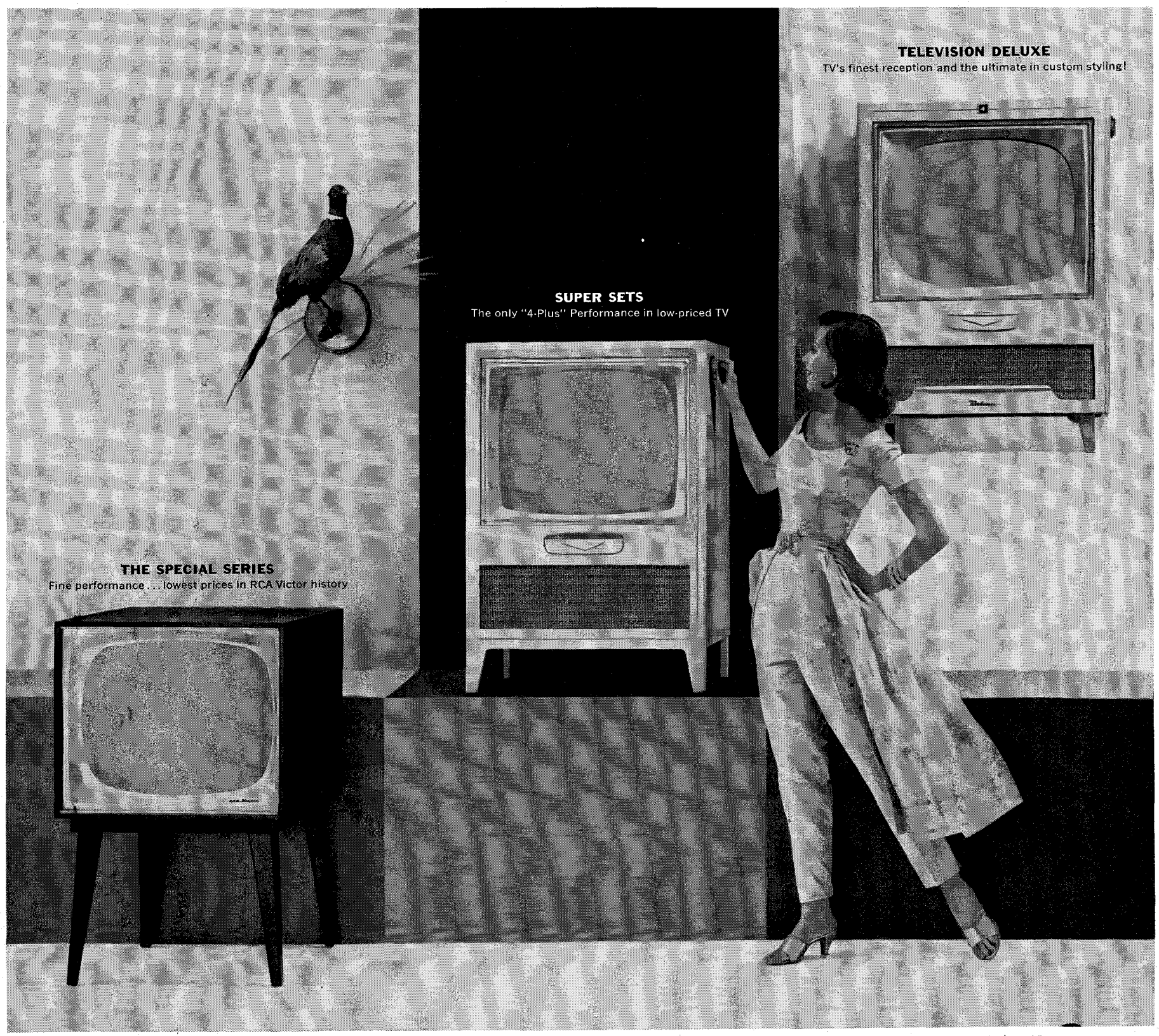
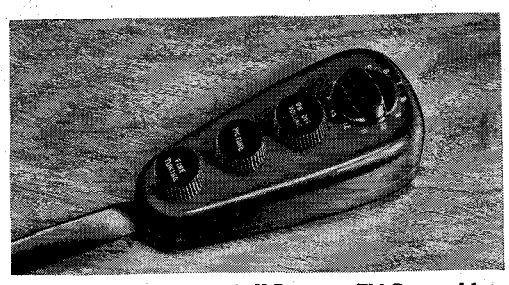
SEE THE BIG CHANGE IN TV BY RCA VICTOR!

Whether you spend $149.95 or $500, be sure you get RCA Victor quality!


THE SPECIAL SERIES
Fine performance . . . lowest prices in RCA Victor history
SUPER SETS
The only "4-Plus" Performance in low-priced TV
TELEVISION DELUXE
TV's finest reception and the ultimate in custom styling!

(LEFT) 21-inch **Towne,** black textured finish (21S6052), $169.95. (Matching Stand, optional, extra) (CENTER) 21-inch **Gladstone** (21T635). In mahogany grained finish, $269.95. Limed oak grained finish (shown), $279.95. (RIGHT) 24-inch **Everest Deluxe** (24D655). In mahogany grained finish, $349.50. Limed oak grained finish (shown), $359.50.



New RCA "Magic Brain" Remote TV Control lets you tune TV from your easy chair. For most RCA Victor black-and-white VHF TV models. Optional at extra cost.

RCA Factory Service, assuring you of expert installation and maintenance is available in most TV areas—but only to RCA Victor TV owners.

To see The Big Change in TV just visit any RCA Victor dealer's. Walk right up to the new 21-inch *Towne*. All you see is *picture!* Lift up the "Hidden Panel" on top. See how *easy* it is to tune. Price tag? Only $169.95! Look at the new 21-inch *Gladstone* . . . with "4-Plus" picture quality: greater brightness, contrast, steadiness. It has "High-Side" tuning!

But—don't decide until you have seen RCA Victor Television Deluxe—the twin-speaker *Everest*, for example. Here's TV's finest reception and most luxurious cabinetry!

Hard to make up your mind? No wonder. So many beautiful models—such a wide range of prices . . . $149.95 to $500. Take your time. You can't go wrong if it's an RCA Victor.

Manufacturer's nationally advertised VHF list prices shown, subject to change. Slightly higher in the far West and South. High Speed UHF tuning optional at RCA Victor's lowest price ever—only $25 extra.

KIDS! Enter Colgate's big contest. See "Howdy Doody" in Color on NBC-TV at your RCA Victor dealer's.

See Milton Berle, Martha Raye on NBC-TV alternately, 2 out of every 3 Tuesdays. And don't miss NBC-TV's spectacular "Producers' Showcase" in RCA Compatible Color or black-and-white, Monday, October 17.

RCA VICTOR
Tmks® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

EVERY YEAR MORE PEOPLE BUY RCA VICTOR THAN ANY OTHER TELEVISION

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Underworld U.S.A.

Fingers considered himself a big shot. But nobody was big enough to dare talk back to Earl Connors.

By JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

From September, 1926, to September, 1929, Carlton (Fingers) Tolland escaped detection in an estimated 2700 larcenies from the person. He also pulled fourteen holdups in association with Jerry Pender and Spider Lonagan. At twenty-one, crime was paying him at a rate of $8000 a year.

Fingers' father, a hoodlum named Gil Tolland, died while Fingers was serving a reformatory sentence. His mother remarried and moved to California. Now Fingers was involved with a girl named Marjory Harrigan. Marjory was a convict's daughter, but she yearned for respectability. Fingers promised her he would go straight—soon.

Marjory worked at a speak-easy called The Garden Gate. Kingpin bootlegger Earl Connors had bought the place for Tim Laurence, as a reward for informing on Fingers' father. But Fingers didn't know this.

On October 30, 1929, Fingers, Spider and Jerry, wearing masks, escaped with a $9000 pay roll belonging to the Swarthmore Textile Company. One of the victims noted the license number on Fingers' car. As soon as Fingers learned that he was wanted on suspicion, he went to Earl Connors' lawyer, Joe Devlin. But Devlin refused to take his case. Fingers beat the rap anyway. Lawyer Peter Coughlin convinced the superintendent of police that Fingers' car could have been stolen for the robbery, and that the police had no case against Fingers.

The superintendent pursed his lips grimly and shook his head. "Take him away, Pete. You win this time, but my day will come."

V

Wednesday, October 30, 1929, was a historic day throughout the world, a day of pain, suffering and tragedy still universally marked by some on calendars as the anniversary of a stock-market crash that wiped them out—the end of one era, the beginning of another. It was a day of high excitement and intense fear for those whose wealth and savings were in peril. Millions lost money, but on that day Fingers made a net gain of $2666.66, his share of the $8000 left from the payroll robbery after paying Peter Coughlin.

It was a fateful day for Fingers. He, too, had been first excited, then fearful and finally relieved, but the day was not yet done. He had had one remote brush with Earl Connors. He would have another that would determine an immediate change in his life—a change that he might have made (Continued on Page 124)

Earl leaned forward and looked directly into Fingers' eyes. "You're going for a ride tonight."

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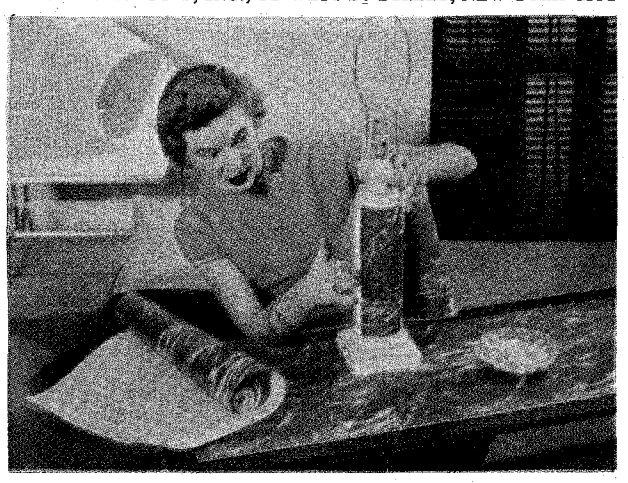

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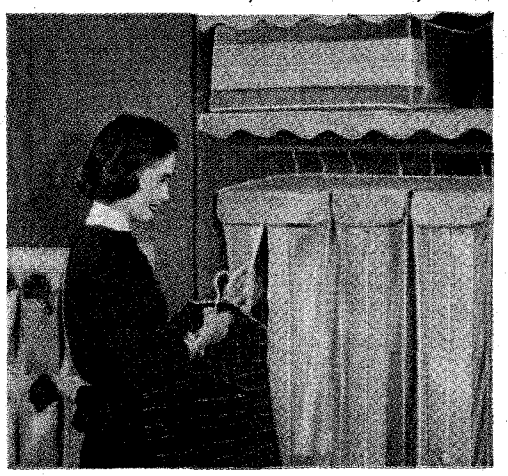

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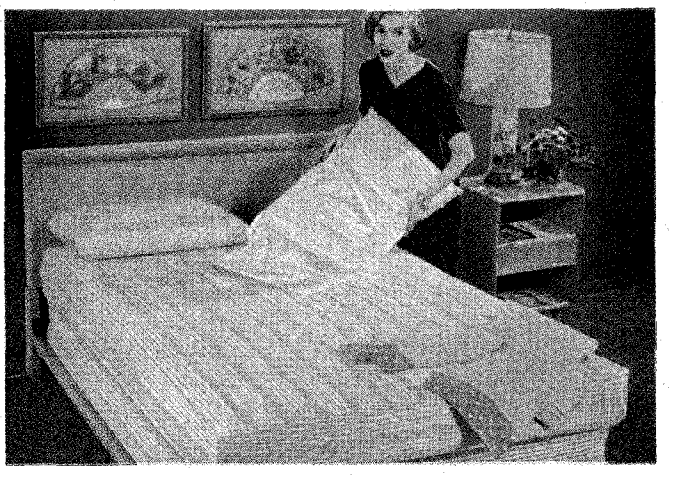

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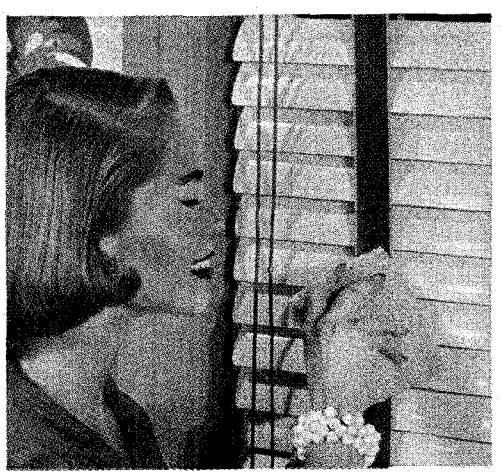

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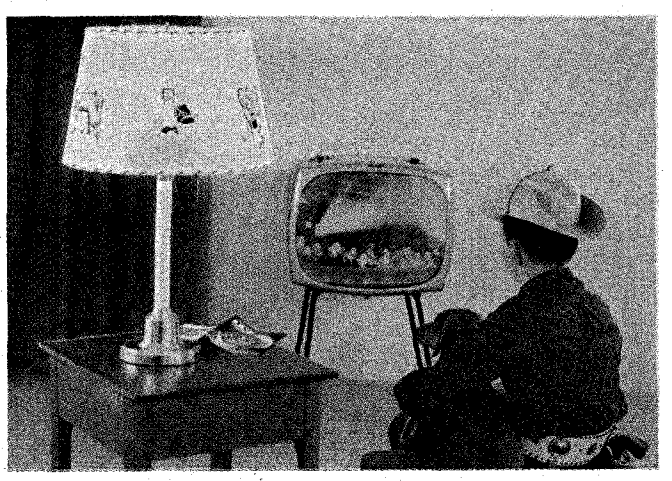

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School for Ultramodern Girls

(Continued from Page 32)

doubtless approve. The music they play and compose is derived more from Bartók and Villa-Lobos than Beethoven or Mozart. An event of last May was a novel concert staged by the college in the national-guard armory of Bennington village, four miles from the campus. The featured orchestral number was a composition by the French-American, Edgard Varèse. Among the instruments were six kettle drums, a quantity of snare drums, gongs, cymbals, brasses and a green leather sofa cushion. The cacophony from the orchestra alternated with taped reproductions of what the composer called "organized sound," consisting of whistles, the rumble of machinery and the hissing of steam—much of it recorded at the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

Before this first American performance of his futuristic tone poem, Mr. Varèse had himself lectured the Bennington girls on the significance of his composition, so that they were presumably able to comprehend it. A sprinkling of Vermont natives joined in the ovation which greeted the composer after the last thumps and discords had died away. On a previous playing, in Paris, Mr. Varèse's effort was hailed with jeers and hurled tomatoes, so it is barely possible that Benningtonians are more sophisticated than the City of Light.

All of which may suggest that Bennington's young ladies are ill-favored females who wear no make-up because their minds are on higher things. This is far from the case. We have never seen at any college more attractive undergraduates. This is true although most of the girls wear shorts to class, or blue jeans, or Scotch kilts.

Available statistics for the alumnae turned out thus far show that progressive education does not interfere with marriage and motherhood—in fact, it appears to accelerate both. A majority of the girls march to the altar within two years after graduation. Of the 1936 to 1951 classes, 78 per cent are married, compared with a national average among female college graduates of 69 per cent. Bennington mothers have 2.8 children each—statistically speaking, of course—while the nation's collegiate mothers as a whole average only 1.8.

Nobody has yet tried to relate Bennington's "nonresident term" with marriage or children, but this feature certainly adds to the girls' knowledge of the world. Under this plan, all students must work at jobs ten weeks every year, immediately following the Christmas recess. A good many girls work in publishing houses, insurance or Government offices, art galleries, schools or elite department stores. But some take factory jobs during at least one nonresident term, and this experience is regarded at Bennington as extremely valuable.

The students and their employers make reports on how things went, and these become part of the college records. A girl who failed repeatedly to make good would stand no chance of getting her degree. On the other hand, nobody is disturbed when the jobs do not work out exactly as planned.

Betty, for instance, wanted to write popular songs. The Bennington music faculty prefers Hindemith or Varèse, but nobody objected when Betty found a place with a New York commercial-music publisher for her freshman nonresident term. She was so enchanted with Tin Pan Alley that she quit college to take a permanent job on Broadway. In the end, too much boogie-woogie bored her. The next fall she was back at Bennington, where she reduced music to a hobby and was graduated as a literature major.

The files at Bennington bulge with case histories of the nonresident terms, written by the girls themselves. Mary came from a New York family of wealth and social position. Her interests were unformed; she wanted to paint or write or something. For her first job, she tried clerking in a department store. At the end of ten weeks Mary admitted that she had always regarded a sales clerk as "the girl who leaves you stranded in a fitting room while you miss a date." But her eyes had been opened. "It's good discipline to punch a time clock," she said.

Experiences like these hasten the process of growing up. They may explain why Bennington is practically free of the rules which prevail at nearly all other girls' colleges, supposedly for the protection of female virtue. The freedom can be startling to the uninitiated. One morning while we were at Bennington there appeared in our mail an invitation bearing the signatures of Sally, Joan and Rosemary. "Come to cocktails in our rooms," it read simply. We had to decline because we were scheduled to visit a seminar in Current World Tensions that afternoon, and we supposed that "cocktails" was a girlish euphemism for tea and cake.

We were wrong. Bennington students are allowed to have liquor in their rooms, if they choose. Since Vermont law forbids the sale of liquor to minors, college authorities issue identification cards to those who have become old ladies of twenty-one. The girls may go out any night they like and stay out as long as they like. However, if they plan to return after eleven P.M., they must state where they are going and when they will return.

The girl who mistakes liberty for license soon learns her mistake. Each student is assigned a faculty member as her counselor. If he finds that her work is slumping, he checks the file to see how many post-eleven-o'clock sign-out slips his counselee has accumulated, and he utters a word of warning. On the other hand, if she has violated the standard of conduct of a Bennington lady, the misguided lass may find herself called before the student-faculty Judicial Committee. If she persists in her wrongdoing, the Judicial Committee will recommend that she be placed on "social probation." This does not mean the withdrawal of any privileges, but it does mean that the probationer will be watched carefully. Her parents are informed, and a further offense will result in her being asked to leave Bennington.

The girls have made their own rules by popular vote since the college opened its doors in 1932. The summer before that first term, several letters asking whether students could bring their pets were received by Mabel Barbee-Lee, then director of admissions. She took a dim view of the notion, but the college's first president, Robert D. Leigh, thought it would be a good idea to admit the animals and let the girls decide for themselves whether they were a nuisance. The result was even worse than Mrs. Barbee-Lee had feared.

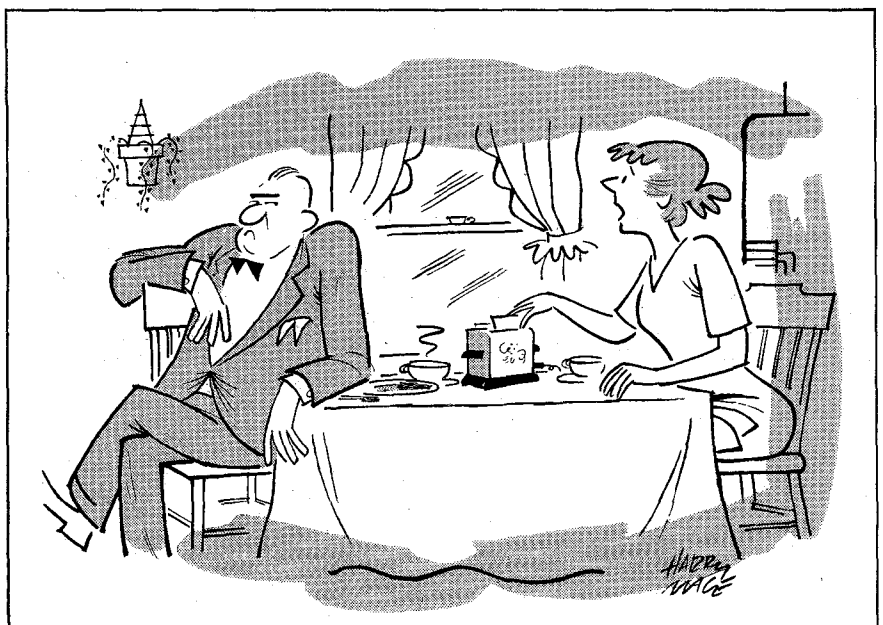
Dogs fought and romped through the flower beds. Cats made the nights hideous with their yowls. A white mouse traveled everywhere with one girl, curled up against her neck, and canaries hopped about in student houses. The girls, soon weary of the uproar, waited for a prohibition from President Leigh, but none came.

On a winter night an instructor who occupied the faculty apartment in one of the houses awoke with a start. From a student's room upstairs he heard an unmistakable wailing. Surely what he imagined could not be true—not in Bennington's first year of existence! He got his wife out of bed and together they raced to the second floor, guided by infant cries. They found a girl sound asleep, buried under quilts, while beside the open window a shivering baby lamb bleated, "Maa-maa-maa!" Not long after, the college Community Government voted to bar all pets.

Two factors were responsible for the birth of Bennington College. The first was that a number of schools, newly sprung up in the United States and dedicated to progressive education, were finding it difficult to get their students into college. They hadn't taught traditional subjects like Latin, which the colleges required for entrance.

Another factor in the creation of Bennington was the vigorous personality of the Rev. Vincent Ravi Booth, pastor of the First Congregational Church in Old Bennington. The township, he felt, needed a shot in the arm. Its young people were moving away. In the summer the graceful, white pre-Revolutionary houses were occupied by city folk from Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and on Sundays some of them walked across the green to Doctor Booth's church. But during the snow and ice of Vermont winters, his voice echoed through empty pews.

Doctor Booth insisted that something must be done to make Bennington a year-round hive of activity. A girls' college, he argued persuasively, would "stimulate the old church" and incidentally help business and the real-estate market. The minister



"For Pete's sake, I said I'm sorry I broke your egg yolk!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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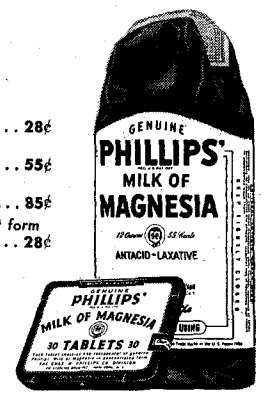

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began his campaign in 1932, aiming for an endowment of $5,000,000 to $10,000,000. But raising money proved to be difficult. In four years some $700,000 had been promised from private sources; this was ultimately increased to $1,250,000. Mr. Leigh, then a professor of government at Williams, had been chosen for the college's first president.

A board of trustees under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Hall Park McCullough, of Old Bennington and New York, and Dr. William H. Kilpatrick, Columbia University's progressive educationist, went on searching for capital. But with the single exception of the Carnegie Corporation, which donated $25,000 for library books, the educational foundations refused help. Then, during the fund-raising campaign, the pledge of a campus site was withdrawn.

The plans were drastically scaled down. On a new site—a dairy and horse-breeding farm given by cousins of the McCulloughs—colonial frame houses were used for dormitories. The farm's red cattle barn was enlarged to house laboratories, library, classrooms and administrative offices—as it still does. The interior of the carriage barn was remodeled to take care of meetings and rehearsals. Farmers' homes became living quarters for faculty families. The result is that Bennington is a delightful mirror of an old-time New England village.

The contrast between the old-Vermont appearance of the campus and the aggressive modernity of its arts curriculum has occasionally brought expressions of disapproval from modernists. Frank Lloyd Wright, the noted architect, once visited Bennington and surveyed the buildings with disgust.

"The place is a living lie!" he said bitterly.

Before the college opened, the stock-market crash caused the cancellation of more than $150,000 in pledges. Groundbreaking ceremonies were held in the summer of 1931, when nobody knew whether the contractors' bills would be paid. The ceremony was staged at the base of the barnyard silo, and the principal speaker was Governor Wilson, of Vermont. Sniffing happily at the lingering odor of ensilage, he said he knew nothing much about education.

"But I know all about silage," he went on. "Both silos and colleges are supposed to take green things and, through fermentation, mature them."

The first young green things, eighty-five in all, arrived soon after Labor Day in 1932. The catalogue listed courses in modern poetry, prose and drama, modern French and German literature, modern political and social life, mathematics and modern science. From the start, emphasis was placed on art, music and the dance. The girls found notable names among the small and youthful faculty. Among them were Genevieve Taggard, the poet; Lewis Webster Jones, the economist, who became Bennington's second president and is now the head of Rutgers University in New Jersey; and in music Kurt Schindler, founder and director of the Schola Cantorum. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, the novelist and Vermont enthusiast, was available in a consulting capacity to help students in creative writing. In a later year Robert Frost would be on hand to inspire the girls with a bent for poetry.

There was an impression in the first class that almost any subject on earth could be selected for specialized study. One girl wanted to be an ichthyologist and proposed to major in the fishes of Boston harbor. She was persuaded to compromise on a bowl of goldfish in her room, and transferred her interest to biology. Another girl, because she wanted to breed Arabian horses, demanded instruction in the Arabic language and in the history and customs of Arabia. She left to marry a farmer.

Sympathetic attention is still paid at Bennington to students with special interests. Recently a girl felt that she needed to learn Norwegian as a background for a major in Scandinavian art. She was taught by Julian H. DeGray, of the music faculty, who is a linguist. But bizarre requests are tactfully ruled out. Each student works out her own plan of courses, from a full curriculum. While there are no stated requirements, her counselor sees to it that she does not graduate without completing a reasonably balanced program. No matter how absorbed she may be in some area of social studies—the most popular major—she will have taken at least one intensive general-science course before she leaves.

New courses are often organized at the suggestion of the students' Educational Policies Committee. Sometimes their ideas are high-flown. A few years ago they demanded a course in scientific method, to include the great physical and chemical experiments from Archimedes on down. No one then on the faculty felt up to teaching (Continued on Page 50)

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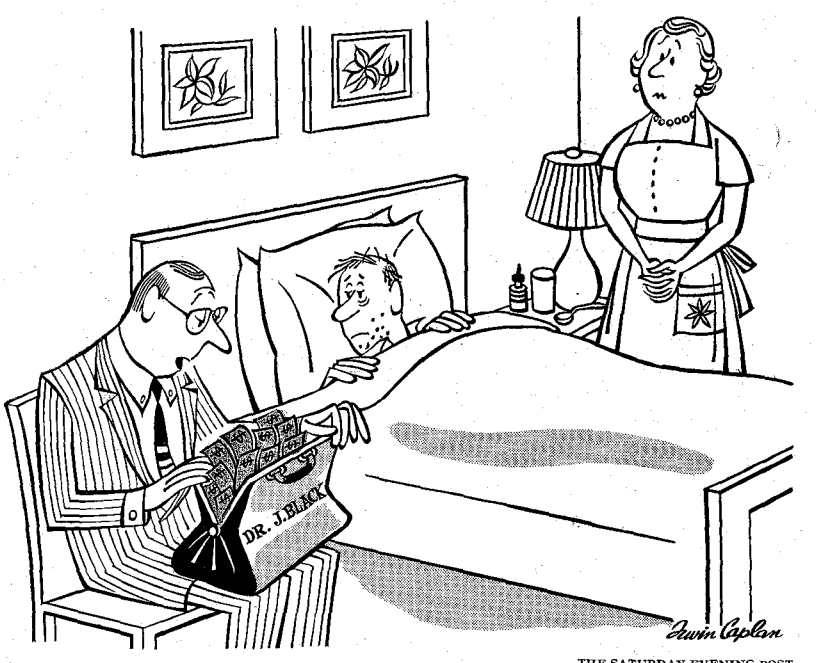

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm afraid I'll have to come back later. . . . I brought the wrong bag."

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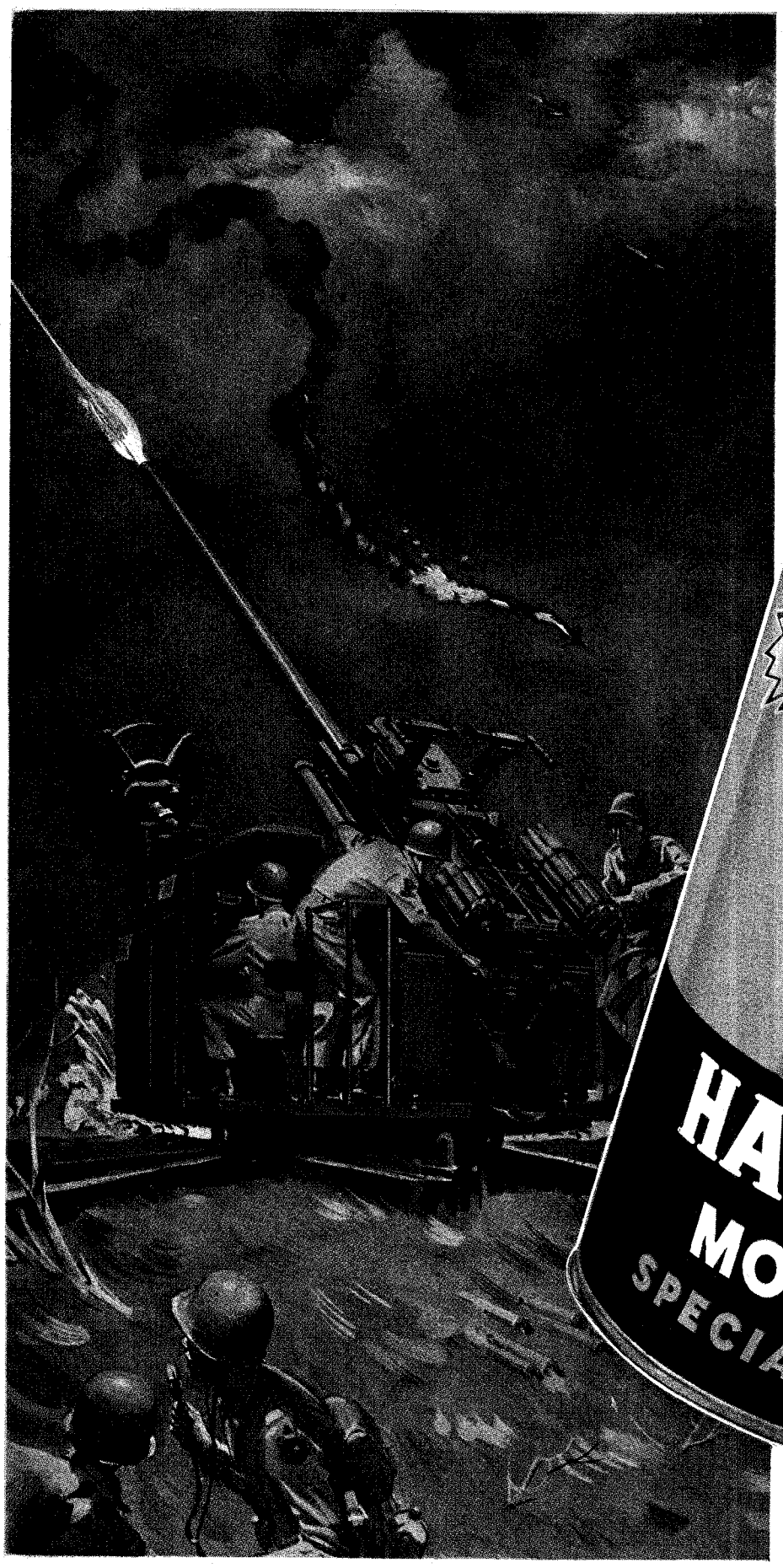

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(Continued from Page 48) it, so Frederick Burkhardt, who had become president in 1948, bravely undertook the job himself. Since his own field is philosophy, a good deal of that crept into the discussion, and part of the second term was devoted to examining the communist claim that Marxism is scientific.

Small and informal classes are the rule. Most of them are held around tables in the Barn or in the living rooms of the residential houses. During these sessions the girls may smoke if they choose. We watched a typical group at work one morning in a favorite Bennington course, Language and Literature. The sun streamed through the windows of Booth House onto modernistic paintings. The girls lounged comfortably on the floor or in chintz-covered chairs, while Mrs. Catharine Osgood Foster, wearing a fresh flower in her hair, led them in a lively debate on Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra.

They had been told to write something suggested by the play, in prose or poetry. One youngster had created a symbolical verse critique in which she portrayed Cleo as a crocodile, at rest in the mud of the Nile. Mrs. Foster asked for comment. Did the class feel that some element was missing from the poem? One girl complained that she could find no reference to the love theme, which Shakespeare had treated at length.

"All right," said Mrs. Foster, turning to the author. "How would you fix it?"

"Bring in a second crocodile," she answered.

Lines between the four years are much less fixed than at most colleges. A first-year girl may take an advanced course if she is qualified, and fourth-year students sometimes jump back to pick up elementary work they want. The same flexibility applies to the student-body organization. Committees are made up of all ages; there are no class officers and no intramural rivalry. A wistful traditionalist once proposed a year book to record the achievements of dear old '53. She found herself in a minority of one at the meeting assembled to vote on it.

The Bennington of 1955 is far better organized than it was in 1932, but it still has financial troubles. It is expensive for the student, even as compared with Vassar, Wellesley or Smith; tuition, room and board fees range from $2100 to $2250 a year. Since Bennington's income from endowment is a trivial $5000 a year, tuition fees must meet the operating costs, as far as possible. They rarely suffice, however, because a third of the girls are assisted by scholarships. Faculty salaries are too low, and money will be sought to raise them and to provide more scholarships. Meanwhile President Burkhardt must constantly scratch for funds to meet the annual deficit, which last year came to $55,000.

The staff at Bennington rarely have an idle moment. As in every college, the quality of their teaching is appraised from time to time by their colleagues. But here—and this is often more shattering—they are evaluated by the girls themselves through the Student Educational Policies Committee, which talks things over with the president.

Yet there are many rewards, and Bennington appears to have no trouble recruiting new teachers of high caliber. The college has always preferred active writers and artists, and for them one of the rewards is the tranquil space of ten weeks in the winter when the campus is deserted, while students busy themselves in the marts of trade and industry. Then their instructors have leisure for their own writing, painting or sculpture; they visit New York galleries and publishers or go on concert tours.

Bennington's nonresident term is directed by Bertha H. Funnell, who was employment manager at Abraham and Straus, the Brooklyn department store. Miss Funnell feels that job hunting is an education in itself, and she prefers to let the girls dig up their own places, but she helps them when necessary. Nearly two thirds manage by themselves, and about three fourths get paid jobs. Several Benningtonians have gone to the Southwestern desert as apprentice teachers in the United States Bureau of Indian Affairs, to deal with classes of suspicious little Navajos who knew no English. Last year, one girl ran copy at the Washington Daily News, from January to March. Another inspected 800 snapshots an hour at a photo-finishing plant.

Upperclassmen aim for jobs linked to their future careers, as draftsmen in architects' offices, trainees on magazines, laboratory assistants in hospitals or in an occasional lucky case as a member of an orchestra.

An alert government major who succeeded in landing some sort of office job in the new city administration in New York came out disillusioned with the red tape and "the slight chance a woman has in politics."

An earnest little sociology major flabbergasted her counselor a few years back with her inspiration for her nonresident term. "What petty crime could I commit," she asked, "in order to spend ten weeks in jail?"

The would-be penologist was advised that some nonco-operative judge might put her in the pokey for only six weeks. Then what would she do with the remaining four? Or, said her counselor, she might encounter some tough jurist who would send her away for twelve weeks, which would force her to cut classes when the spring semester opened. To everybody's relief, she did not press her plan. THE END

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Captain Ruthless (Continued from Page 24)

"I warned you, also, Mr. Gorman, not to stay in my employ!"

"I am a stubborn man."

"You are a foolish one as well. I told you then! I tell you now! You should have stayed in Navy brass, where any boy's life is a thing of unimportance, and decision is a thing that has no heart. Here in the merchant ships I'll break you, Gorman! I will!" The hatred boiled and broke. The beetling white brows knit together and the gray head turned away. "The Cardinolan's chief mate is in line for master," the shipowner said after a pause. "Unfortunately, she will not arrive in Manila for two or three days, at least. Your second officer has only first mate's papers, and I cannot give the ship to him in typhoon season. Neither will I chance an unknown skipper. So it ——"

"I suggest you take the ship yourself!" The chief mate's voice was dry. "You have extra master's papers, Mr. Cardin. You ——"

"I have thought of it!" the other snapped. "It is against all policy. I have canceled Captain Bledson's entry in the log. I have written another as owner. The appointment is purely temporary. As acting master only, Mr. Gorman, you will take the Cardinan as far as San Francisco."

"I could easily refuse."

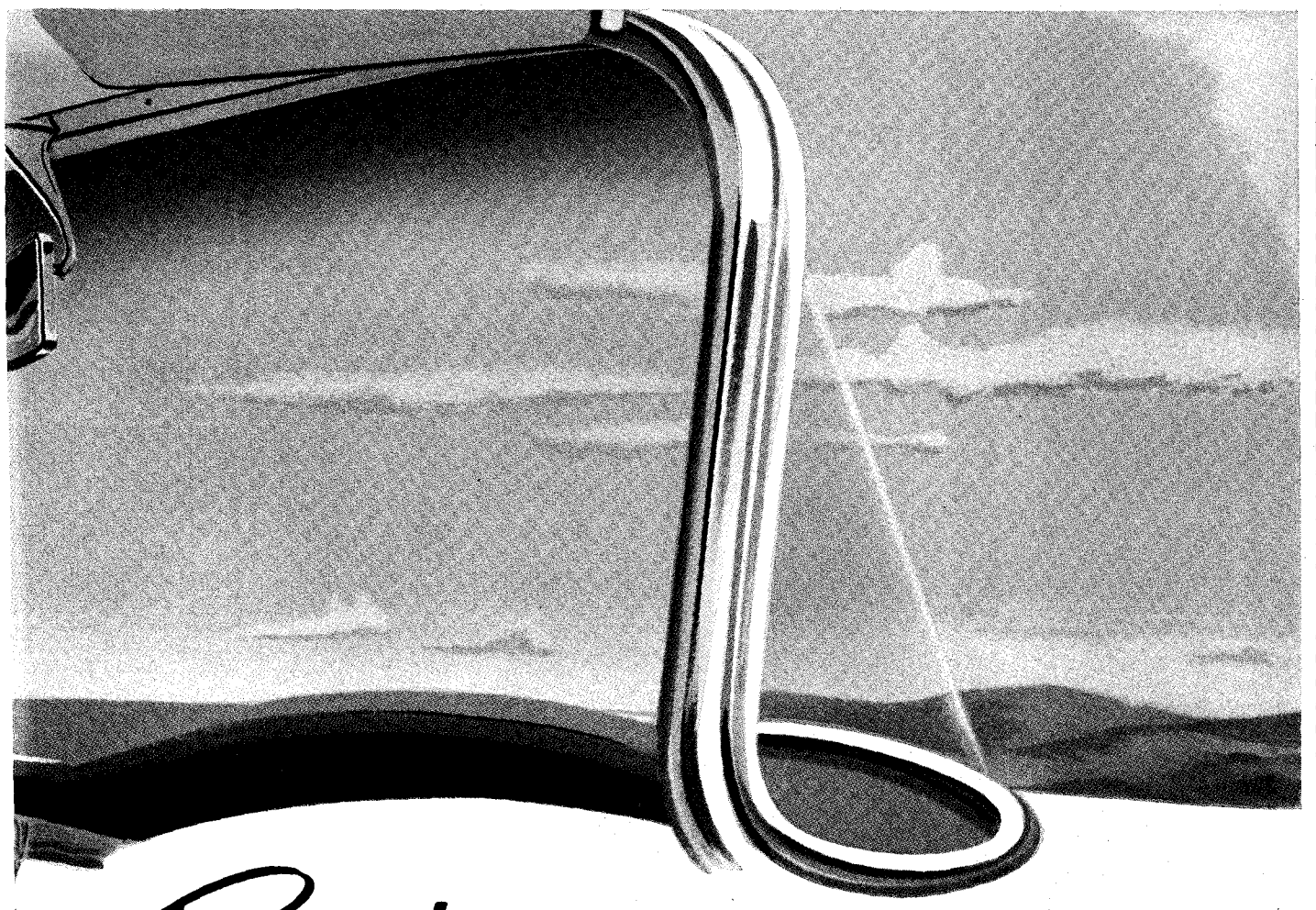
"You won't! The Navy has trained you very well." The cold eyes bored at David Gorman. "You will not refuse an order."

The gaunt man turned abruptly. He went down the ladder to the waiting launch. The Cardinan's new master heard the engine cough down there. He did not stir. Then a deep voice hailed. A voice that had a sound like Navy, a voice with gravel in its throat.

"Shall I send the boat back for you, captain?" it called strongly.

That was Jensen down there, bos'n of the Cardinan. That man had heard. He knew. Captain! The title passed with ease between his lips. He'd called the same man by the same word long ago.

So David Gorman looked down, saying gravely, "In an hour, Jensen. I must clear the ship. You stow your booms. Tell Mr. Harding he may heave the anchor to short stay." The Cardinan's new master, seeing



Remember... your eyes too must be comfortable!

You sit on a soft seat, that's sloped just right.

You have an arm rest to help you relax.

But you can't help getting tense and tired unless your eyes are comfortable, too.

You need the wonderful relief of a shaded E·Z·Eye windshield. Its soft, neutral blue color protects your eyes from the constant strain caused by sun and sky glare. And it helps keep your car cucumber-cool in the summer.

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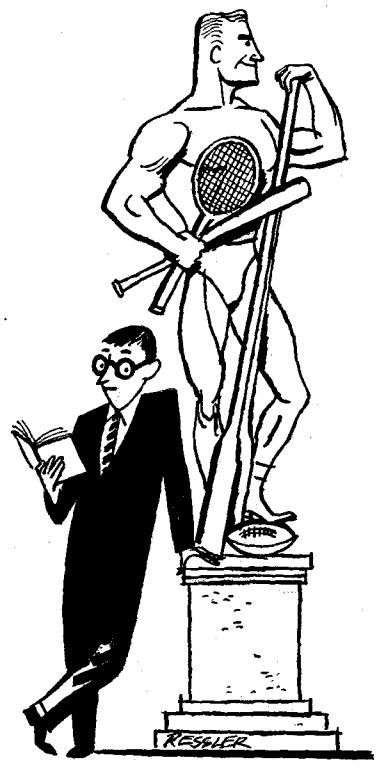

People are Like That

In their enthusiasm for sports, Americans tend to glorify athletes above the nonathletic man. Should the latter feel inferior?

Not according to a University of California survey by Prof. Wayne W. Massey. Checking on almost 400 university alumni, average age now forty-four, he found practically no differences between the athletes and nonathletes in economic and marital status and general health. Where the nonathletes gained an average of fifteen pounds after graduation, the athletes gained eighteen to twenty-three pounds. Fewer than half of the nonathletes had served in the armed forces, whereas nearly two thirds of the athletes had done so. **Arthur Larsen**

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Jensen's face uplifted, wind-scarred, weather-brown from all the years at sea, felt kinship strongly. "Send the boat back in an hour, Jensen."

"Aye, aye, captain. In an hour. I send the boy." The blue eyes bubbled with some pride or pleasure. "Paul learns good."

The launch sheered off, its engine noise assaulting hot, white stillness. David Gorman watched its bubbling white wake curve away. He saw the owner on the stern thwart and the bos'n's big shape upright, Navy style, the tiller bar against his knee. Out there, across a space of windless water, he could see the Cardinan, her dark hull blotting out the rock-strewn channel entrance from the South China Sea, the brown haze from her funnel rising straight aloft. How many times had he seen men like Jensen, coxs'ns in the Navy whaleboats, rounding smartly to the ladders of the distant ships at moor? He could remember laughter often from the men who poured on board from liberty ashore. Laughter was important in a war. There was no laughter left in Joseph Cardin.

David Gorman frowned. There is a sadness in the eyes of combat captains. It was in him still. Men die in war. The young, the brave. They sail away to nowhere. Are they swallowed in the trackless ocean, in the throats of great gales, in the thunder of the guns? It is the hatred kills them. Hatred always kills. The captains of the combat ships can only sign the neatly typed reports.

Mr. Gorman could remember how the water looked, that time ten years ago and more when all the hatred, like a brutal tempest, swept the oceans of the earth. He could remember how the gunfire sounded, how the flame sheets belched. He could remember Eniwetok, Saipan and the gray ships at the anchorages in Ulithi. Mostly he remembered how a boy looked, lean, dark-headed, stiffly at attention with a new draft standing for inspection on the main deck of the USS John Grant in Pearl. Maybe that was where it started, back in 1944, between himself and Joseph Cardin. Combat captains ought to be impersonal. He should have had the boy detached. He should have sent him to some other tin can than his own. Maybe that was where the thing began.

David Gorman wasn't on Lopanga Jetty now. He was far away in space and time. He was on the main deck of the fleet destroyer USS John Grant—Comdr. David Gorman, her commanding officer. He was walking slowly past a line of new young men, big Jensen at his side. Halvor Jensen was the ship's chief bos'n's mate. The captain reached the last man.

"Cardin, sir," the boy said smartly. "Joseph Cardin, Jr., seaman first."

"Cardin? That's a fine name. Are you Joseph Cardin's son, the Cardin Line from San Francisco?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Then you will do all right. I sailed in your father's ships before the war."

"Yes, sir. I know." A quick grin flashed across the youngster's lips. "My sister, Laura, sir," he blurted, "she sends ——"

"You are a seaman, not a messenger!" the captain's voice cracked sharply. "You have broken security if you mentioned your ship or her location in a letter home. Don't you know that, Cardin?"

"Yes, sir."

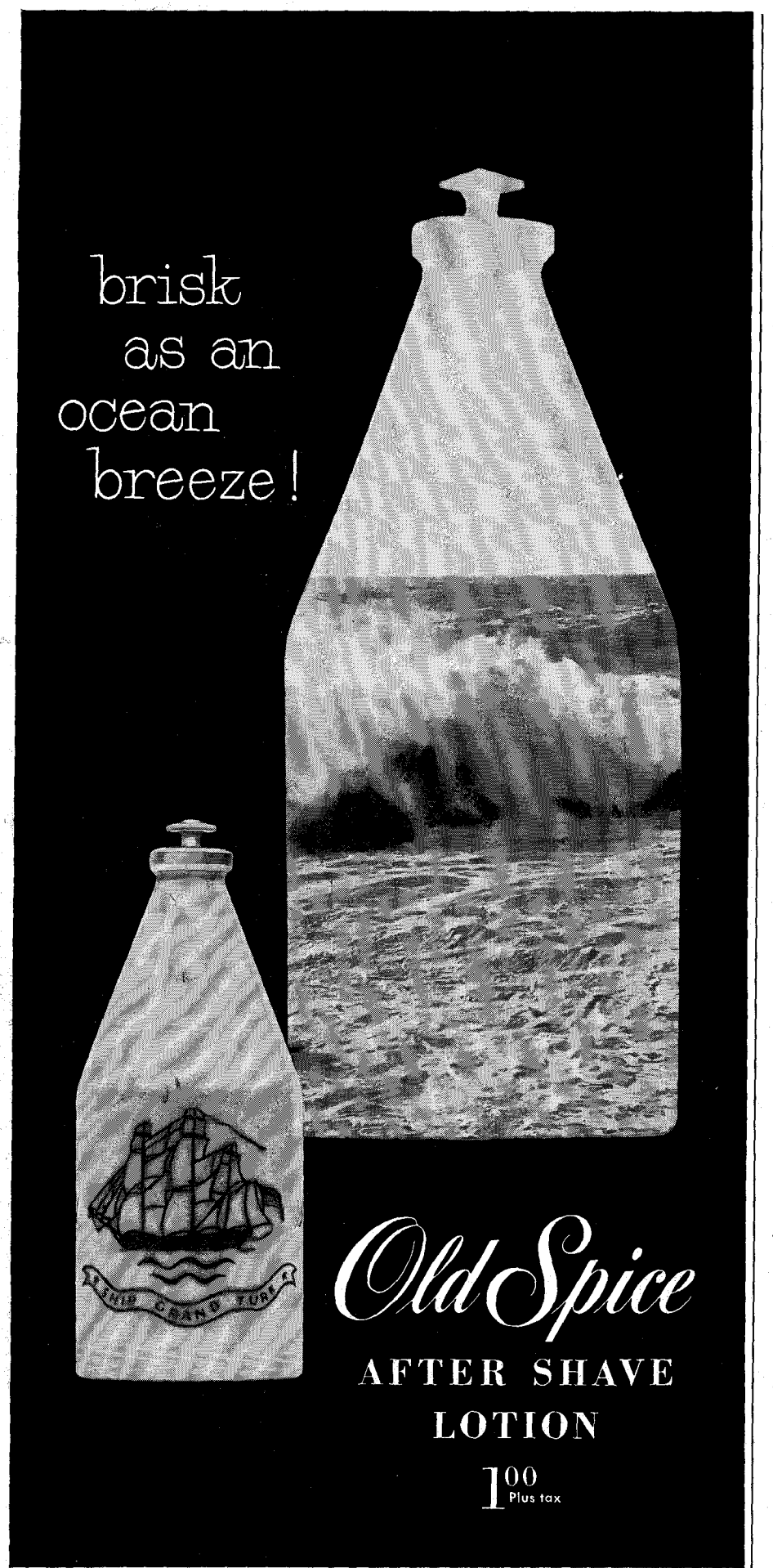
"Then remember it!"

The skipper turned away at once. At his back he heard the chief give counsel to the new men. Then that rasping voice dismissed them. And that night the ships went forward. They sailed westward in bright moonlight, four lean fleet destroyers sailing out to where the hatred boiled, the USS John Grant last in division column. No one who has ever seen them, dark against a night sky, crouching, full of power and destruction, can forget their awesome look.

The USS John Grant was lucky. The great holocaust around the Marianas didn't touch her. Lucky Grant! She saw how burning islands looked, shell splashes all around her. She saw ships erupt at night in gushing flame. She saw the diving planes bore in from nowhere, hurling deadly rain from heaven's vault. She saw them plunge down, trailing smoke across a sky pock-marked with five-inch gunfire. She remained unscathed. Lucky, lucky Grant!

Someone must pay for luck like that. The balance must be struck. Toward year's end, when the war roared over toward the Philippines, she paid her share. But she was lucky still. Her share was small. The great December typhoon found her on its outer fringe. The lucky Grant was shepherding some damaged cripples to Ulithi. She was probing underwater contact on the gale-lashed water when a single Jap plane droned out of that sullen sky and crash-dived on her. Flame erupted on the ocean close aboard, and metal splinters rained. The Grant had only four dead when it ended. She was lucky, all right. Even David Gorman knew it. Luck is only for survivors. The others are luck's hostages. Young Joseph Cardin's name was listed with those four.

(Continued on Page 55)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Here's a table, mother!"

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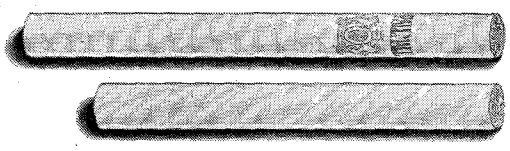

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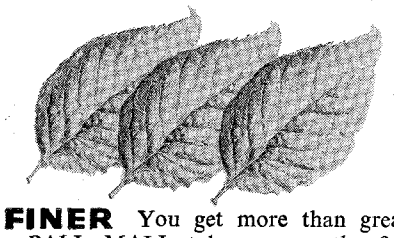

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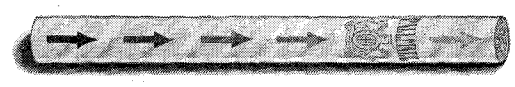

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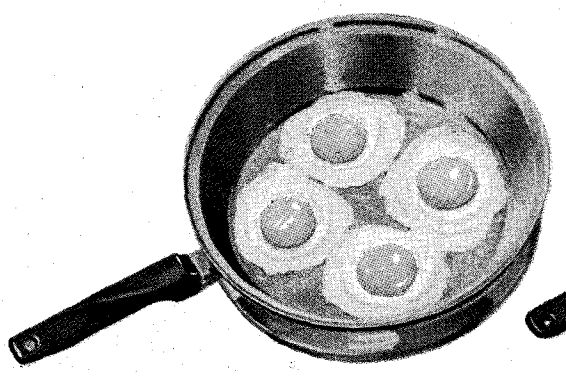
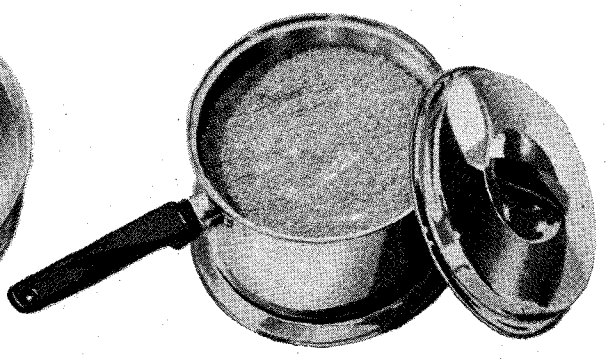
Cook these problem dishes without watching or stirring

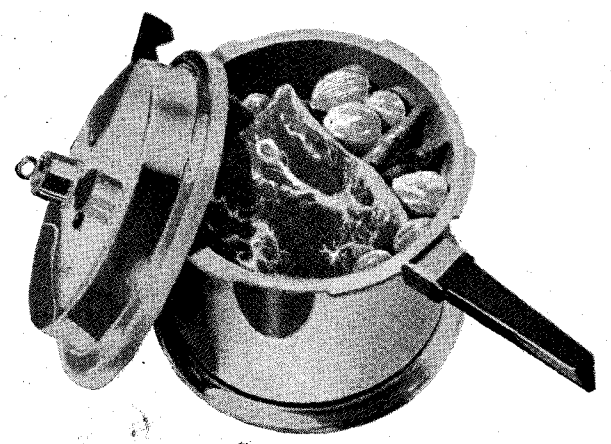
on the Frigidaire Electric Range with the THINKING TOP



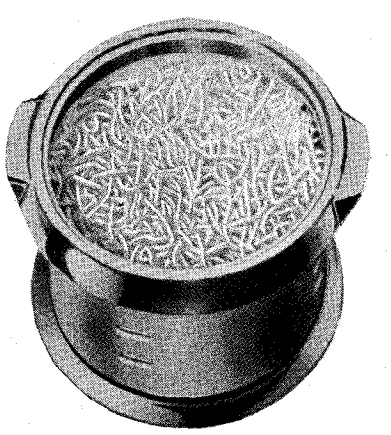
Eggs and bacon won't scorch, left unwatched.



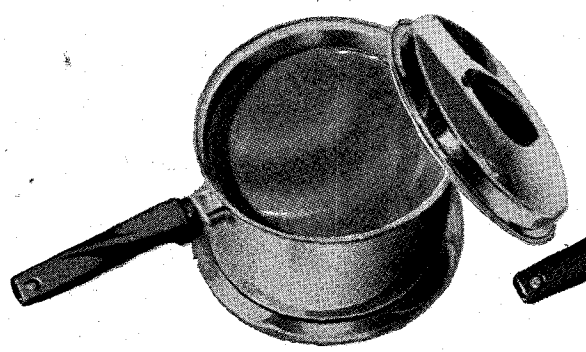
Cereal needs no stirring from start to finish.



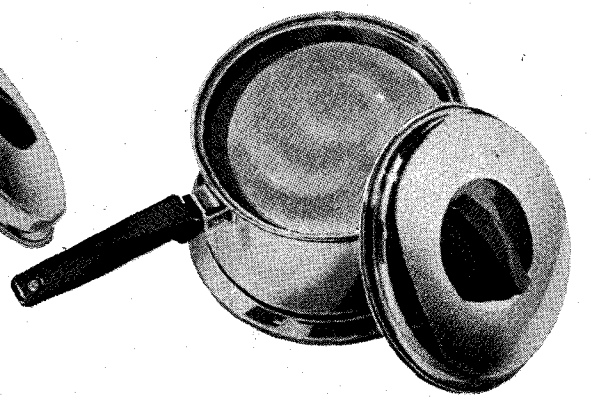
Pressure-cooked pot roast sears and steams on one heat setting.



Spaghetti, noodles or rice never boil over.



Soup and icings won't burn, candy won't crystallize.



Top-of-the-range custards won't separate, need no more watching than oven-baked.

The thermostat on the HEAT-MINDER UNIT keeps food temperatures constant to prevent burn, scorch, or boil over.

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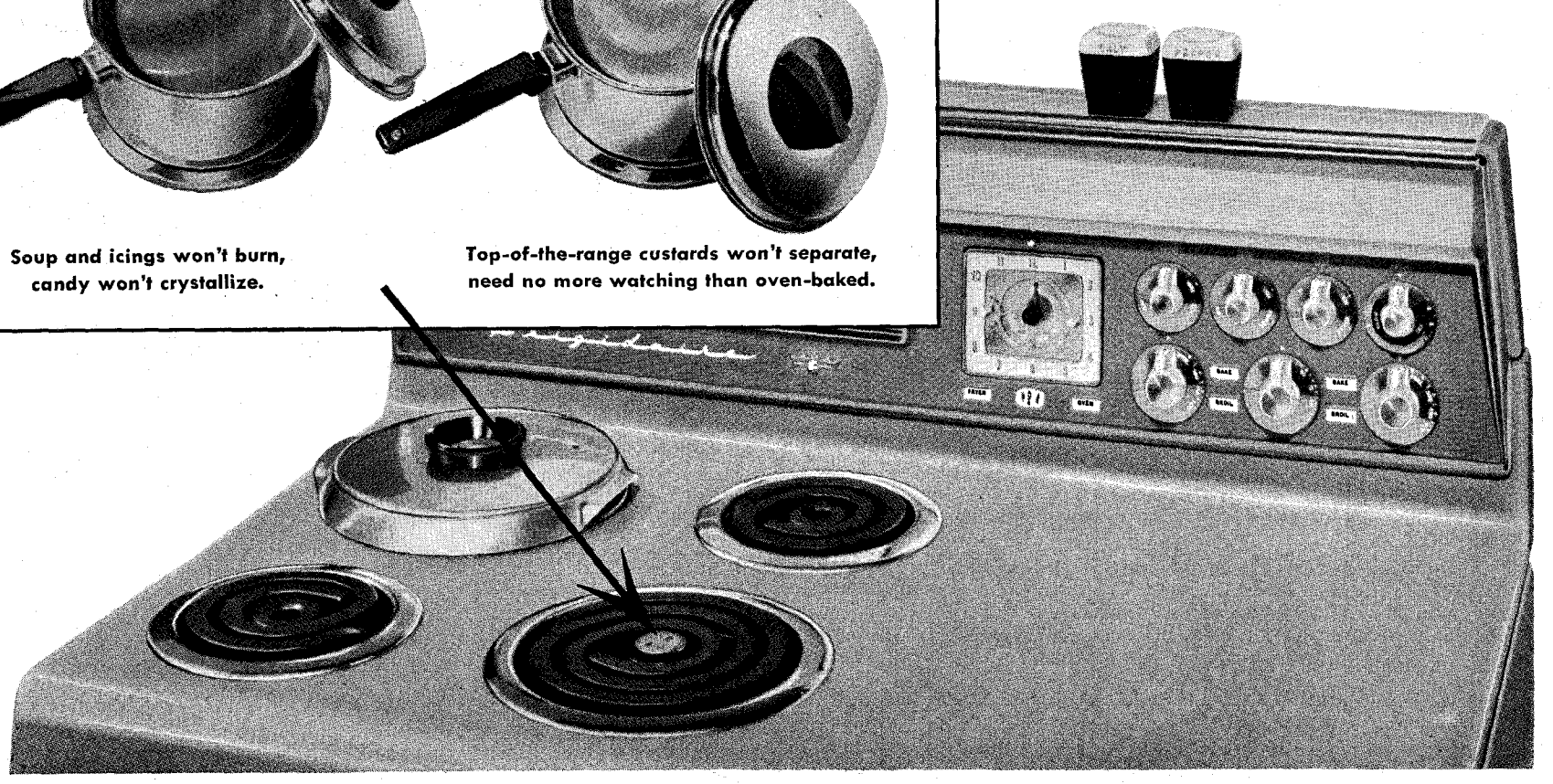

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(Continued from Page 52) The combat captains sign the neatly typed reports. The telegrams are sent to next of kin. Sometimes the captains will write letters. David Gorman didn't. When the lucky Grant came stateside, he looked up addresses in his notebook. That was how he spent his leave. He went to Utah, Iowa and Kansas. Then he came to San Francisco. And before he went to Joseph Cardin he saw Laura Cardin first.

"He wanted to give me a message from you, Laura, when he joined the ship in Pearl," he told her. "I had to cut him short. It seems ——"

"It was my love I sent."

"It reached me anyhow."

"I knew it would." Her blond head tilted. "Do you want to tell me, David? About Joe?"

"I must see your father first."

"We'll go together."

"No!"

She was looking at him, faintly frowning. She knew! There was some trouble in him, and she knew. She always knew! Then suddenly she smiled. Her gentle voice said firmly, "We will go together."

So they did. She drove him down to the Embarcadero pier where all the Cardin Line ships homed. They went up the wooden steps to where the owner's office was. And they went in together. They saw Joseph Cardin there.

"It's good of you to come," the gaunt man said. "I'm glad you brought him, Laura. Won't you sit down?"

"There isn't much, sir, I can say." The man in Navy blues sat quietly across the desk, the girl beside him. "As his captain, Mr. Cardin, I would wish to tell you Joe was fine. I hope that helps."

"Of course it helps. Where did it happen?"

"In the Philippine Sea."

"How did it happen?"

"It is better not to speak of it."

"I must." The owner of the Cardin Line sat at his teakwood desk, arms extended on it. "You sailed chief mate in ships of mine before this war. You know my mind. I want my logbooks accurate. How did it happen?"

"It is better not to speak of it, Mr. Cardin."

"I must know!"

"We were investigating submarine contact as escort to some damaged vessels." The commander's voice was just a level murmur now. "The sea was high. A Jap plane, a Betty, came dropping out of heavy scud. I don't know where she came from in such weather. Probably she was lost. She crashed us close aboard. Three people in the starboard forty-millimeter gun tub died of splinter wounds."

"And Joe was one of them?"

"No, sir, he wasn't. Joe was on the portside. When the plane crashed and exploded and the ship heeled over, he went overside."

"You mean he wasn't hurt?"

"No, sir. I think not."

A silence then. The girl looked quickly at her father. That man sat motionless a moment. Then his voice said thinly, "And you could not pick him up?"

"No, sir. We could not."

"You tried?" The dull voice still kept probing tragedy. "You put the whaleboat over? You ——"

"Mr. Cardin, I am deeply sorry. Joe was fine. I came to tell you that, to offer what small sympathy I can. Things happen like this. It is better not to speak of it too much."

The gaunt man in the leather chair sat rigid. From his lips words dropped like metal pellets on an iron deck, "Did you—search—the area?"

Again the silence. Commander Gorman blinked. The sadness of the combat captains touched his eyes. "No, sir," he said with slowness. "Responsibility was mine. I did not search the area. It was not possible."

"You simply—let him drown."

The words were in a whisper almost. Bitter. Harsh. The gray, hard iron mask began to pass across that crag-browed face and David Gorman saw it, saw the hatred slowly grow. Still he addressed it, knowing that the truth alone could hold him blameless.

He was saying, "Mr. Cardin, you have been a seaman for a long time. And a master mariner. There was a whole gale blowing and the sea was high. Maneuvering was dangerous. I held responsibility for the safety of three damaged vessels. There are nearly three hundred people under my command in USS John Grant." His slow voice hesitated, held the stillness tautly for a moment. Then he said with firmness, "No! It was impossible. I made no search."

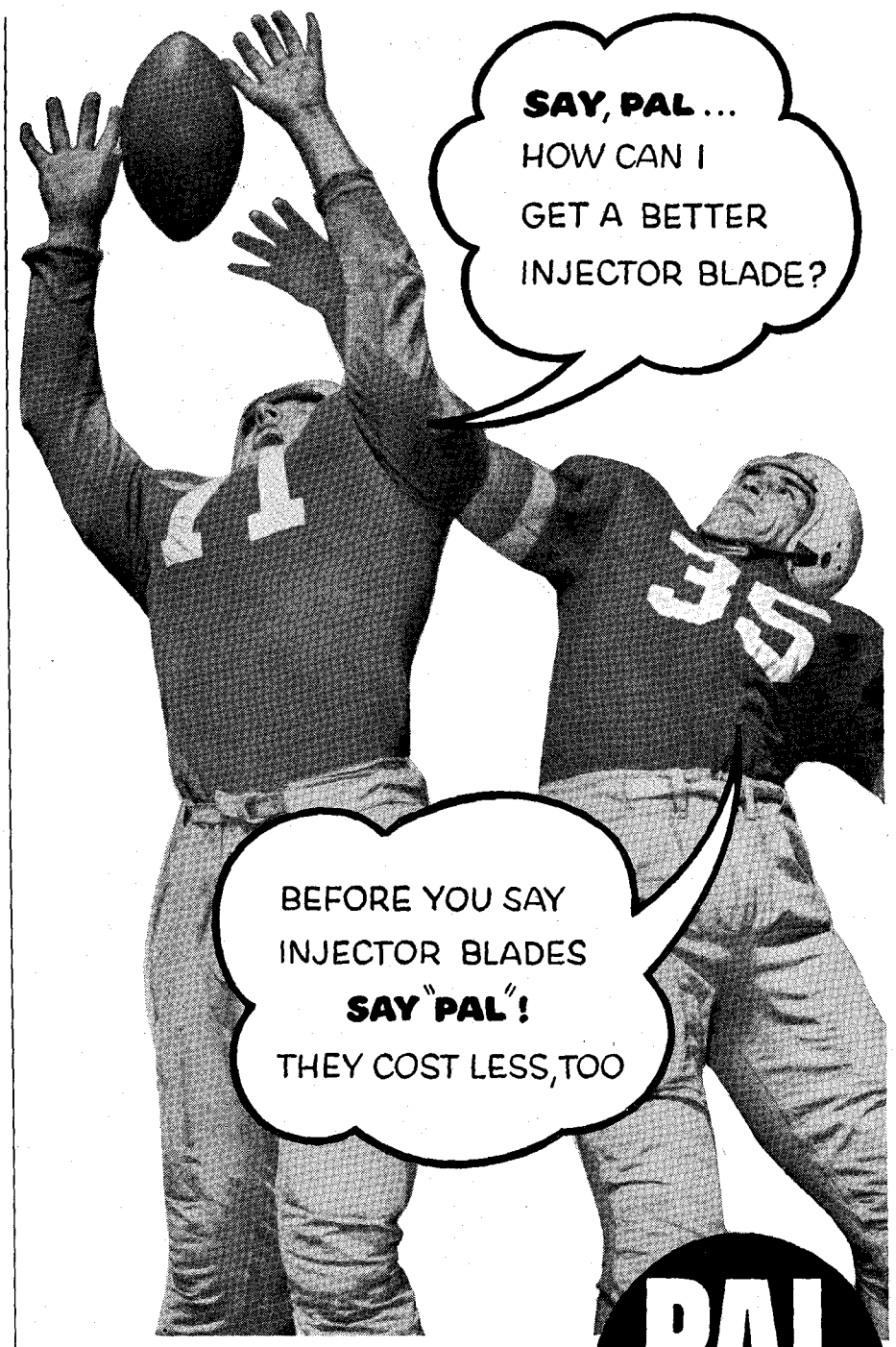
"He was my only son. You—simply let him drown."

The dull voice echoed in that room. And then the man stood up. He stood unstirring for a moment, staring emptily at space.

"The Navy!" he said loudly. He looked down at Gorman; eyes as cold as ice. "Get out! Get out of here! You left the Cardin Line to go in service in a war. The law requires that I return your berth to you if you come back. Take my advice. Do not

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That's the hottest trumpet I've heard in years. I wonder if I might meet whoever's playing it?"



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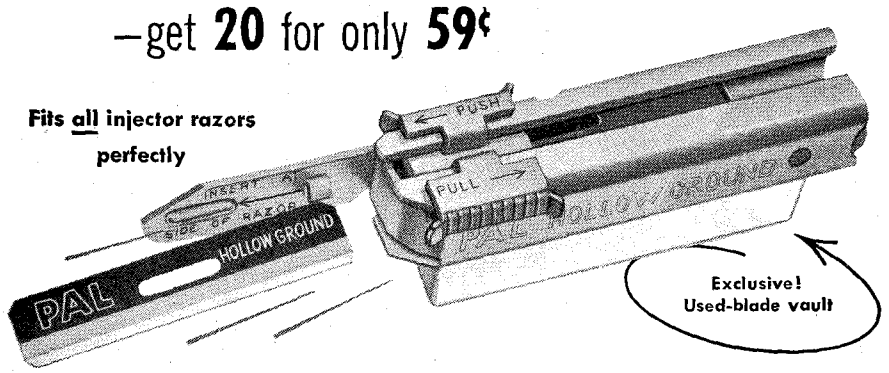

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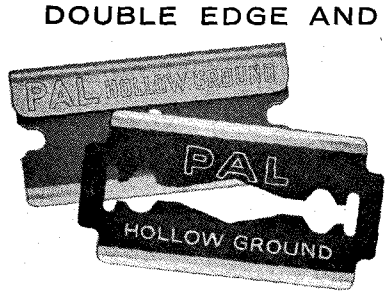

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come back!" The hatred curled around each word. "Go Regular! Stay in the heartless, blasted Navy! That's where you belong! If you come back, you'll be a chief mate or a second till you die. I'll break you, Gorman! You'll never have command! Never! Not in any merchant ship afloat!"

He stood unstirring, icy-eyed, his face as gray as ash. The man in Navy blue came slowly to his feet. He did not look at Laura. She was seated still.

Commander Gorman's voice came slowly past his lips. He murmured, "Mr. Cardin, logbooks must be accurate. You trained me well. I could not lie. Not to a seaman who has held command himself. You ought to know ——"

"Get out!"

"A moment, sir." The naval voice still held its quietness. "Laura and I had already decided I would stay in Navy and go Regular. I cannot do that now. If I am still alive when war ends, Mr. Cardin, I'll come back. I'll come back here and sail in Cardin ships. I ——"

"Get out!"

"I hope that Laura will ——"

"If Laura leaves this room with you—I have no daughter, either, any more."

Cmdr. David Gorman made no answer, and he did not turn his head. The girl sat quietly in silence, blond head tipped. There was this stillness in there for some instants, and the girl was central in it. Then she slowly rose. She stood there, tall, erect, some hopeful thing behind her eyes.

"I am sorry, father," she said gently. "There is too much hatred in the world already. I love David very much. How else can I oppose the hatred? I must go with him."

The man who towered gauntly at the teakwood desk said nothing, his face a stony mask. They had to leave him that way. They went out together, Laura Cardin and the skipper of the USS John Grant. They went in silence, arm in arm. Before that leave was over, they were married. Then the gray ships sailed again. The war boiled to its frightful end. When David Gorman separated from the Navy, he came back. He said he would. He did. He, too, opposed the hatred in the only way he could. He came to sail in Joseph Cardin's ships.

That's how it was. That's why he stood on Lopanga Jetty now, staring out across the shimmer on the water toward the Cardinan. She was at short stay now, booms all nested. She was waiting for her master, ready for the sea. Her master? The command was purely temporary. It was like a bone thrown. Honor wasn't in it. Joseph Cardin fed his hatred still.

"All ready, captain!"

The voice was startling, strong and clear. David Gorman looked down quickly, saw the launch against the landing ladder and the young man in the cockpit looking upward, eyes alight and faintly grinning. He remembered then. Of course! This was the boy the bos'n said he'd send back for the captain in an hour. Had an hour passed already? This boy looked the way young Joseph Cardin had. Except his blondness. But he had the same gay bubble in his eyes, the same fine wonder and the same young strength.

"Thank you! Coming now!" the temporary captain of the Cardinan called back, and started down the ladder to the waiting launch.

So the Cardinan sailed from Lopanga Roads with David Gorman on the captain's bridge. The Cardinan's new master took her through Balintang Channel and the long, unhurried rollers of the vast Pacific marched down at her from the north and east. She dipped her head into the blue-green flood, rocking in an acre of her own white foam. She was homeward bound.

Joseph Cardin had the owner's room. He rarely spoke. He took the swing chair at the table's head at mealtimes in the main saloon, so every officer would know command for David Gorman was a technical necessity; he was a chief mate still. When the cirrus haze began to gather in the south and east that grim man frowned at it. He held no counsel with his captain. David Gorman saw it too. He understood its threat. He understood the implications of the sticky atmosphere before the glass began its steady drop. He was plotting storm tracks on the chart before the typhoon warning came. Before he wrote his orders in the night book, he hauled northward off the course. In the wheelhouse, Joseph Cardin heard him give the order.

"Left rudder, quartermaster. Steady on zero one zero."

"Left rudder, sir. Swinging. Zero four zero. Zero two zero. Steady on zero one zero now."

"Steer that."

"Aye, aye, sir. Course zero one zero."

"We will catch it soon, Mr. Cardin," David Gorman said with quietness. "We have life lines rigged and everything secure. I estimate the storm track is recurving. I mean to keep the ship in the left-hand semicircle on this course till it has passed."

Joseph Cardin nodded, his face the same gray, iron mask. The ship was sliding at great, lumpy hills of ocean in the darkness, white foam glittering each time her bows crashed down to lift with cataracts of boiling water pouring from her fo'c'slehead. The making gale began to chatter at the weather cloth, went whining past the funnel stays, and overhead the thick black typhoon clouds were massing.

In the middle watch the Cardinan was laboring in heavy seas. The high, wild shriek of typhoon howled around her. Torrential rain squalls swept across her, slashing pellets at her out of pitch-black darkness like wind-driven steel. The Cardinan kept laboring against enormous anarchy, at solitary trial with the great Pacific gale.

In the morning watch it happened. The new third mate—a young quartermaster who had been promoted in Lopanga—was the one who saw it first. From behind the forward window of the pilothouse he pointed downward, crying warning. Captain Gorman looked there, waited till the green-white boil of water cleared the foredeck. Then he saw it. Flutter of dark canvas down there, flailing in the gale. The forehatch heavy-weather tarpaulin adrift! The next green hill of ocean slammed against the Cardinan. She lifted, but she was too late. Great spouts of water hurled aloft, came tumbling inboard, roaring clean across the deck. The captain stepped out to the bridge wing, swinging there in all the fury between sullen sky and raging sea. He made his estimate and his decision. If hatch covers shattered down there under that tremendous hammering, the Cardinan could not survive. He came back dripping, water pouring from his oilskins.

"Mr. Harding!" he called sharply. "Set the oil bags dripping fore and aft! Tell the bos'n we will want two others! Volunteers! I'll go along myself! You watch the steering! Wind on the starboard quarter, Mr. Harding! Keep her steady! Steady as you can!"

That's how it was. The captain thought he saw the cold and unforgiving eyes of Joseph Cardin on him for a moment just before he climbed the ladder to the lower deck. He wasn't sure of that. But he was sure of Jensen. Jensen's big, scarred face had half the glow of combat on it, waiting to assault the sea he knew so intimately.

"I have brought the boy!" the bos'n screamed against the gale. "Paul learns! He's strong! And Pollard, from the third mate's watch! We are all ready, captain! Say the word!"

They crawled out on the foredeck, hanging to the life lines. They crawled out where fury was. Down there the great green hills of ocean towered over them, the steep flanks glittering, white-ribbed with foam. The snow-capped hills marched toward the Cardinan, hurled her aloft, raced forward past her with unhurried, frightful speed. The heavy tarpaulin was thundering. It had to be subdued. The captain and big Jensen led the way.

They never knew how long the labor lasted. It seemed endless. Through sheeting sprays David Gorman saw the faces of the others—Pollard, seaman in the third mate's watch; and Paul, the boy who had the glitter and the youthful wonder in his eyes, the boy who might have been young Joseph Cardin if you didn't know his head was blond. Mostly he remembered Jensen, hanging to the lifeline when the task was done. Big Jensen stood there for an instant, panting, a glow of triumph on his dripping face, his arm downflung to point the captured, heavy tarpaulin. It was secure again.

"You now!" the voice with gravel in its throat roared out against the gale. "You now—behave!"

Then they were struggling aft to climb the well-deck ladder. Up there David Gorman hung on for some moments. Haggard-eyed, he felt the weariness assault him, and he had to shake it off. He was up the ladder to the bridge before he heard the far-off shout. He stopped, spun round. It wasn't true! It couldn't be. Then thinly, like an echo against all the tumult of the ocean and the wind, it came again, "—— overboard! Man overboard!"

He saw the bos'n heave a life ring over, saw the big man racing toward him. Halfway up the ladder Jensen stopped, his face contorted, arm outflung. Behind him, others stood down on the boat deck at the ladder's foot, a small, tight group in oilskins, all the dripping faces looking upward at the master of the Cardinan.

"Paul!" the bos'n screamed. "It's Paul! Sea washed him over! Portside boat, sir! Please! Can I launch ——" His gravel voice stopped short. Wide-eyed, he turned his head and for an instant looked out at the raging sea. His head spun back at once, the sea-scarred face uplifted, ash-gray face of agony. His arm dropped to his side. His hoarse voice said, "You—you cannot. Can you, captain?"

David Gorman looked at him. He saw the other faces, too, the eyes all on him. Only instants passed, the brief, heartbreaking instants between life and death. He knew the owner, Joseph Cardin, was beside him on the bridge wing. He wheeled on that man. The sadness touched his eyes.

His taut voice whipped out, "Mr. Cardin, I give you decision. Now! I will appoint you master. Now! I can. You are well qualified. There are no submarines. There is no enemy except the sea. I give you judgment of the weather. If you think the risk of ship and men is proper, take the conn. I will command the boat myself! Jensen will pull the stroke. Five other volunteers will go. You give the order. Give it now!"

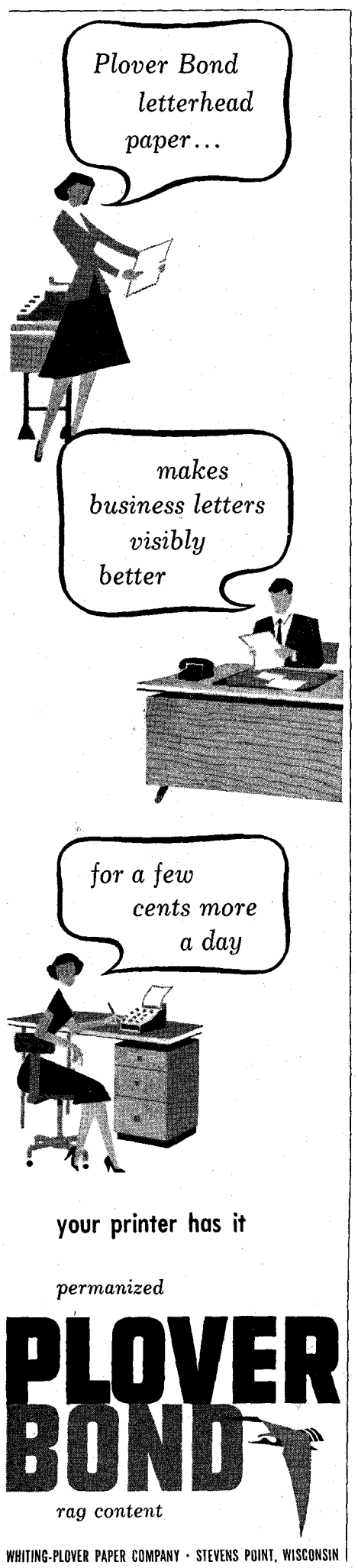
The gaunt man stood unstirring. Underfoot he felt the Cardinan in heavy labor. His bleak eyes looked out across a wilderness of white-ribbed ocean, saw the great hills marching,

(Continued on Page 61)

Gridiron Heroics

By TOM TALMAN

They wave their arms.
They run. They pass.
They hurl themselves into the mass
Of bodies, arms and knees—
A spectacle of might and skill.
Lives there a man who doesn't thrill
At watching referees?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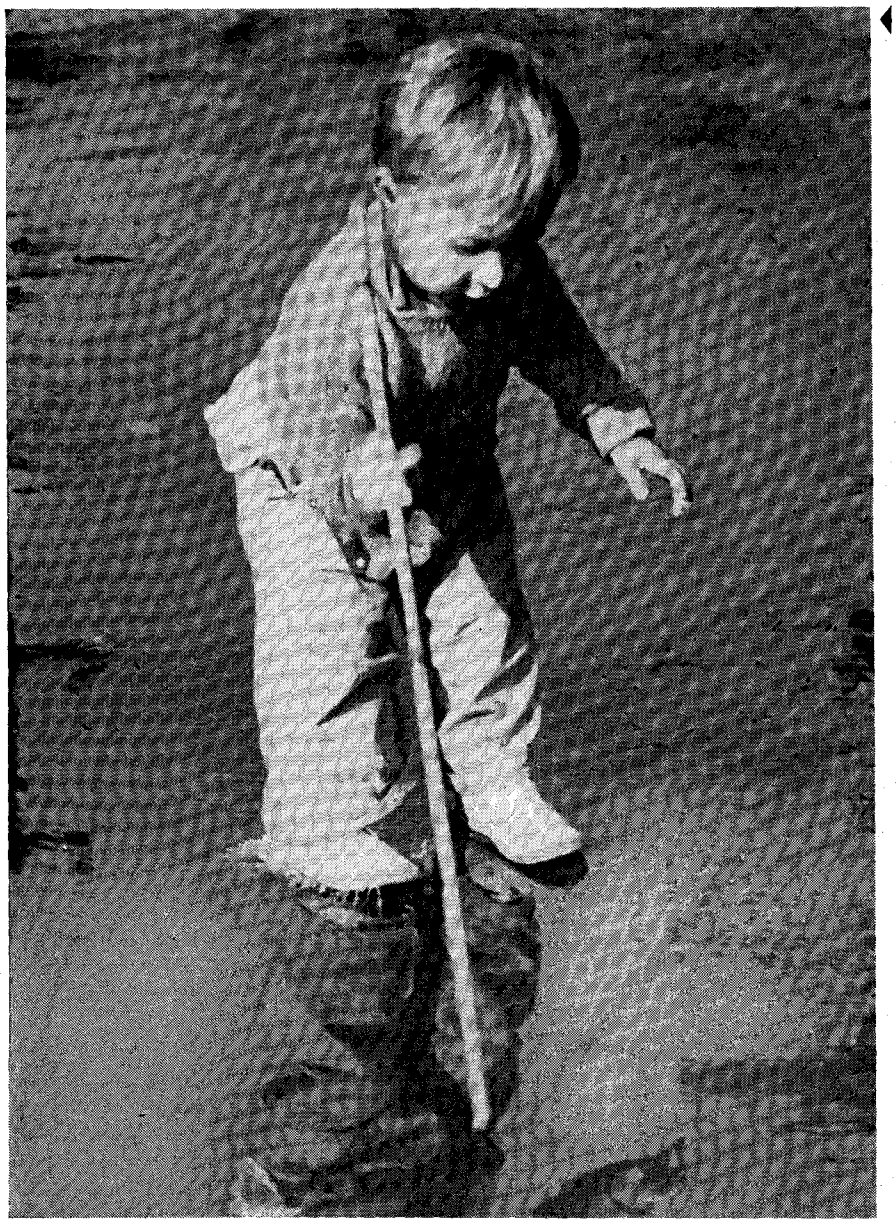
Here's How Bayer Aspirin Helps Millions
FEEL BETTER FAST!



WHEN THE WEATHER'S WET—When damp, rainy days bring on colds, adults and children alike need Bayer Aspirin. It relieves cold discomforts *quickly*, and reduces fever, too. Adults take the regular size ... youngsters get *flavored* Children's Size Bayer Aspirin.

THE PAINS OF LATER LIFE—Pains seem to increase with passing years. Countless persons who suffer from pain of neuritis or neuralgia, backache or aching muscles, however, get the relief they need with Bayer Aspirin. Many sufferers from minor pains of arthritis and rheumatism, too, rely on Bayer Aspirin for quick temporary relief.

WHEN YOU'RE GOING OUT—You've probably had this happen. Just as you're dressing to go out, you find yourself with a headachy feeling. In this case, Bayer Aspirin's speed is a life saver. Two Bayer Aspirin tablets should have you feeling fine before you're ready to leave.

A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP—People everywhere are discovering they don't always need a sleeping tablet when they have trouble sleeping. The cause is often a low level physical distress—one so minor you can't put your finger on it. Simply by taking Bayer Aspirin, you get the quick relief you need for a wonderfully restful night's sleep.

You can take Bayer Aspirin any time...

because no one has ever discovered a safer, faster, and more effective pain relieving agent. It is used by millions more people than any other pain reliever—without stomach upset!

Feel Better Fast—Get BAYER ASPIRIN

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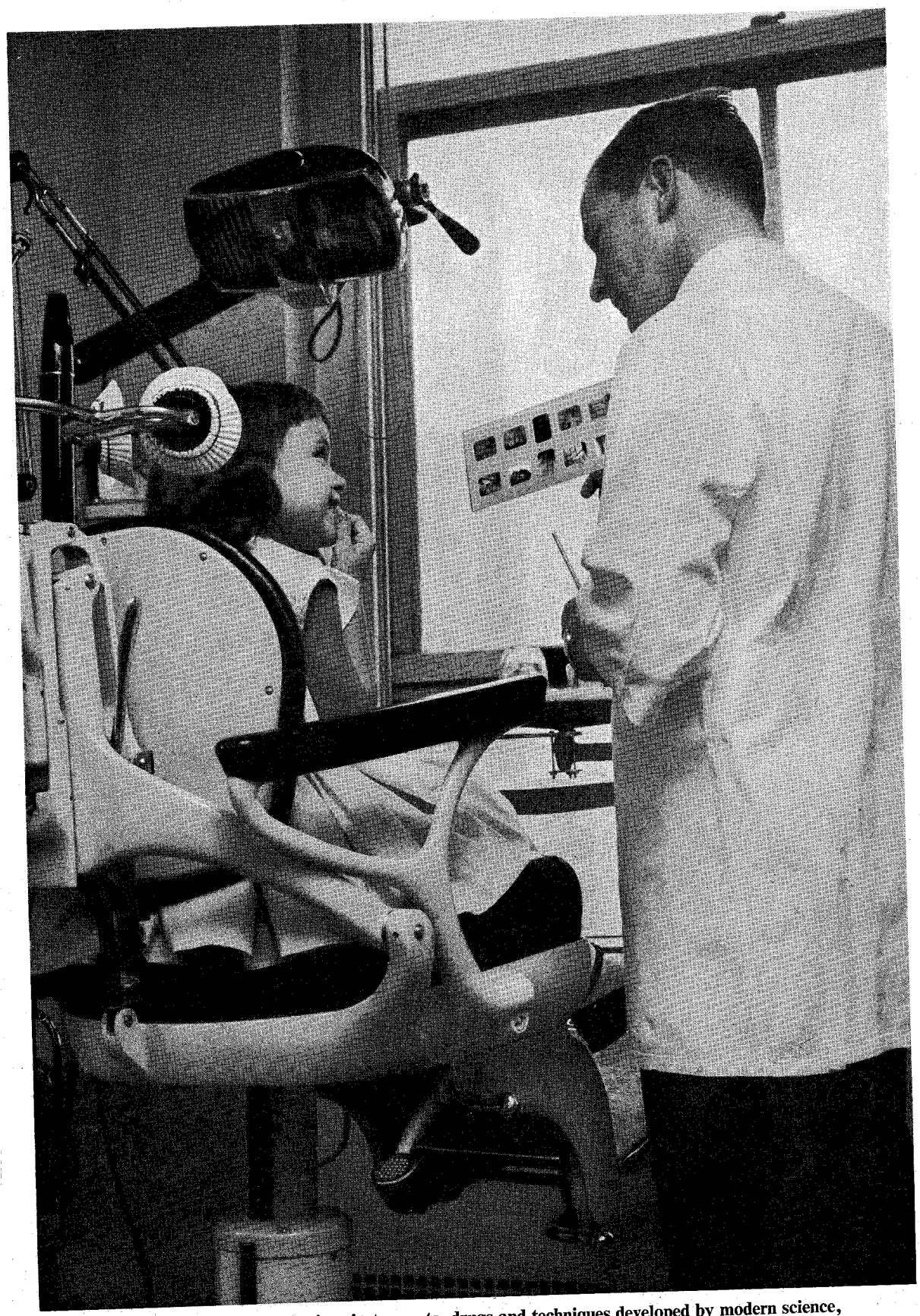
An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life

Should your child be a Dentist?

BY PHILIP E. BLACKERBY, JR. D.D.S.

Chairman, Council on Dental Education of the American Dental Association
as told to MORTON M. HUNT



Working with all the ingenious instruments, drugs and techniques developed by modern science, today's dentist stands side by side with the physician, in raising the health standards of our people.

ASK ANY DENTIST you know, "What would you like your son to be?" Almost every time the answer will be, "A dentist—of course!"

There could be no better proof of the desirability of dentistry as a profession. American fathers generally want their sons to rise "above" them and have a better and easier life than they had. But dentists today are hard put to think of any way of life that offers a more ideal balance of rewards than their own—the satisfaction of doing good, the comfort of an adequate income, the respect of the public, and the excitement of a dynamically growing field.

It has not always been so. Indeed, the improvement in dentistry as a career has been so recent and rapid that many parents are still unaware of it; how else can you explain the fact that scarcely any other specialty so attractive has remained so uncrowded?

Dental education is one of the aspects of the profession which has been radically upgraded within living memory. Not until 1910 did an applicant to dental school need even a high school diploma, and the present-day requirement of two years of predental college education is only twenty years old. A dental student used to spend the bulk of his time performing unpaid clinical work under the guise of "training" and had to extract 200 teeth before graduation. Today only a third of his time is spent in the clinic and relatively little of it in such routine and repetitious extractions. The larger part is spent in the classroom and laboratory, where he studies the broad health science of mouth care, concentrating on many subjects quite unknown to dentists a generation or two ago.

Some of us may still remember the country dentist—often with little, if any, formal training—who made the rounds of small towns pulling teeth. If a diseased tooth could be saved by skilled work, or the chain-reaction of mouth deterioration be interrupted, he knew nothing of it, nor did his patients. When pain became insupportable, they asked him to "draw" the offending tooth, and sometimes they asked him to draw a bad tooth in the mouth of old "Bossy" as well. Even the more thorough dentists in better surroundings were more oriented toward mechanical repair than fundamental mouth health and they had to rely on foot-operated drills and unsatisfactory anesthetic agents, and lacked modern antibiotic drugs.

Today's dentists have come a long way. Equipped with excellent modern instruments and drugs, they thoroughly understand the life cycle of the mouth and its tissues, know what changes can occur, and can interrupt those changes scientifically to maintain health. Expert in extraction, they are also excellently trained in the far more exacting manual wizardry required by modern kinds of repair and treatment of the mouth. They can write prescriptions, advise on diet, and diagnose oral infections and disorders which may affect the general health and nutritional status of the patient. They are biologists, pathologists and surgeons; and what I personally find best of all, they are advocates of prevention and public health measures.

As a parent you may be impressed by all this. But you will ask me, "What about the practical side of it? What can my boy earn as a dentist?"

The answer is cheering. Dentists' net incomes have nearly tripled since 1939; the average dentist today earns $11,000 after all expenses, while dental specialists average close to $14,000. Even the beginning dentist is able to earn close to $8,000 in his first full calendar year after graduation. Dentistry isn't the way to get rich, but it does offer a well-above-average income.

"Isn't this possibly just the result of prosperous times?" you may ask. I doubt it. The public has been learning that dentistry is as important as general medical care. It is no longer thought of as something you can dispense with in hard times, but as an essential service.

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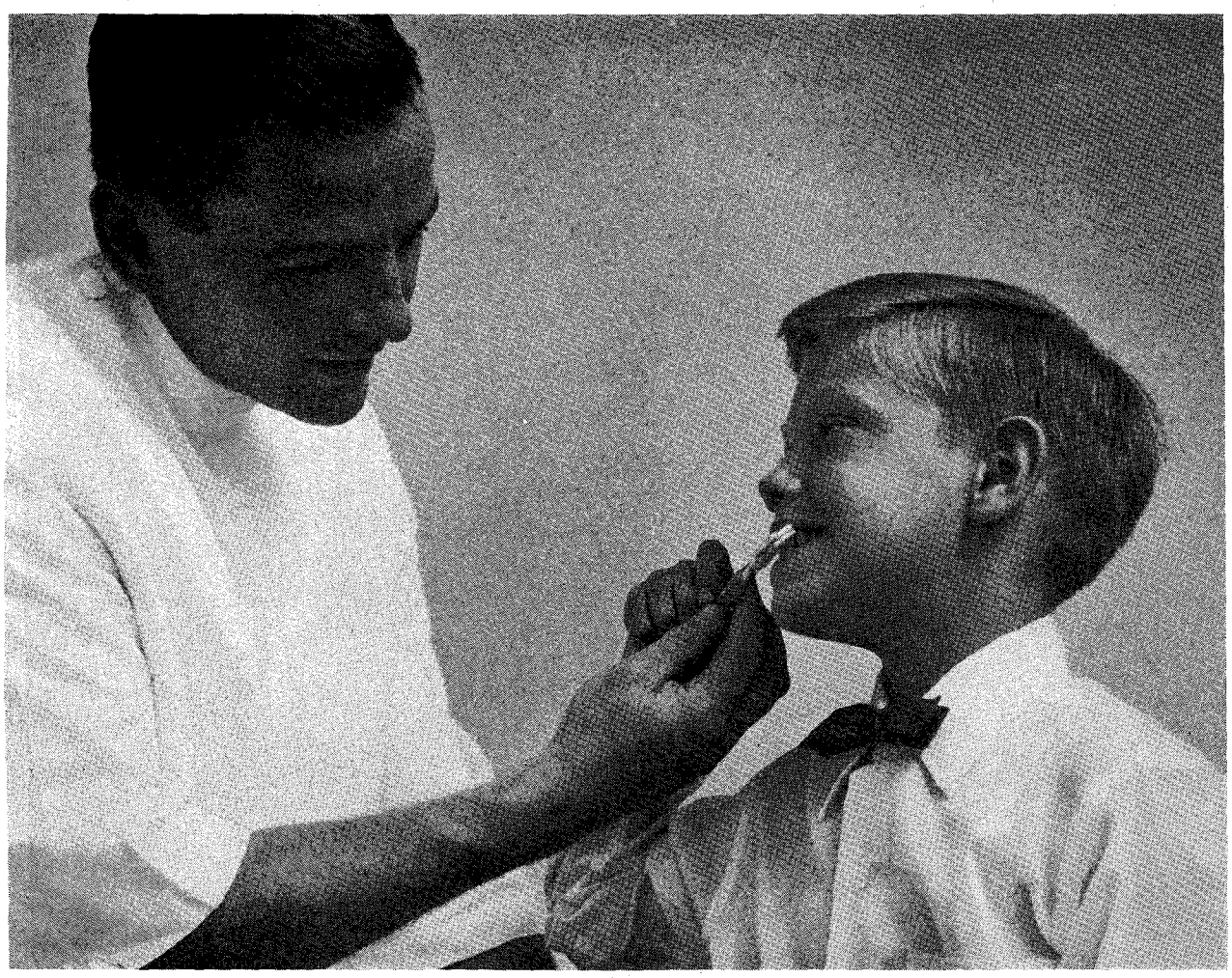

One of the dentist's primary tasks is educating his patients in the importance of practicing proper and continuous oral hygiene. Here a child is being taught the correct way to use a toothbrush.

Yet much as the public has learned, the most exciting prospect for the young student is the bright future ahead. Only about 40 per cent of Americans, as yet, get reasonably adequate and regular dental care; the rest get emergency care or none, and one out of every seven adults has never even been to a dentist. Obviously, as public education continues, the demand for dentists will be greater than ever.

There is only one active dentist for each 1,900 people in the U. S. today, and the population growth is outrunning the output of our expanding dental schools. The need—the patient-dentist ratio—is growing every year, and the opportunities for a young dentist are therefore at an all-time high. Furthermore, as knowledge has increased, specialties have emerged within dentistry, and the young man can become an expert in such particular areas as child mouth care, oral surgery, and so on.

But though it has many advantages, dentistry is not for everyone. Before your child starts to pursue a D.D.S. degree, ask yourself if he has what it takes.

First of all, it takes intelligence. The many scientific subjects and tough exams make it unlikely that anyone with an I.Q. of less than 116 could get into—or last through—any one of the 43 recognized dental schools.

It takes the ability and desire to work and study hard. A dental student spends about 35 hours every week in class, lab and clinic—and then must spend most of his evenings in concentrated study. Unless he can stick to this regime, his chances of graduation are slim.

A dentist, moreover, needs certain special aptitudes. He must be good with his hands, and have excellent judgment of space and shape, as well as ability to comprehend technical material. Training can only help, not create, these abilities. The American Dental Association recently perfected a battery of tests, now taken by nearly all dental-school applicants, which measures these innate aptitudes and thus guides away from dentistry those who lack them. I urge you to have your child take these tests even before beginning predental education; it will avoid disappointment and uncertainty for him.

But if he does well, you must be prepared for an expensive education. Two years of college and four of dentistry are the minimum. A student who goes to college and dental school away from home will spend about $14,000 in his six years for tuition and living costs. (If he lives at home, he will spend about half that.) And after graduation he will need to equip and furnish his office.

The prospective dentist needs good health, good arches and plenty of energy. But he needn't be *powerful;* skill has replaced power. Indeed, though less than two per cent of U. S. dentists are women, in certain Scandinavian countries close to half of all dentists are women. The arguments that the so-called weaker sex cannot make good dentists are simply old-fashioned.

Finally—and this is hardest to tell you about—the dentist needs the right personality. Most patients are still apprehensive about their visits to the dentist. Unless the young man is the kind people respect and listen to, the kind who can speak with reassuring authority, he is not well suited to private practice.

Does your son (or daughter) have the welfare of others at heart? Unless he can feel the consuming interest of the healer in those who need healing, he isn't going to be very happy in his work.

Does he like people? If so, it's a fine life, for the average dentist has 1,000 patients during the course of a year, and a wealth of contacts with different human beings. But if he is ill-at-ease with any except his close friends, dental practice might be a torment to him.

Can he be his own boss? Nine-tenths of dentists are self-employed and spend their days in their own offices, largely cut off from contact with fellow-professionals. Some people find such independence and isolation uncomfortable. However, there are excellent opportunities in teaching, research and public health for those who may prefer work other than private practice.

Does he have business sense and will power where money is concerned? Nobody puts aside the dentist's money for vacation or retirement except himself. If he can't save or regulate his spending, a salaried career might be better for him than private-practice dentistry.

Advertisement

If you honestly feel your child meets the above requirements, let me tell you why I think my profession may be ideal for him.

It will give him a career in healing. I have seen a dentist smiling all day because he has just completed the restoration of what had been a broken, diseased mouth. I know orthodontists who take even more joy in the unfolding personalities of the teen-agers whose teeth they straighten than in the beauty of their own handiwork. In difficult surgery, in saving an endangered mouth, in making a human being able to enjoy life again, in keeping children's mouths perfect, a dentist gets his spiritual rewards a dozen times a day.

His personal life can be quite pleasant. His afterhours life is his own, with few interruptions and crises. The average dentist works a moderate 43 hours a week, and nearly 40 per cent take four or more weeks of vacation each year.

His career can last long, and be tapered off gradually. The average dentist does not retire until between 68 and 70; he thus has over 40 years of useful practice. Even in his early 70's, however, he can average $6,000 a year.

His life work will provide him with challenge and variety every day. The dentist must use psychology to calm and reassure his patients; he daily experiences the keen delight of solving ever-different mechanical problems with his own hands; and he knows the aesthetic thrill of improving the individual appearance of thousands of his fellow human beings.

Dentistry, finally, has today become a scientific, learned, and dedicated profession. Shoulder to shoulder with the physician, the dentist now truly deserves, and takes lifelong pride in, the title of "Doctor."

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interest, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Dentistry is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own and Pharmacy. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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THE SIXTEENTH OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS PRESENTED TO HELP GUIDE AMERICA'S CHILDREN TO A BETTER FUTURE

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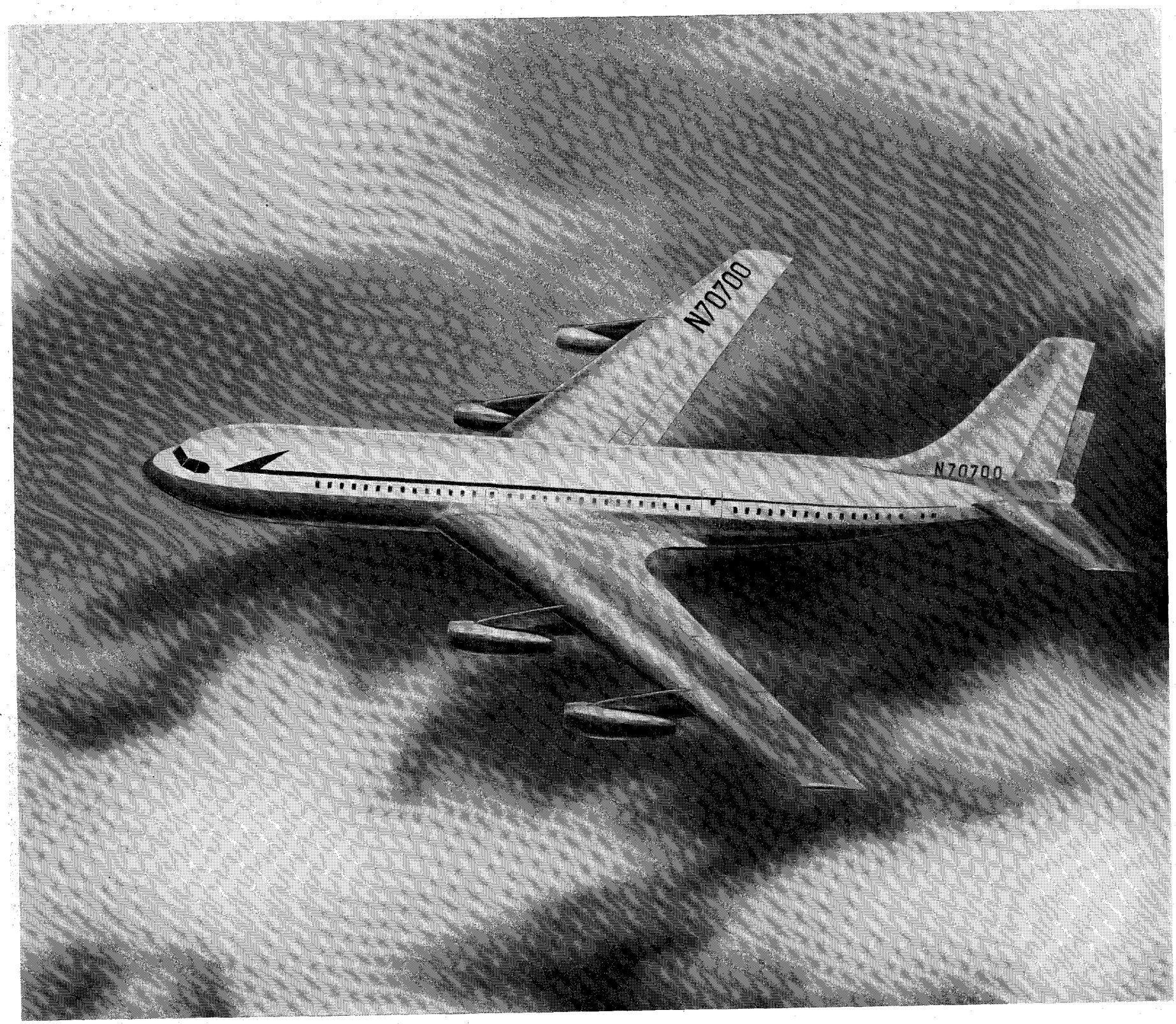

Here is America's first commercial jet airliner

Above is the Boeing Jet Stratoliner 707 as it will look when it takes to the air. Its prototype—America's first jet transport—has been flying for more than a year. It has completed more than 200 hours of flight test—has repeatedly flown well above 40,000 feet and at speeds above 600 miles per hour.

Boeing has indicated to the commercial airlines that it could deliver jet transports so that flight operations could start early in 1959. Such early delivery is possible because Boeing has the prototype flying now—is already building a military jet tanker-transport generally similar to the 707 Stratoliner—and has accumulated vast experience in producing well over 1,000 B-47 and B-52 multi-jet bombers.

The 707 Stratoliner—a sleek, four-jet swept-wing beauty—will cruise in the 550-mile-per-hour range. It will make possible transcontinental flights in less than five hours; transatlantic in less than seven hours! Incorporated in the Stratoliner are Boeing's specialized knowledge gained in 20 years of building multi-engine pressurized aircraft, and the full 39 years of the company's experience in the aircraft business.

It is typical of Boeing leadership that the company has designed and built America's first jet transport. It was this leadership which gave commercial aviation the twin-engine 247, the 314 flying boat, the original pressurized transport Stratoliner 307, and the Stratocruiser; and gave the military the B-17 Flying Fortress, the B-29, the six-jet B-47 and the eight-jet B-52.

BOEING

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(Continued from Page 56) all the crests obscured in spindrift whipped off by the howling tumult of typhoon. The ship crashed down. The white sea boiled across her deck. She lifted slowly. Joseph Cardin stood unblinking like that for an instant.

"No," he said at last. The voice was flat and dull, the eyes in torment. "No. The boat, her people—they would only drown." He made a gesture with one hand. He let it fall. His voice was lifeless. "Hold the course," he said.

He turned. He went away. He went into the wheelhouse. He was standing in there, staring bleakly off at empty space, when David Gorman and the bos'n came in. Jensen stood beside his captain. He stood there in silence, big face twisted, huge paws at his sides. He stared at nothing. Maybe he could hear the great gale howling. Maybe not. He stood alone, in agony.

In the gray and sickly daylight of the wheelhouse, one man stood wide-footed on the gratings at the helm, eyes downward on the compass card, its feeble glow upflung to touch his cheek. There was a stillness in there, stillness in the core of tumult. And the moments passed.

"Captain ——" Jensen said into the stillness in a whisper, tight and hoarse. "Captain, Paul swam strong. You think—you think that it is—over yet?"

"Yes," said David Gorman gently. "Yes, Jensen. I think it is over now."

"I was a boy in Grand Banks schooners, captain," Jensen said, his voice the same hoarse whisper. "I do not forget the custom. I request permission, sir, to ring eight bells for Paul."

"Permission is granted, Jensen."

The big man hesitated. Then he stepped up to the binnacle. His trembling hand reached toward the overhead. He took the lanyard in his fist. No one was watching him. He had the right to solitude. The grief was his, the honor his alone to do. The captain and his officers kept staring forward through the streaming weather glass. They watched the raging ocean. The ship kept plunging.

And then Jensen rang the wheelhouse bell. He rang the double strokes with firmness. They came clear and loud, a seaman's requiem, the last peal thinly echoing. And then the stillness came again.

"Who was he, Jensen?" That gray voice did not disturb the stillness. It was Joseph Cardin's voice. "Who was the boy?" it asked.

"He was my only son."

The stillness closed once more. It lasted for some moments. Then the owner's voice said in a murmur, "I request permission, Captain Gorman, to ring out eight bells for Joseph."

The master of the Cardinan turned slowly. Joseph Cardin stood beside the bos'n. He was staring off at nowhere. Staring at his hatred, maybe. Maybe seeing it with clarity at last. He did not stir till David Gorman nodded. He took it for forgiveness, maybe. Then his hand reached up. He held the lanyard firmly. And the bells tolled out again. He tolled at last his requiem to hatred. He moved over to where David Gorman stood. He was about to speak. He didn't, though. Not yet. It was too soon for speech. Big Jensen spoke instead.

"Captain, let me steer. I got to. If I steer, I be all right."

"Yes, Jensen. Take the wheel."

He did. The feel of wheel spokes in his fists could give him solace. No one watched him, but his grief was not so lonely now. The sea noise thundered in the wheelhouse and the gale kept up its whining, whistling howl. Against it, David Gorman heard the owner speak at last.

"Laura," Joseph Cardin said. "How is she, David? How is Laura?"

"Fine, sir. She is fine."

"The children?"

"David will be four next week. We think he looks a lot like you. The oldest is already six. We named him Joseph, sir."

"Thank you. I would like to see them, Captain Gorman." Joseph Cardin blinked. It was the second time he called the master of the Cardinan by rightful title. Then he blinked again. The iron mask was gone at last from Joseph Cardin's face. "You shall have command of any ship of mine you wish." He said it quickly. And he turned away at once. He spoke to Jensen at the wheel. He wished to give that sea-scarred man some honor, some small signal of his deep respect. "I ask you to my cabin," Joseph Cardin said. "We will have a drink together, Jensen."

"Thank you, no." The big man did not raise his head. He kept his eyes glued on the compass card. He knew where truth and comfort were. It gave him dignity. "It is too soon to drink, sir. I just steer. I got to. If I steer, I be all right."

He steered with care. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Franklin! How wonderful!"

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Mufflers can be dangerous without being noisy!

It's a *smart idea* to have your muffler checked periodically! Even tiny leaks can mean *carbon monoxide* in your car's interior. (It takes only a small amount of this deadly gas to cause drowsiness and possible accidents!)

Next time you stop for service, have your muffler checked. If you need a new muffler, *play safe*—get a *double-walled* MoPar muffler, designed especially for *your* Chrysler Corporation car or truck.

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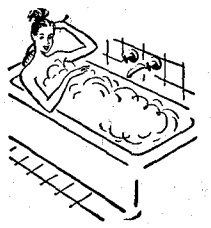
Tampax has changed old ideas about taking a bath during "those days" every month. Do you know why? Because Tampax is *worn internally* and need not be removed during your shower! No belts, pins, external pads. No bother of any kind. Everything is so quick and natural that you can forget what time of month it is!

or your tub



Bathe as usual, even if you prefer a tub. There's no odor with Tampax and it is many times smaller than the "other kind."... Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton and a whole month's average supply may be carried right in your purse.

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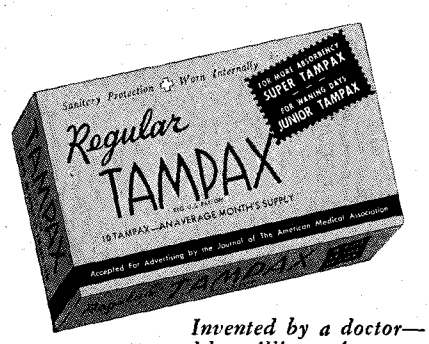
Furthermore, you cannot even *feel* the Tampax while wearing it.... This product comes to you in slender, dainty applicators for easy insertion. No chafing. No bulges or ridges under clothing. Easy disposal. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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Why Animals Don't Need Maps

(Continued from Page 43)

But when the dog turned off the road in front of the house and limped painfully into the yard, Hudgins jumped to his feet, calling excitedly, "Myrtie, it must be Pal!" She followed him outside, and when they reached the prodigal, he rolled wearily over on his side and beat a feeble tattoo on the grass with his tail. The tail settled it! Pal's tail had been broken several years before and only the last half of it wagged.

Tenderly Hudgins carried Pal—there was no question of identity in his mind now—into the house. That evening, a neighbor, Dr. Charles G. Durbin, a veterinarian with the United States Food and Drug Administration, confirmed Hudgins' belief. He had examined Pal's tail at the time it was broken and now recalled advising against applying a splint, which might bother the animal more than the broken tail vertebra. Doctor Durbin was not even surprised at Pal's return. In private practice, he had run across many cases of dogs, cats and other pets—some lost, others given away with malice aforethought—that had found their way back home from greater distances than 120 miles.

How Pal and the others managed this feat is something scientists don't know. Until recently, that lack of knowledge didn't matter. Animal behavior was for bedtime stories, and one man's guess was as good as another's. But today the field is being carefully combed for clues to man's mysterious journey up the evolutionary ladder, to the secret of life itself. Once an incidental course in zoology, animal behavior has become a subject which engages many learned researchers in medicine, agriculture, economics and a number of other fields. If you can explain how Pal found his way back home, you might even get a medal from the Department of Defense.

Anyone skeptical of this last statement should know that the Office of Naval Research is currently sponsoring several projects to investigate this very phenomenon. At a recent ONR conference, the homing abilities of land, sea and air creatures—ants, minnows, hippopotamuses and several kinds of birds—got top billing. The agency is interested primarily in mechanisms. It doesn't care so much "why" or "when" animals travel from one place to another, but it does care "how." What organs, it wants to know, are involved in the direction-finding process? Navigating a surface ship is a leisurely business and present methods are good enough. But what a ship's navigator can take half an hour to do, the pilot of a supersonic plane must do in minutes and a guided missile must do automatically. New problems call for new ideas.

An example of what one animal-behavior idea might have meant to national defense is furnished by that eerie little mammal, the bat. Radar was discovered just before World War II. It enabled the Royal Air Force to detect by reflected electronic waves the direction from which the *Luftwaffe* planes were approaching, long before they could be seen. This tactical advantage turned the tide in the Battle of Britain and probably forestalled a Nazi invasion. Nearly a decade later, two American scientists, Dr. Donald R. Griffin, of Harvard University, and Dr. Robert Galambos, of the Army Medical Center at Walter Reed Hospital, discovered that bats use essentially the same system to avoid obstacles and hunt insects they can't see. The only difference is that they use reflected high-frequency sound waves instead of the electronic waves employed in radar. Recordings proved that they emit short bursts of intense, ultrasonic screeches, which are reflected back from their quarry to their highly sensitive ears. Cumbersome as it sounds, this mechanism enables a bat to locate a gnat with a wingspread of only one twenty-fifth of an inch—and to do so consistently enough to fill its stomach in fifteen minutes.

The moral of what would otherwise be merely an interesting coincidence is that all the mechanisms of the bat's ultrasonic signal system were known as far back as 1925. Anatomical studies had revealed the amazingly large and muscular larynx which sends out the signals, the unusual structure of the cochlea, or snail-shell-shaped part of the inner ear, which gets them on the rebound, and the oversize auditory portion of the brain. This is so large that the other sensory areas seem vestigial by comparison. Had there been an ONR to sponsor their research then, as it did twenty years later, Doctors Griffin and Galambos might have pieced these bits of evidence together and hastened by many years the discovery of radar, sonar and the multiple wonders of supersonics.

That is pure speculation, of course, but it might just have a bearing on the avid interest ONR is currently displaying in arthropod ommatidia. Arthropods are a division of the animal kingdom which includes ants, flies, bees and other insects, scorpions and spiders, and crustaceans like crabs and shrimp. Many arthropods have compound eyes, roughly comparable to a cut diamond with many facets. An ommatidium is a single cell of such an eye. The sudden interest in this minute bit of insect anatomy arose from the discovery about seven years ago by the Austrian scientist Dr. Karl von Frisch that one arthropod, the honeybee, can somehow navigate by polarized light. The way this trick is accomplished has intrigued the ONR ever since.

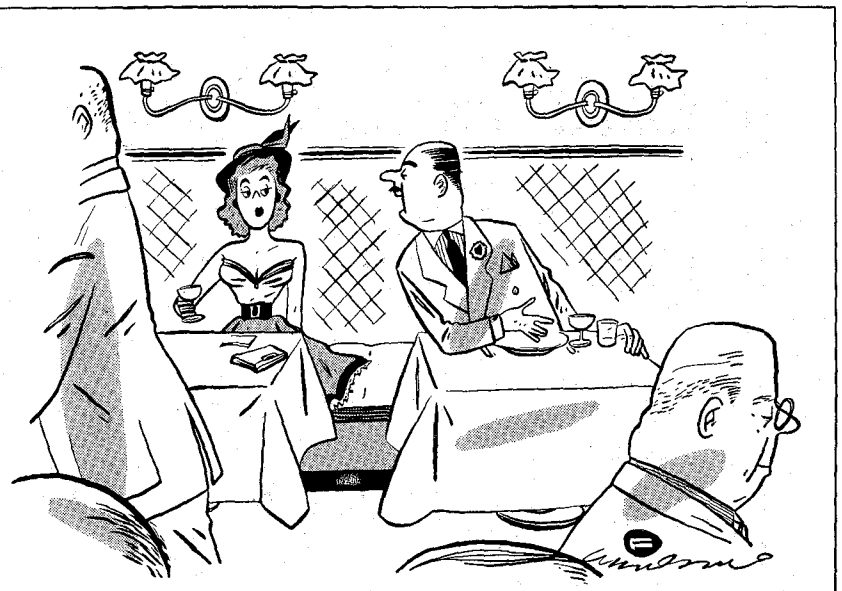
Known about for more than a century, polarized light had many everyday uses, from "nonglare" sunglasses to 3-D movies, long before Doctor von Frisch caught bees using it for navigation. Rays of ordinary light travel in a straight line. The radiation normally spreads out in all directions at right angles to the ray, like the bristles of a bottle brush from a central wire. But these perpendicular radiations are polarized, or bent, when they pass through substances such as tourmaline, mica or Iceland spar, which contain crystals of silica, calcium and certain other minerals. Minute particles in the earth's atmosphere act on the sun's rays in much the same way that calceous or silicate crystals do, which explains why the most common source of polarized light is the sky.

In the absence of landmarks, we humans, who are not sensitive to polarized light, rely mostly on the sun to orient ourselves, using it as a reference point to maintain a constant course. But the honeybee can orient itself not only by the sun but by the polarized light radiated from the sun's rays when the sun itself is hidden by a cloud, or at dawn or dusk when the sun is below the horizon. In the arctic, where twilight lasts for several months, aerial navigation might be greatly simplified if pilots could be fitted with some kind of glasses that would make them sensitive to polarized light in the same way as the honeybee is.

Dr. Talbot H. Waterman, of the Osborn Zoological Laboratory at Yale University, is one of the scientific sleuths working with the ONR to solve the ommatidial mystery. After Doctor von Frisch's discovery about honeybees, it was found that sensitivity to polarized light is quite common among arthropods, from some species of sand fleas, ants and flies on up to king crabs. Doctor Waterman is concentrating on king crabs because they are easier to work on than sand fleas and ants, and easier to follow than flies and bees. So far, he has not determined what part of the king crab's eyes serve as the mechanism to analyze polarized light, but he has uncovered some promising leads. One is that there are crystals of calcium carbonate in the eyes of king crabs which may serve as analyzers similar to those used in modern optical instruments. Doctor Waterman has made electrical recordings of the impulses in the optic nerve of the king crab—which is really getting down to details. The impulses showed a systematic change in frequency as the angle of the polarized-light source was changed from zero to thirty and then to ninety degrees. If this change in impulse rate is reflected in a corresponding change in apparent brightness, for example, it might serve as a kind of "light compass." When the physiology of the ommatidium is fully understood, there is no telling what changes in navigational procedures may result.

While the bat navigates by ear, and the honeybee by eye, some fishes sniff their way home. This the ONR learned from ingenious experiments carried out by Dr. Arthur D. Hasler at the University of Wisconsin. The annual migration of salmon down the tributaries of the Northeastern Pacific, and their return three to five years later to spawn, has been a curious phenomenon—and a lucrative business—in that area for many years. What interests the ONR is how at least two types, coho salmon and sockeye salmon, find their way with such uncanny accuracy from marine pasturages perhaps hundreds of miles at sea back to the

(Continued on Page 64)



"Would you care to join my expense account?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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toasts with RADIANT CONTROL

that gives you the same UNIFORM TOAST whether bread is frozen or fresh, rye or white, thick or thin

Take frozen bread directly from the home freezer, or at room temperature directly from the bread box, and you get the same uniform results every time due to Sunbeam's exclusive Radiant Control.

Automatic Beyond Belief!

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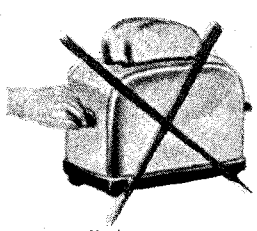

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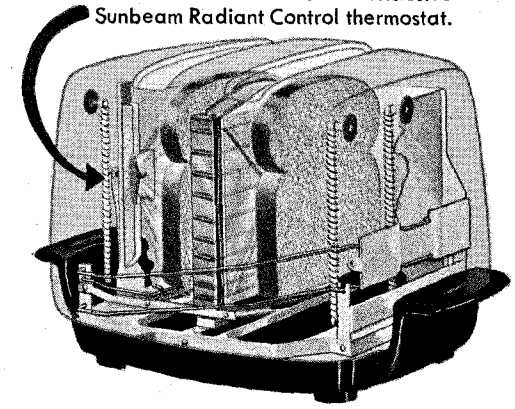
ONLY the Sunbeam gives you RADIANT CONTROL that "adjusts itself" *automatically* to every kind of bread, rye or white, moist or dry. You can take slices directly from the home-freezer and Sunbeam RADIANT CONTROL will toast them a little longer than if they are from the breadbox. You can even reheat a piece of toast without burning. If the slices are thin it toasts them quicker than thicker slices. Get the toaster that gives you COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC operation and in addition RADIANT CONTROL that regulates the *toasting automatically,* depending on the bread. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new Sunbeam Toaster.

Only Sunbeam has patented RADIANT CONTROL

The heat radiated from the surface of the bread actuates the exclusive Sunbeam Radiant Control thermostat.



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(Continued from Page 62) same stream where they were spawned, blithely passing by innumerable other streams on the way.

Since he was working in a laboratory 2000 miles from the Pacific Coast, Doctor Hasler chose minnows instead of salmon to test his hypothesis that salmon perform this feat by their sense of smell. The minnow's olfactory anatomy is simple. Water entering the nares, or nostrils, is shunted by a flap through a capsule containing a rosette in which the olfactory nerve endings lie. Doctor Hasler put a group of minnows in a tank of water taken from the city mains. After they had become accustomed to this "normal" environment, water from a stream some distance away was turned into the tank through a pipe at one end. As the minnows evinced curiosity and swam toward the end of the tank, they were rewarded by being fed. Then the procedure was repeated with water from a second stream, but this time when the minnows swam toward the end of the tank, they were given a slight electric shock.

By this system of rewards and punishments, the minnows eventually learned to distinguish between the two different streams, swimming toward the end of the tank when water from the first "foreign" source was turned on, and retreating when water from the second stream was introduced. When the olfactory capsule was stopped up, they no longer responded to either stream.

Having thus proved that minnows display a delicate sense of olfactory discrimination, Doctor Hasler held his "field" trial at a state fish hatchery on the Issaquah River near Seattle, Washington. East Fork Creek flows into the river a couple of miles below the hatchery. While the spawning run was on in late summer, a group of coho salmon which had swum up the river past East Fork Creek was captured and tagged, and another group which had turned up the creek was given similar treatment. Then both groups were dumped back into the river below the confluence of the two streams to see whether they would make the same choice twice. The great majority of each group did. Next, the olfactory sacs of the recaptured fish were plugged with a dab of jelly, and they were taken downstream again. The proportion of fish making the same choice the third time was so much lower than in the previous test that their distribution appeared to be purely at random.

These experiments have not been conducted on a broad enough scale to answer all questions raised by the salmon's homing behavior, but there is strong evidence pointing to the olfactory sense as the dominant factor. Random search could account for location of the parent stream; swimming fifty or seventy-five miles a day, as they have been known to do, salmon could cover a large area in the two or three weeks the run is on. According to Doctor Hasler's hypothesis, once they locate and head up the parent stream, they swim past one tributary after another until they reach the one bearing the odor—imparted by organic matter growing in the stream—which was imprinted on their memories during their fryhood.

Most land animals are not dependent upon such specialized sensory abilities to find their way home, but rely on a combination of senses. The hippopotamus, for example, has a normal range of several square miles, webbed with a system of well-defined trails radiating from the water hole it knows as home. The young hippo learns this trail system first by following its mother, later by its own explorations. Since much of its foraging is done at night, the hippo relies not only on the landmarks it can see but also on the character of the earth it feels underfoot, and the odor of certain key trail junctions it uses as control points.

This pattern of homing seems to fit many other terrestrial wild animals, although the normal ranges of bears, foxes, squirrels and field mice naturally vary with their size and other factors. It seems to fit the direction-finding ability of domestic animals too—until a case like Pal's turns up and defies any of these sensory explanations. Pal certainly could not see, hear, smell or taste Berwyn Heights from Richmond. Random search of the area 120 miles in radius appears unlikely even in a nine-month period. There remains, of course, his kinesthetic sense.

Some scientists have maintained that animals possess a kind of directional sense in their muscles, which enables them to remember the direction they are traveling—as Pal traveled in the back of the Millers' car from Berwyn Heights to Richmond—despite innumerable turnings. To test this theory, investigators have taken pigeons, whose homing ability is proverbial, from their home loft to a release point, carrying them in revolving cages and over a circuitous route. The birds flew back, not over the circuitous route by which they came, but in a straight line from the release point to their loft. And if further disproof of the kinesthetic theory of homing were needed, the peregrinations of Sugar, a cream-color, Persian-type cat, might furnish it.

> Late hours are hardest on a man when his wife is waiting up for him.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

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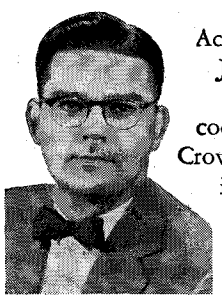

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A few years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Stacy Woods decided to leave their home in Anderson, California, and return to their native state, Oklahoma. To avoid complications, they gave their cat, Sugar, to neighbors. Eighteen months after they had settled on a dairy farm near Gage, Oklahoma, Sugar turned up in their barn at milking time. They recognized him not only by his color, size and markings but by a peculiar bony spur on his left hipbone. He wasn't even thin from his journey. Mrs. Woods recalled he had always been a good hunter, had brought back half-grown cottontails from his night prowlings. And when the neighbors, whom Sugar had left shortly after the Woods' departure, visited the Woods' home the following spring, they agreed that the cat in question was indeed Sugar.

Apparently Sugar had navigated 1200 miles, not to a former home with which he was familiar, but to his former owners' new home—which he had never seen before. Incidents in which dogs, cats and other pets have followed former owners to places the animals have never seen before are not uncommon. Many bird migrations follow the same pattern year after year. To cite only one of many examples, the Pacific golden plover winters in the Hawaiian Islands and flies to the Alaskan coast in the spring to mate and raise its young. That the parent birds find their way back to the Hawaiian Islands in the fall might not be so surprising. Navigating thousands of miles over water and without landmarks is something of an achievement, but at least they are retracing a familiar course. But how the young plover, starting their southward migration much later in the season than their parents, find their way from Alaska to the Hawaiian Islands, which they have never seen, is not so easy to understand.

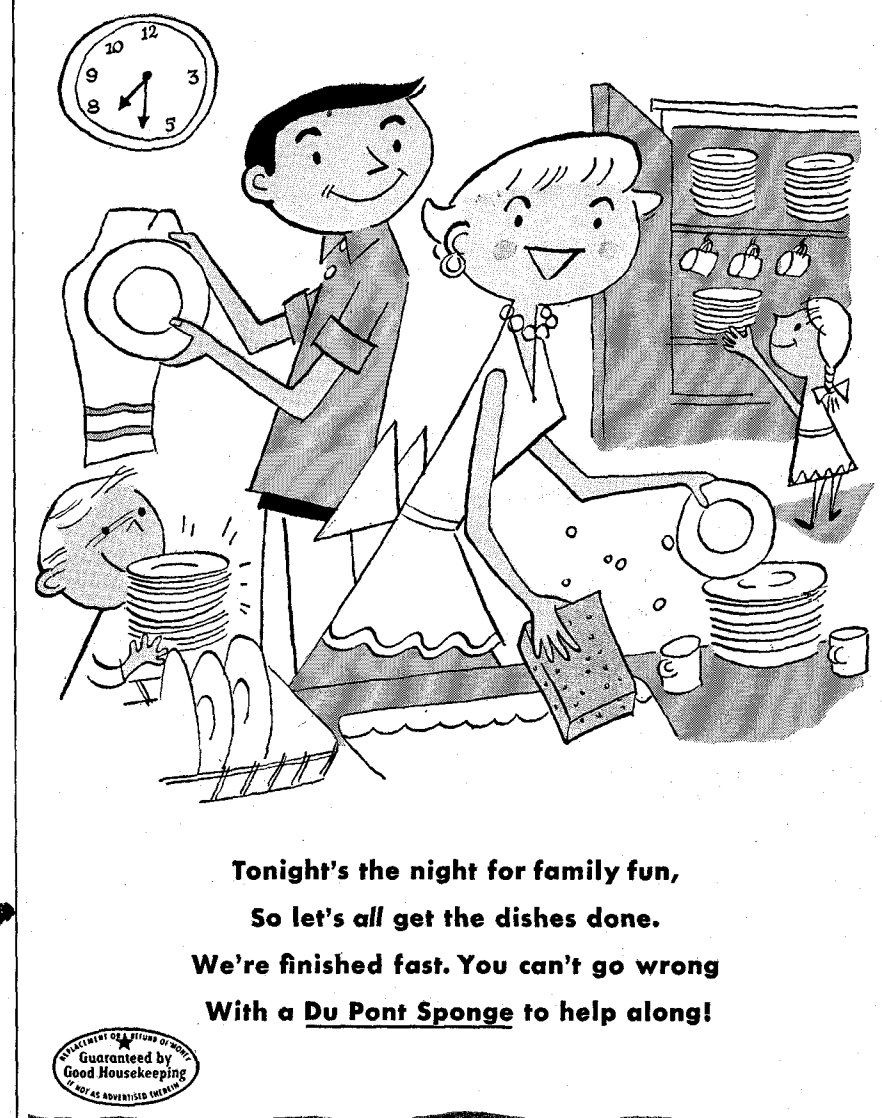
One of the explanations offered for this kind of homing behavior is the celestial-navigation theory. According to this hypothesis, the young plover simply follow the compass direction in which they have seen their parents depart, and maintain their course by the sun during the day and by the stars at night. Tending to support this theory is the fact that birds which home, do so very poorly when the sun is obscured by a heavy overcast. Furthermore, some birds have a kind of time mechanism in their brains that enables them to compensate for the movement of the sun—something that an ant, for example, cannot do. If an ant is traveling in a certain direction with relation to the sun or a source of polarized light, and a cup is placed over it for one hour, when the cup is removed it will change its course by fifteen degrees, the exact angle the sun has moved during the one-hour interval. If the cup is allowed to remain for two hours, it will change course by thirty degrees, and so on. But homing birds can't be fooled that way.

Dr. Gustav Kramer, a German scientist who has visited this country several times under ONR auspices, demonstrated this time sense with starlings and pigeons. In a laboratory cage at the Max Planck Institute in Wilhelmshaven, he trained his birds to "home" on a source of food in the morning when the sun was in the east. When he changed the feeding time to late afternoon, the birds continued to "home" on their food correctly, apparently compensating for the time element. To prove they were not merely "compass-conscious," he took the pigeons outside and released them from various directions. They homed on their loft equally well from all compass points.

But just as Doctor Kramer was beginning to believe his pigeons were navigating by some innate calculating mechanism that enabled them to orient themselves by the sun angle, as the mariner does with his sextant, he ran into a dead end. He took some of his pigeons 200 miles south of Wilhelmshaven, and released them when the sun was exactly halfway between home and the release point, so that the sun angle at both was the same. The moment they were released they took off in the direction of their home loft. They didn't even bother to circle, indicating they could choose the correct direction without paying any attention to the sun angle or the unfamiliar landscape.

The ONR is still searching for other possibilities it hopes can explain the homing phenomenon. One of them is the magnetism theory, which holds that birds are sensitive to the lines of force of the earth's magnetic field, although in laboratory experiments birds have not displayed any sensitivity to artificial magnetic fields. But the ONR believes the theory deserves a more thorough test before it is discarded, and has contracted with Dr. J. P. Baumberger to carry out exhaustive field trials at Stanford University.

According to another theory, homing can be explained on the basis of sensitivity to a combination of the earth's magnetic field and the coriolis force—the slight impulse resulting from the spin of the earth from west to east. Dr. H. L. Yeagley, of Pennsylvania State University, has been experimenting with this theory for many years, but the results are still inconclusive. The effect of electronic waves on bird flight during their migration is another possibility being investigated. But perhaps the most unusual experiments on the ONR project list are those being conducted at the Parapsychology Laboratory of Duke University. Here Dr. J. G. Pratt is exploring the possibility that animals' direction-finding ability is not due to any of the physical senses at all, but to some psychic sensitivity that



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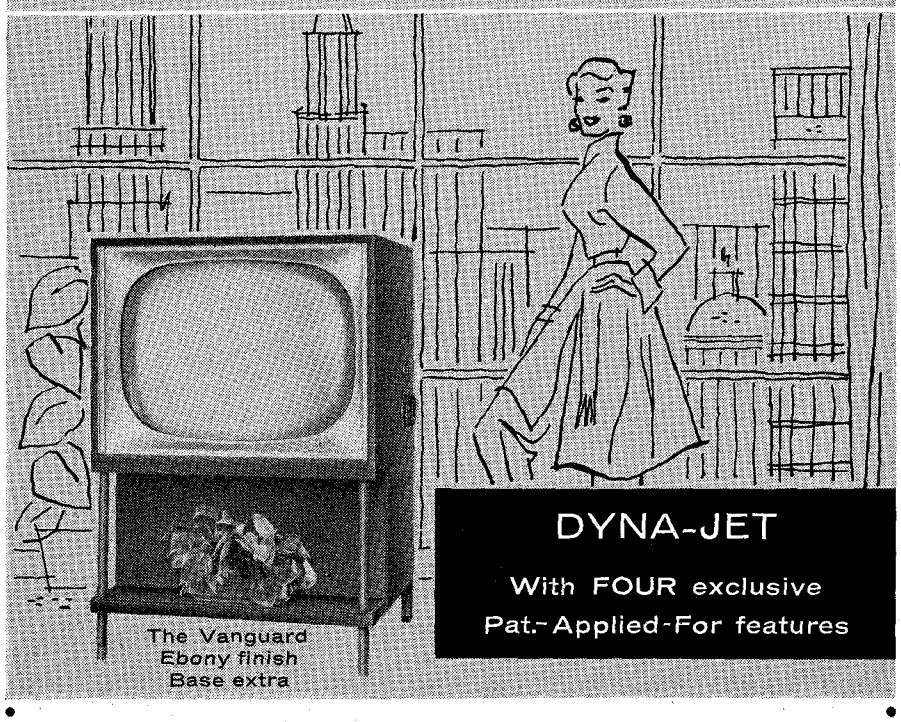

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all animals, including man, possess in greater or less degree. The actions of many animals—Pal, Sugar and the Pacific golden plover are only a few examples—seem unexplainable by any of the physical senses, at least any of those so far known. The ONR is not ignoring the chance that some sort of ultrasensory ability may be involved.

"The present lack of positive information," Dr. H. B. Hitchcock, of Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont, said at the Washington meeting, "marks the field as one in which the parapsychologist as well as the more conventional scientist finds a challenge."

"Anyone who finds the secret of homing," says Dr. S. R. Galler, head of the ONR's Biology Branch, "is welcome to call it anything he likes."

One of the first questions Doctor Pratt tried to answer was whether birds home on the loft or on the surrounding area, a geographical spot on the globe. While a flock of young pigeons was maturing, he moved the loft, mounted on a truck, at weekly intervals back and forth between two points twenty-five miles apart. They were moved at night, when the birds were shut in, to eliminate visual cues. When they were released, they flew back to the area where the loft had been the previous week, stayed there two or three days, then gradually straggled back to the loft's new location. When the loft was moved again the next week, the same procedure was repeated.

Doctor Pratt thought that perhaps the birds had a divided loyalty, which they settled in favor of their stomachs. Pigeons are used to being fed, not to foraging. Possibly their environment was really home, and hunger drove them to the loft at intervals varying according to their foraging ability. To test the importance of environment as a factor, Doctor Pratt raised forty birds in a "walled" aviary twenty feet square and twelve feet high, which cut off all view of their environment except the sky overhead. But when he took them for short homing trials, some flew to the nearest tree and perched noncommittally, others flew about aimlessly at fence-top level. None of this flock ever got home, which left Doctor Pratt in the same dead end as Doctor Kramer, temporarily at least. But they are in excellent company. Many of the nation's leading scientists, seeking the answer to the homing mystery, are right there with them.

And so, in laboratory lofts here and abroad, pigeons bill and coo and don't tell. Pal, Sugar and pets in general yawn if you ask them. But the search for their direction-finding mechanisms goes on. Man, despite all the songs he sings about its sweetness, can't even find home without an elaborate system of maps, signs and navigational gimmicks. He needs help. Now that bats and salmon have confessed their *modus operandi*, the ONR hopes other animals ultimately will break down too.

All this microscopic scrutiny of animal behavior has, incidentally, dispelled a good many myths from the bedtime-story school of nature. For example, bats are not entirely blind. Even those that hunt by ear have, say, 20/400 vision, enough to distinguish light from darkness, and in the West Indies they have been observed hunting fireflies, hinting even better vision. Bears don't hibernate, but merely sleep during the cold months; some of them forage in midwinter. And did you know that fish get thirsty? At a certain stage of their growth, salmon can't stand fresh water and swim downstream to slake their thirst for the salt sea.

Don't be surprised if any day now some scientist breaks the news that crows don't fly in a straight line. Or that it has been proved on the psychiatrist's couch that the lark is not really happy, but just singing to hide a breaking heart, a kind of ornithological Pagliacci.

She Wouldn't Believe Him

(Continued from Page 28)

of immediately solving the big problems, and the niggling persistence of the minor irritations. He noticed that her black student Oxfords were worn down at the heels, so he drew a diagram showing how this could cause her to become cross-eyed. He was a little unsure about the medical soundness of this warning, but was sure it was bad for people to wear lopsided heels. After the next payday she showed up in a pair of new Korean gum-rubber shoes. She also sensed, somehow, that Tom did not like the curled hair and lipstick affected by many of the house girls, and she continued to wear her hair in braids.

It was only when he started taking color pictures that Tom began to wonder about his own motives. He made the first roll of color films on the beach at Song Do, at South Outer Harbor. Two weeks later, when the first slides came back from the processing laboratory in Honolulu, he took Bright Jewel, her mother and her little brother out along the Naktong Valley. Trying for a good close-up portrait, Tom adjusted the range finder on his 35-mm. camera to a fine focus on the lips of Bright Jewel. Peering through the opening in the range finder, with all vision reduced to the single area around those petulant young lips, Tom suddenly became aware of unfatherly sensations.

He was glum all the way back to the billet area, and Mrs. Pak must have thought him very stern. Before dropping them at their hut in a crowded refugee district near the Choryang railway yards, he asked her to make an appointment with Mr. Pak.

Shortly after dusk on the next day, Tom turned off the main road from Hialeah—as the billet area near the Pusan-Tongnae highway was called—and, holding his breath as he drove hurriedly past the squalid mass of filthy tenements in Little Chicago, made his way up the alley to the Pak home, a two-room apartment adjoining a house of ill fame.

Tom pushed open the outer sliding door of the Pak house and called out, "*Kawm-apsumnida*—I am sorry!"

There was a sound of bustling and whispering within. A candlelight showed behind the rice paper of the inner door, and in a moment it was opened to him by Bright Jewel. It was a different girl from the pigtailed, shirt-waisted and wool-skirted housemaid. Bright Jewel was attired from head to foot in spotless white silk.

She made a low obeisance and said, "The house of my father is honored."

Tom slipped his shoes off and followed her into the room. Kneeling around the charcoal pot in the center of the room were Mr. and Mrs. Pak, both in white silk, and little Dan Nil, the baby, in a cowboy suit Tom had recently obtained through a mail-order house in California. All bowed toward, then gestured to him, with repeated smiles and nods, to take the seat of honor, which consisted of two cushions—one upon the other. Tom brought out his gifts—four cans of beer and a pack of cigarettes—and in a few minutes he and Mr. Pak were chatting comfortably.

Mr. Pak, a handsome and erect Korean gentleman of forty-two years, watched Tom closely, but with a not-unfriendly interest.

At last Tom ventured to make his proposition. "I desire nothing but good for your daughter, sir. I have learned that she had to leave the

(Continued on Page 70)

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The story of the chrysanthemum and the new Royal electric

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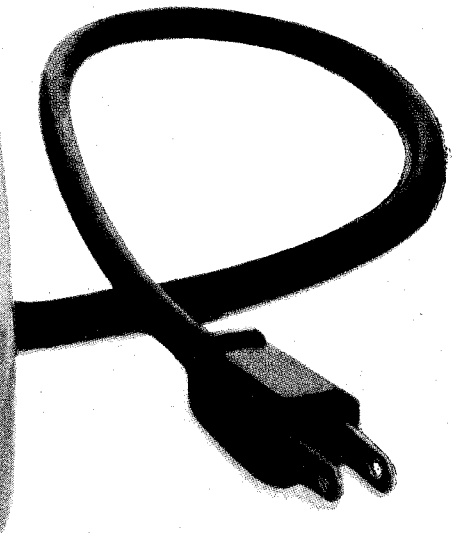

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and be...Safe!

How five Republic Steel Products contribute to your good living

Just think for a moment of the exciting increase in your own eating pleasures. It was only a couple of decades ago that a fresh fish was worthless after several days. And berries could delight us for just a few weeks out of a year. But today rapid progress in food preparation techniques, combined with advances in metallurgy and the increasing use of steel in food processing and packaging give the average family a table to pop the eyes of a Roman emperor.

Now your favorite soft drinks are coming in cans. It's a recent idea that makes a lot of sense—safety sense. As you know, the famous "tin" can actually is *steel* with just a light coating of tin. Tin-plated steel cans *are safer.* They zealously protect their contents against spoilage, as has been done with milk for many, many years. But, more than that, steel cans are your safeguard against dangerous breakage. That's good for your peace of mind when the youngsters are racing around the picnic ground.

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Food people are among the world's busiest "scrubbers." For your health's sake, all their equipment must be kept scrupulously, immaculately clean. So, they turn to stainless steel—easiest of all commercial metals to clean and to keep clean. Republic ENDURO Stainless Steel stubbornly resists rust and corrosion. It does not contaminate metallically. It's the perfect background for food preparation and serving. You can appreciate all this from your own experience with stainless kitchenware and with Dad's favorite outdoor cooking utensils.

Good living is an American tradition. Next time you're shopping, treat your family to a selection of soft drinks in cans—cans possibly made of Republic Tin-plate. Trust the purity, too—purity that's protected by process equipment probably made of Republic ENDURO Stainless Steel and of Republic ELECTRUNITE Stainless Steel Tubing. Even your convenient backyard cooler—or a nearby beverage dispenser—may be made from Republic Electro Paintlok Sheet Steel. And the pickles? Soon they'll probably be made in kettles of super corrosion-resistant Republic Titanium.

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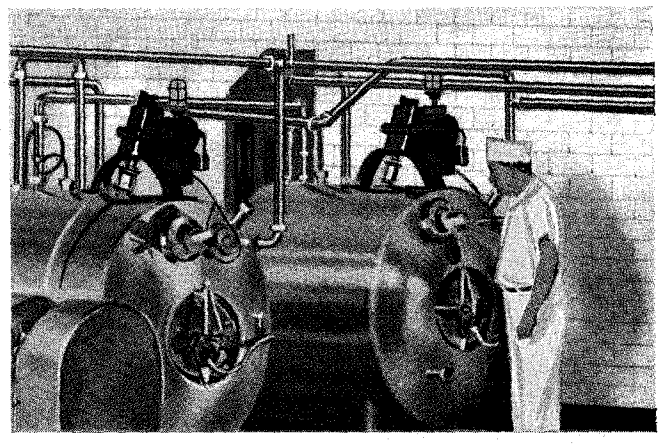
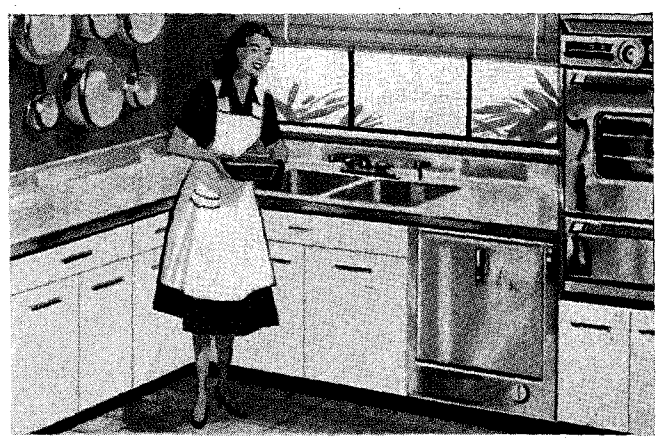
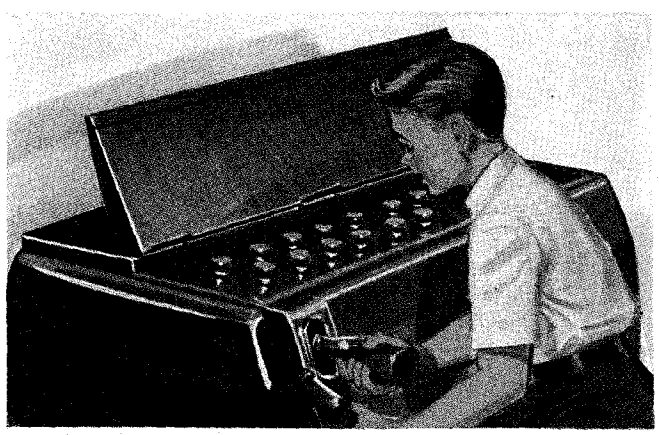


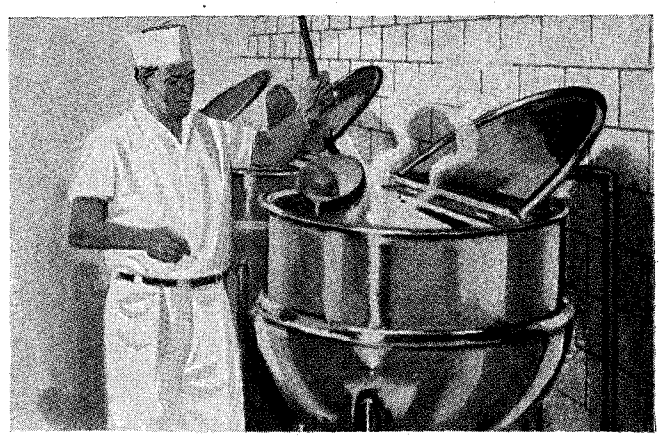
FOOD AND BEVERAGE PROCESSING IS A MASS-PRODUCTION BUSINESS. In many a plant, liquid ingredients move through miles and miles of Republic ELECTRUNITE® Stainless Steel Tubing. Stainless is the only popular non-breakable tubing material that dairymen and other processors consider safe enough for you. As you can appreciate, food-carrying tubing *must* be clean, sanitary, non-corrosive, easy to maintain. Republic ELECTRUNITE Stainless Steel Tubing is all that—and more. It's a product of Republic's Steel and Tubes Division which pioneered the development and application of electric resistance welded steel tubing more than 30 years ago.



YOUR OWN KITCHEN DEMONSTRATES THE VALUE OF STAINLESS in food processing. You probably are using kitchenware right now that's made of Republic ENDURO® Stainless Steel. So, you know firsthand how easy ENDURO is to clean, how it resists rust and corrosion, resists damage, stays shining bright. It's a pleasure to cook with stainless. Even in mass food production the ability to switch quickly from one recipe to another is very important. Because big stainless kettles clean up so easily, food makers switch from one batch to another quickly, start each batch in sparkling clean equipment, with no flavor carryover, no contamination.



YOU LIKE TO BUY YOUR BEVERAGES IN CLEAN, PLEASANT PLACES. That's why so many coin-operated dispensers, coolers and showcases are made from Republic Electro Paintlok® Sheet Steel. Electro Paintlok is zinc-coated to resist rust and chemically treated to take and hold paint, lacquer and synthetic enamel. Electro Paintlok helps manufacturers produce the kind of painted finish that stays bright, attractive, fresh looking. Even if the painted film becomes damaged in service, the tight zinc coating helps prevent "creeping corrosion."



THERE'S A NEW STAR ON THE FOOD HORIZON. It's Republic Titanium, surpassing even stainless steel in its resistance to corrosion. Titanium is practically immune to the ordinary corrosive effects of salt water, for example. (Think what this means to packers of foods in brine, such as pickles!) Even such hard-to-handle foods as mayonnaise, tomato and citric juices have absolutely no effect upon titanium. Republic—already world's largest producer of alloy and stainless steels—is constantly expanding titanium production facilities to meet your future needs.

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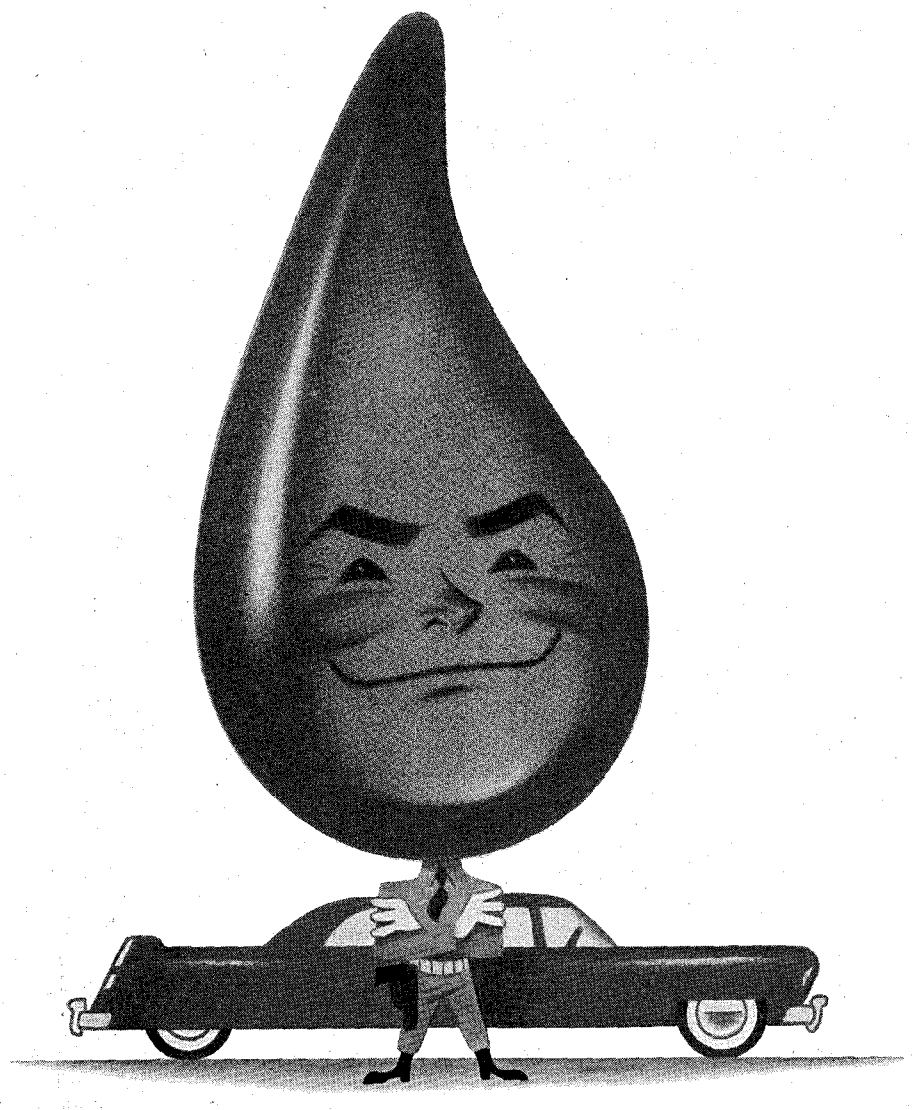

Standing Guard

over the life of your car!

Compare any two of today's motor oils.

They may contain similar additives. They may have had equally modern refining methods.

But if one is made from nature's finest crude oil, Pennsylvania, that one is just bound to end up a superior motor oil.

That's why good dealers all over the country feature a brand of Pennsylvania motor oil.

They know that it will give the kind of lubricating protection and engine performance they want their customers' cars to have.

Today's BEST Oils
Start with Nature's BEST Crude
...and that means Pennsylvania!

INSIST ON A BRAND OF

PENNSYLVANIA Motor Oil

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 66) school in the tenth grade, in the flight from Chunchon. I think it would be good for her to go back to school. Korea will need persons of good education just as much as food and clothing during the years ahead. What I wish to do is this: Instead of keeping Hyung Sook as a maid, I wish her to go to the high school again. I will continue the payment of her salary, so that the family will not lose any income, and I will also pay the tuition at the school. I have never had a daughter or a little sister, and it will give me great joy if I can help your daughter."

Mr. Pak took two long, meditative drags on his cigarette before answering.

"You are very kind, Mr. Dawson. I will send the girl back to school, and I will allow her to accept your continued salary payments for a few months. But I myself will pay the tuition, and I will repay the unearned salary when I can. You are very kind, and my family thanks you."

Relieved that his offer had not been misunderstood, Tom became more relaxed than at any other time since he had come to Korea. Mr. Pak sent out for a bottle of cheap rice brandy and a package of peanuts. Shortly before curfew, Tom and Mr. Pak finished the last of the brandy and parted with pledges of eternal international friendship.

"The next week," Tom explained to Nora, "she was entered in the Severance Girls' Higher School. She apparently made up her time lost from school and is now eligible for Ewha Women's University in Seoul." He looked into the decorated envelope again and withdrew another piece of thin, official-looking rice paper. "Yep," he said with satisfaction, "this is an English translation of her diploma, and it shows her grades are good enough for a scholarship." He turned to Nora. "You see, Nora, it was natural for her to get to feeling—well, filial toward me—to develop a sort of father fixation."

Nora looked at her husband with grim fondness. "All right, father. You're in the clear on this one, but there's no need to look smug about it. I still think she's entirely too pretty—I saw those slides, remember—to be the subject of such disinterested benevolence. But she must be a fine, brave girl, and I'm really glad you could help her." She ran her slim fingers lightly over Tom's graying hair and gave him a warm kiss.

"That was a real New Year's Special," Tom told her, and she snuggled closer as he opened the second letter.

"*Dear Mr. Dawson:* I think you much at the Christmas time, and send you just now a picture of your Plum Child. I hope you lovely family have much happy all the time. I enclose herewith one camellia flower, like I wear on that wonderful night we were together beside the Bay of Pusan, where the stars twinkle in the dark waters like little lost fishes. Maybe when you see this yellow flower you remember for one little minute the yellow skin of Korean girl.

"Forever your
"PLUM PLUM

"P.S.: I marry Korean major when you leave. He is genterman, much like you."

Nora did not strike an attitude, but there was a hint of moist-eyed hurt about her when she got up from Tom's lap and unnecessarily crossed the room to use the table lighter. She blew a perfect smoke ring with her first puff, and then demanded, "Well, Tom—father, that is—would you care to fill me in about That Wonderful Night? Or were you too busy watching the little lost stars to notice anything worth repeating to your wife?"

Tom smiled a little uncertainly. "Miss Choi always did have a rather dramatic way of putting things."

"You mean, 'Plum Plum' did, don't you, father?"

"Now, Nora, this is how it was."

He had been chugging through the snow toward downtown Pusan in a jeep the first time he saw Miss Choi. He was entitled to a closed staff car, but only the four-wheel drive of the jeep could be depended on in rough weather on Korean roads. He had seen a slight figure bending against the wind and snow and seeming to shelter something in the curve of her waist.

The black velvet skirt and rose-moire-taffeta jacket—a *tchima*, made like a long-sleeved bolero jacket—were leaning into the swirl of snowflakes. He drew alongside and invited, "*Chawm-chawm.* Please."

She placed one small foot, snugly fitted with an embroidered silk slipper, over the side of the jeep, and soon she was perched on the front edge of the seat, still shielding a single red rose in the lee of her slender body. She told Tom she was a secretary of an official of the Bank of Korea, with offices in downtown Pusan, just a little distance down the street from the American Embassy offices. The rose, she explained, was for the porcelain vase on the desk of her boss.

Tom dutifully deposited her at the door of the grim and incongruously occidental-looking building. As she stepped down, stumbling a bit as the black carved velvet of her *chogori* cleared the side of the jeep, she suddenly thrust (Continued on Page 72)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Elsie brings you a chip off the old wheel...

NEW! BORDEN'S Old Fashioned NATURAL CHEDDAR!

Mama called it "store" cheese. That tangy golden cheddar the grocer used to cut off the big cheese wheel. Its zesty flavor and true cheese texture were far too good to be forgotten.

So today Borden's brings you that same old-fashioned aged natural cheddar, cut and packaged for modern homemakers.

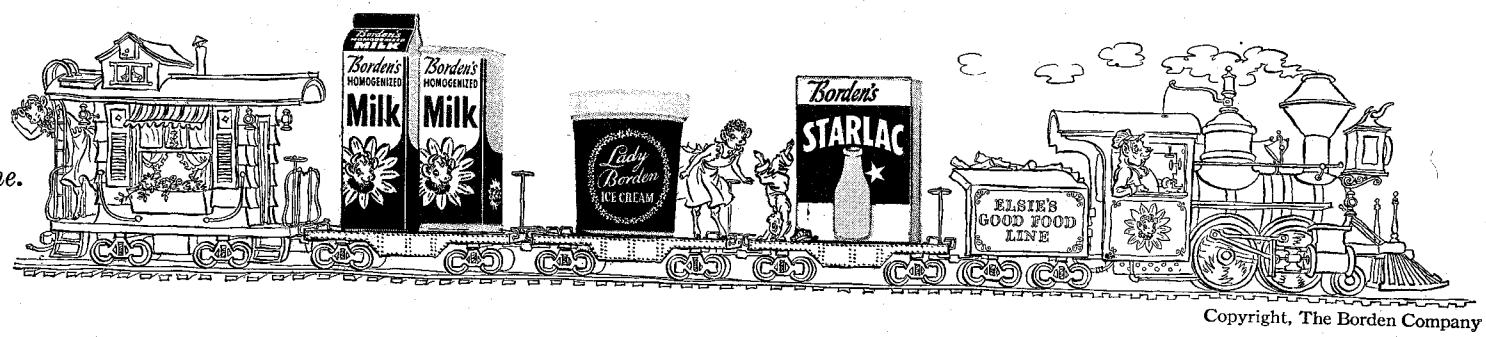
Yes, Borden's cuts it in convenient shapes and sizes. Then Borden's packs it in a special transparent wrapper to keep it tasty and tempting till the very last morsel is used.

Discover Borden's Old-Fashioned Natural Cheddar at your dairy counter today.

MELLOW... A superb eating cheese to be served in generous hunks by itself or with bread, crackers or fruit. It's a *must* with apple or None Such mince pie.

SHARP... the cheese-lover's delight. Wonderful so many ways. Try it grated, shredded or melted in your favorite casseroles, fondues and Welsh rabbit.

Enjoy all the Borden foods on Elsie's Good Food Line.



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(Continued from Page 70) the stem of the rose into the tiny space between the arm of the windshield wiper and the snowy glass. Tom smiled and nodded his thanks, and she hurried into the bank without a backward glance. The incident cheered Tom's day, but it was soon forgotten.

It was not until more than a month later, when he had just returned from a procurement mission to Tokyo, that Tom recalled Miss Choi. His immediate superior had met him at the Pusan airport. On the half-hour drive back into town, the boss had been talking intently and earnestly.

"Tonight, Tom," he said, "we are dining with our opposite number at the embassy in Pusan. For the first time we appear to have cut through the red tape and the bureaucratic barriers and we've got next to Phil Barry as a human being. He'll have his Korean wife with him, and I've promised that we will both have Korean dinner companions. If I can persuade him that we are interested in Koreans as people, instead of just as projects, he can make the way smooth for us. If we fail, he can make it hard for us and for all the poor devils we're trying to help."

Tom was disturbed. He looked his boss straight in the eye. "You know, sir, that I've tried my darnedest to stay out of any involvement with the indigenous personnel."

His boss smiled wryly. "I've tried, too, but we've got to face it. You know, they say here that a man who is more than five hundred miles from home has no wife. I believe Atlanta is about twenty times that far."

Before they turned into the billet at Hialeah, Tom had consented to appear at the special party in the embassy dining room that evening with a Korean girl as his guest. He had warned his superior that he really did not know anyone who was eligible, but that official only assumed a patronizing air and stated, "It's an order."

After his superior had rolled away, chuckling, Tom remembered Miss Choi and the red rose. He climbed wearily into his own jeep and began the ascent to the hillside which Miss Choi had pointed out as the site of her temporary home. He halted in the courtyard and rapped once at the outer door. In a moment he was met by a proud and clear-eyed Korean youth whom he surmised to be Miss Choi's brother. Haltingly, but with a pleasantly disarming manner, Tom explained his dilemma: His boss had said he must come to a party at the embassy with a Korean girl; he was a married man and he did not know any Korean girls to take to a party, but he remembered having given a ride to Miss Choi, weeks before, and he thought she might help him.

The brother surveyed Tom closely and then withdrew with whispered apologies. After an absence of several minutes he returned.

"Honored sir," he began, "my sister has never gone out with a Westerner. She is an honorable Korean virgin, and she is pledged to marry a Korean Army officer when she is twenty. But, since you have come ten thousand miles across the deep ocean to help Korea, if you need help tonight, we cannot refuse to give you that help. To keep your master from being angry, you may take her to the party, but I must ask of you one pledge: that you treat her always as a little sister."

Tom, grateful and relieved, promised that he would remain brotherly throughout the evening and that he would return the family treasure by 10:30 P.M. He went back to his billet to get a highball before reporting to pick up Miss Choi at 7:15. Three drinks and a shirt change later, Tom once more turned through the stone gateway to the home of the Choi family. After a wait of five minutes, he was astonished to see his date, arrayed in a Chinese evening dress of gorgeous turquoise silk, with a gold-embroidered mandarin collar and a slit skirt. Her lips were vermilion, her cheeks were pale ivory and she wore a white camellia in her blue-black hair.

Dazedly, Tom whisked her into the jeep and, with a final series of bows to the assembled family—father, brother, mother, aunt—he turned the jeep toward the embassy dining quarters on the road to Song Do. In a few minutes he swept into the driveway, one door past where the British Union Jack flapped mournfully above the lugubrious expanse of Pusan Bay, and allowed himself to be guided to a parking place by a Korean guard.

It was only when they walked across the black-and-white parquet of the embassy lobby that Tom observed for the first time the footwear of his lovely companion. With the blue Chinese evening gown and the sheer dark-toned black-market nylons, Miss Choi was wearing a handsome, gleaming pair of brown-and-white saddle Oxfords.

"We made a rather short evening of it," Tom explained to Nora. "At about nine o'clock, to escape the amused—though not unkind—stares of some of the Caucasian women present, I suggested that we take a walk in the garden. The garden was a miserable strip of muddy turf, perhaps fifteen feet wide, between the embassy billet's motor pool and the open sewer beside the street which clung to the ridge overlooking South Outer Harbor. This Kyonsan-Namdo version of the Copacabana is the glorious beach Miss Choi was talking about in the letter, and this was the 'night beside the Bay of Pusan' that she was raving about. I don't know anything else to tell you about it, except that we made it home well before the curfew, and that my boss had a quarrel with his Korean lady friend, and that the next

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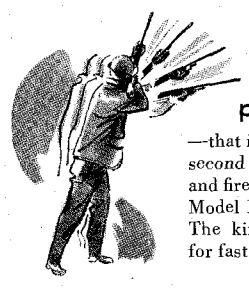
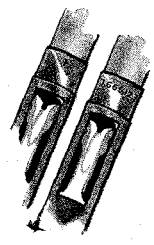
...for 43 years the choice of sportsmen who know the best costs the least in the long run

An instant hit when it was introduced in 1912, this famous Winchester pump gun attracted countless imitators who invariably failed to match its performance. Steady, regular improvements over the years have kept pace with technical advances until today, more than two generations later, the Winchester Model 12 is still the finest slide action shotgun on the market. Famous for easy, self-pointing qualities, the Winchester Model 12 truly deserves the title "The Perfect Repeater." Available in a wide variety of styles, gauges, barrel lengths and chokes for all game, anywhere. Made from famous Winchester proof steel throughout.



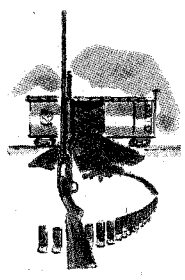
action pictures prove

—that in less than 3/5 of a second a hunter can raise and fire a superbly balanced Model 12. Speed? You bet! The kind you must have for fast, fleet game.



serial numbers show

—that the Model 12 is the most popular shotgun ever built. Over 1½ million have been built and used by hunters for almost half a century.



a lifetime of shooting

—won't and *can't* wear out a Winchester Model 12. If you could shoot a carload of shells through a Model 12 it would still be going strong. Small wonder a Model 12 is often handed down from father to son!

by the time a goose flies 16½ feet

—you can fire, flip the slide handle and fire again. Wise, experienced shooters know they can stay on target and shoot a Winchester Model 12 as fast as any shotgun made.

WINCHESTER FIREARMS TIME PAYMENT PLAN

*Here's the best part! For only $9.85 down and a few dollars a month this Winchester Model 12 is yours. See your dealer for details. *Prices subject to change without notice*

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morning he solemnly warned me against getting 'entangled' with indigenous personnel."

Nora sighed pleasurably. "I guess this calls for a drink. Your amorous adventures in altruism make me thirsty. You may now proceed with the Third Adventure of Sir Tom and the Distressed Damsels. Open up that other envelope and astonish me some more."

Tom opened the last letter, from T. & J. Kim, and read aloud:

"*Dear Mr. Dawson:* The wind is strong and chill on the mountainside, and the charcoal pot frets and grumbles in the drafts which pervade our refugee hut. My husband and I watch the changing patterns on the glowing surface of the charcoal, and we dream of our friend who is gone and, dry-eyed, we weep within our hearts. While you were here, we could believe in a bright future. Now we can only hope and pray for honorable endurance.

"If my heart were a dove, it would fly across the strong winds, high above the dark ocean, and it would come to you and nestle in your strong shelter. But my heart is no dove. It is only a raucous magpie, noisy and clumsy, and often offensive to those it would like most to charm. My husband works hard every day at his four jobs, to earn the means for supporting our household—my mother, his sister and our two children, and the cousin-servant. It is strange, in this shack of straw and clay and cardboard, to remember our house in Seoul in Annam-dong, where we had the lovely garden and the great tree on which I used to swing. But we are trying to carry on the work you encouraged us to begin. We now have 173 boys and 89 little girls in the orphanage of the Holy Innocents, which, thanks to you and to the U.S., we were able to build on the great hill of Yong Do. It was between this island and the Bay of Chinhae, more than three hundred years ago, that the Korean Navy, with the armored turtle ships under Lee Sun Shin, defeated the fleet of the Japanese invader, Hideyoshi. Perhaps once again the ancient spirit of Korea, mystically refreshed and reinforced by the courage of America, will rise and repel the enemy and bring honorable peace to our land. Let us hope that it will be so.

"The box of clothespins that you gave us for the orphanage has been much appreciated. The girls will not use them for laundry—they prefer to hang everything on the barbed-wire fence, so that the wind from the sea will snap and flap the garments about—but the boys, using the wooden pins like building toys, have made most wonderful patterns and designs.

"The rice dish you taught us to make, Atlanta-style, has made you immortal, because we have it every Wednesday and the children call it 'Pahp Daw Sun'—'Dawson Rice'—and they like very much the savory blend of meat and rice together.

"Our two years of study in America and the two years we have known you, have taught us a new thing of wisdom about this world. To the saying, long known in the East—and probably known to you—that the Happy Man should have (1) a Japanese wife, (2) a Chinese cook, (3) Korean clothing, and (4) a European house, we now would add: 'And an American Friend.'

"Good-by, Mr. Dawson . . . Please do not forget

"Your Korean friends,

"TERESA AND JOHN KIM"

Tom was prepared to begin a detailed recital of his association with the Kim family. But Nora abruptly left the room and went into the sunny alcove which served as her studio.

Tom fidgeted in lonely silence for several minutes and tried to figure how he could have expressed himself better in describing some part of his Korean adventures. But in a little while Nora returned and thrust into his hand a sketch, done in pencil on Manila cardboard. It showed Tom, in armor, mounted on a white horse with four captive ladies strung behind him. The first three were tiny, bell-shaped figures dressed in Korean *tchima* and *chogori*. The fourth, taller and with a distinct, high-bridged nose, had the silhouette of a Dior mannequin. Each of the female figures wore a heart on her sleeve. The sketch was signed:

"Your sincerely ever-loving

Nora (Queen of Honorable Harem)"

THE END

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

The trouble with an after-dinner speaker's few well-chosen words is that they are usually part of a long, dull speech.

When marriage doesn't change a man, he was probably as meek as a lamb to start with.

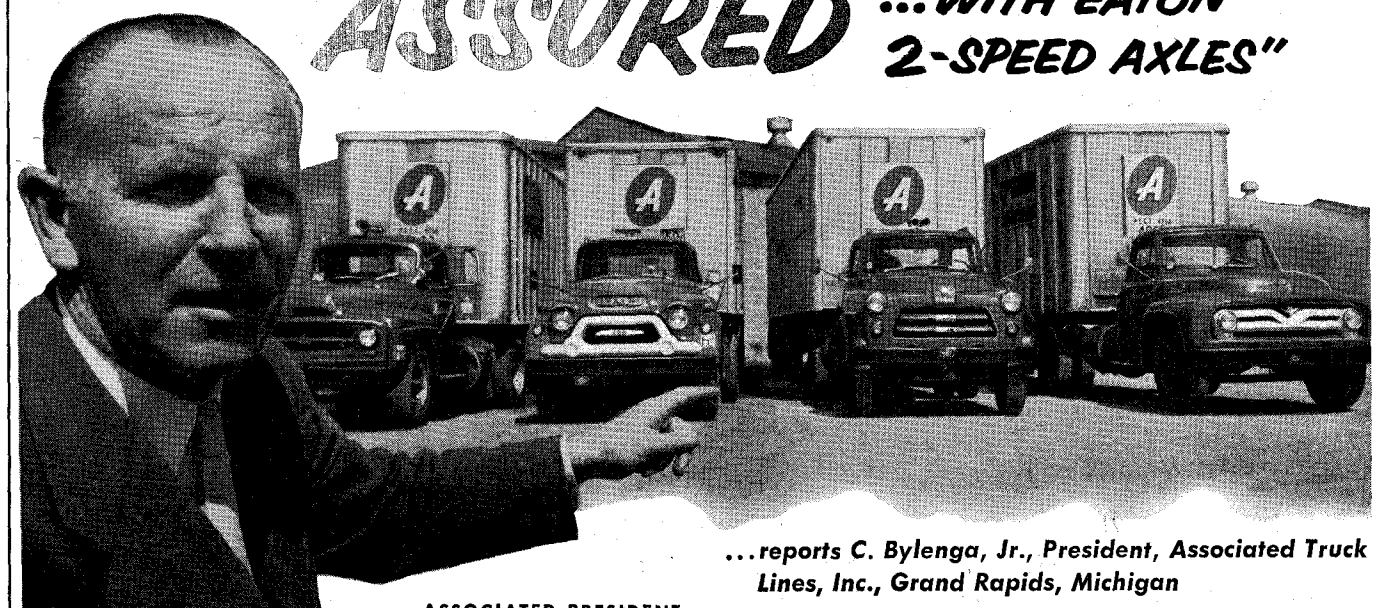
Give some people a taste of authority and they never close their mouths.

One way to meet women is by being a middle-of-the-roader.

Honesty is the best policy. And it should be, considering the premium you have to pay.

Standing on your dignity seldom does it any good.

"DEPENDABLE SERVICE ASSURED ...WITH EATON 2-SPEED AXLES"



...reports C. Bylenga, Jr., President, Associated Truck Lines, Inc., Grand Rapids, Michigan

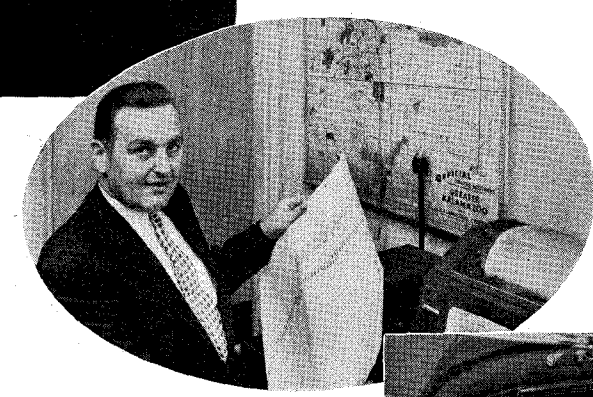
ASSOCIATED PRESIDENT C. BYLENGA, JR., says, "We learned we can rely on Eaton 2-Speed Axles to maintain the famous Associated service schedule."

"FROM 25 TERMINALS in Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, our 447-truck fleet quickly and reliably handles 750,000 tons of cargo yearly. We are Michigan's largest intra-state motor freight carrier," says Mr. Bylenga, president. "The remarkable utility of Eaton 2-Speed Axles is a major factor in maintaining our well-known service record.

"Steel sheets, automobile parts, uncrated furniture—we haul all types of freight with our Ford, International, GMC and Dodge trucks teamed with Eaton 2-Speed Axles. In crawling traffic, Eaton's low-gear range allows smooth starts and stops. On steep inclines, the driver has full control—extra pull going up, safe speeds on the downgrade.

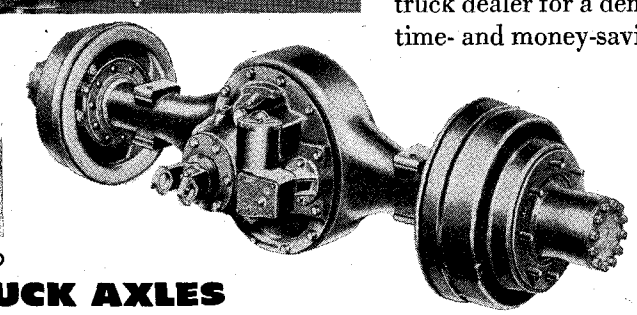
"When the road clears, Eaton's high-gear range assures hours-shorter trips. Heavy loads move ahead at legal limits while engine RPM stays low. Eaton 2-Speed Axles are important assets to our operation. For many years they have proven themselves to be more than satisfactory."

Prove to yourself the versatility of an Eaton 2-Speed Axle. Ask your truck dealer for a demonstration of its time- and money-saving advantages.



"OUR EATON-EQUIPPED TRUCKS clocked over 6 million miles last year," remarks J. Barense, director of transportation. "With Eaton 2-Speeds, trucks bear up better, cost less to operate. And we can always count on heavy loads getting through safely."

VETERAN DRIVER GEORGE JAMES has 22 years of trucking experience. "Eaton 2-Speed Axles save us about 10 per cent on fuel, guard engines against wear and tear," says Mr. James. "What's more, the Eatons shift faster and more accurately—they're easy to handle."



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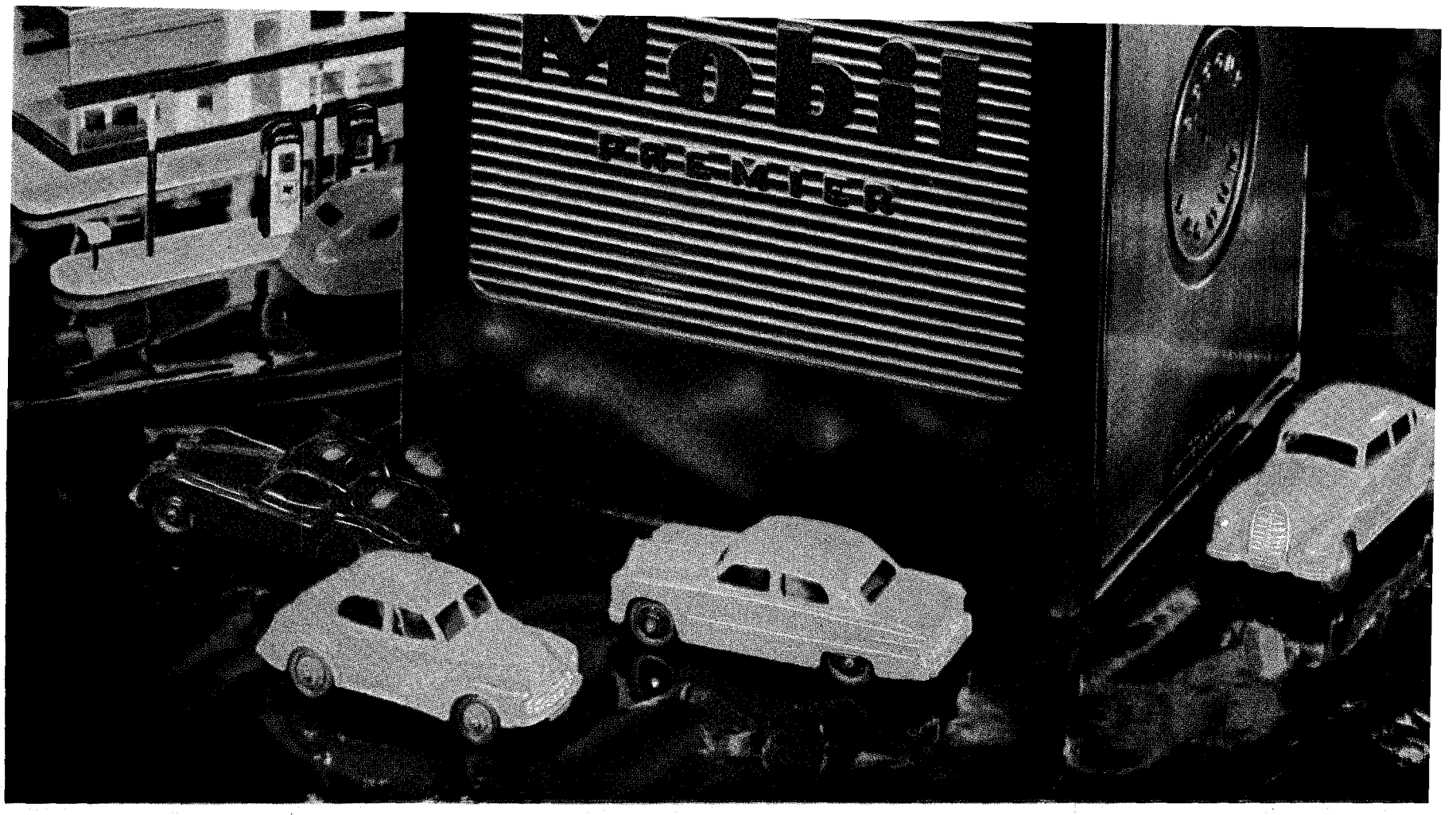

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The Perils of Rosalind Russell

(Continued from Page 39)

In 1953 Brisson and two partners, Robert E. Griffith and Harold S. Prince, bought a lighthearted novel about management-labor troubles. It was converted into a smash Broadway musical, Pajama Game. He and his associates then masterminded a second boo., a fantasy about baseball, into a hit called Damn Yankees. Directly after Roz left Wonderful Town, Brisson hustled her into a movie musical called The Girl Rush.

Finishing this, Roz went immediately into Picnic, a comedy-drama directed by Josh Logan, one of the most exacting directors in the profession.

Meanwhile Brisson has taken an option on a book called Auntie Mame, the portrait of an elderly lady screwball, and, in view of his wife's qualifications, another work called The Million Dollar Legs.

Brisson's joint stage productions have already grossed more than $3,000,000, and Pajama Game has been sold to the movies for $750,000 plus a large chunk of the gross, what he claims to be the highest sum ever paid for a stage property. With such a parlay behind him, he possibly feels he can compete on even terms with his wife.

In the past twenty years Roz has made forty-one motion pictures. She has used up most of the available supply of mature leading men, having done five pictures with Robert Montgomery, singles with George Raft and John Boles, three with William Powell, and a couple apiece with Fred MacMurray, Clark Gable and Melvyn Douglas. She has worked opposite such reliables as Errol Flynn, Ronald Colman and Cary Grant. Most of the female stars who competed with her have long since vanished from the screen.

"I used to be the menace," sighs Roz. "I would take the hero away from Jean Harlow just long enough to give him back. If Myrna Loy didn't want to do a picture, the studio would threaten her with me and she would reconsider."

Every major studio in Hollywood has used her talents, chiefly as a comedienne. One of her pictures, My Sister Eileen, the movie version of the story that became Wonderful Town, got her an Academy nomination for best actress. Two other serious pictures, Sister Kenny and Mourning Becomes Electra, got her two more nominations.

In 1951 Roz made her first stage appearance in sixteen years, touring with a revival of Bell, Book and Candle in the role of a modern witch. In eighteen weeks and seven cities she brought the box offices $600,000, and reported that "there's nothing more caressing to an actress' ego than to have an audience accept her."

During these protracted labors, Roz felt she had unoccupied time. She became an active worker in a Beverly Hills Roman Catholic church, dubbing it privately "Our Lady of the Cadillacs." She became the first film actress to go on camp tours during World War II and kept it up for four years. While Brisson was a lieutenant colonel in charge of Air Force radio work, she "sat, ran and jumped" on fifteen committees. She threw herself into a campaign to raise money for the polio treatments of Sister Elizabeth Kenny from Australia; she is vice-president of the Institute which she helped establish. She sits on the board of directors and is now women's chairman of the foundation. She is also national cochairwoman of the Arthritis & Rheumatism Foundation. In what leisure time remained she designed clothes for herself. For recreation she swims, rides and plays golf and tennis—sports in which she is almost professionally expert.

All of these furious achievements have left Roz relatively calm and self-possessed. She describes herself as "thin, but not emaciated," and tall—she is actually only five feet, six and a half inches, but seems taller. She has "what somebody told me was a wonderful nose with a lump on the end of it," long legs, arms and neck, hazel eyes, large ears—"and they don't miss much, either"—and naturally curly hair which "if you think that's good you don't have to comb it out." As to her voice: "something across ground glass—or maybe a crow with a throat condition." Her theatrical assets are a genius for mimicry, precise body control and dead-pan delivery mixed with sudden, dazzling smiles.

Roz has a propensity for physical injury—what a psychologist might call "accident-proneness." Before she was far into her twenties the entire left side of her body had been fractured or strained in some way or other. She can recall seven major breaks and innumerable lesions, lacerations and contusions.

During the filming of Never Wave at a WAC in 1952, Roz suffered a severe laceration of her right shinbone when she tried to leap onto a rapidly moving Army truck, "in a pencil skirt, yet." Six minutes later she found herself supine on an operating table, violently resisting anesthesia—she has a horror of all such drugs. A young doctor walked in to give her seventeen stitches. Roz blushes to relate that she cried out in her state of semishock: "Get out of here! You're too young to be fooling around my legs!" The next year, in Wonderful Town, she sprained her back.

Her last serious fracture dates back to 1936, when she crumbled her left foot playing deck tennis on a boat to Honolulu. "My bones are awfully brittle," she says, "though they heal like crazy." Characteristically, Roz made it a triumph.

"I was romantically carried from place to place," she remembers. "Since I couldn't dance, I got into a crap game with the passengers and crew." She won enough money to pay for her passage to Hawaii and back, plus a lavish three weeks' stay.

Roz is an expert at poker, billiards and games of chance. She was a member of a family trained by her father to meet the vicissitudes of modern life. A Waterbury, Connecticut, criminal lawyer, James Edward Russell was a believer in "all the freedom compatible with good manners, ethical conduct, family respect and honor." He was full of primer aphorisms, which he practiced and recommended to his children.

One of these is a favorite of Roz's, symbolically connected in her mind with her father's brown-and-white sports shoes. At the age of thirteen she fancied herself a champion swimmer. She entered a diving contest near the family home.

"So I was built like a pipe cleaner," says Roz. "I could dive like a fish, but in the finals I was up against a perfectly charmingly constructed girl of eighteen. She was getting all the eyes, and all I was getting was nettled. I climbed out on the board, poised, and the key button on my bathing straps popped off. I simply stepped feet first off the board, thus losing in a dignified fashion, and kept swimming out to a little boat in the bay."

When she hauled herself up to the deck, her eyes came level with the brown-and-white shoes. Her father's voice boomed, "Rosalind, a winner never quits and a quitter never wins!"

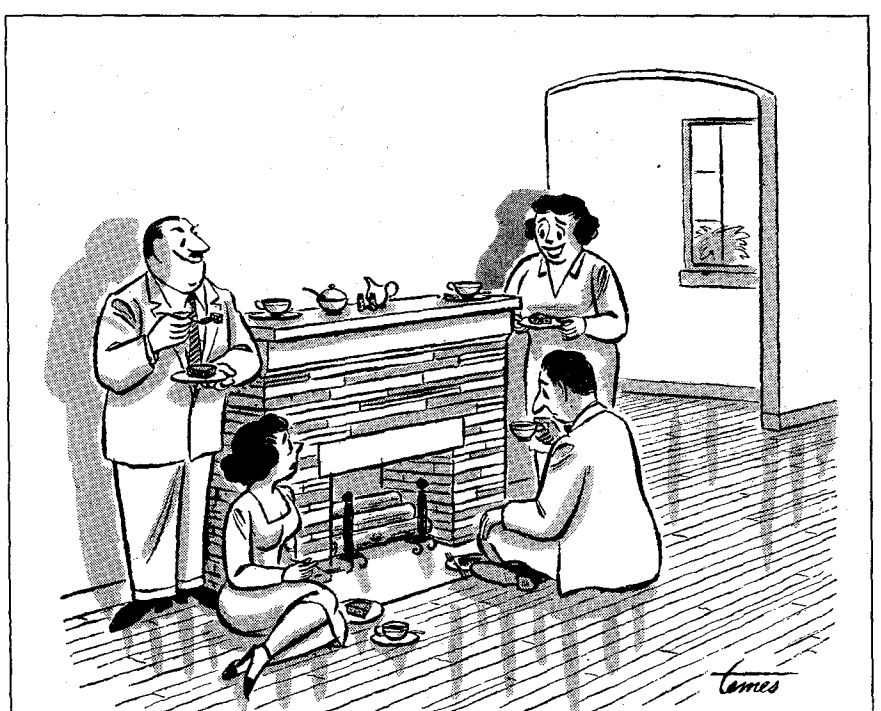
Today Roz sends such maxims, well peppered with exclamation points, to her sick friends.

There were seven children in the Russell family, three boys and four girls. Of Irish extraction, they were the most uninhibited group in the countryside. Roz was the second oldest of the girls—Clara, Rosalind, Mary Jane and Josephine.

On one occasion, years later, Rosalind dreamily asked her mother, "How did you happen to think of such a marvelous stage name for me, dear? Were you reading Shakespeare at the time?"

"Nonsense!" said her mother. "You were named after an excursion steamer, the S.S. Rosalind, that plies between Nova Scotia and New York. Your father and I took a trip on it once."

The Russell house was an immense granite-brick-slate pile of chimneys, stained-glass windows, carved doorways and huge plate-glass doors. "It's a funeral parlor now," says Roz, "and it should have been all along." It had a billiard room, a small bowling alley and a card alcove. Father Russell, who played poker with the parish priest and had once played billiards with the immortal Willie Hoppe, trained his children not to be taken in by strangers. He did so well that his three sons, James,



"Herbert always said if we had nothing else, we'd have a fireplace."

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George and John, won cash and clothing at college. The climax was reached when one brought home a secondhand car gained in stud poker.

At the age of fourteen Roz wrote a Christmas play for herself in which she played the Spirit of Christmas, Santa Claus, and the Infant Jesus in a quick-change display that left her audience numb. Nevertheless, Roz felt it was a success. Three years later, when she went to Marymount College, at Tarrytown, New York, she was still pleasantly impressed with her abilities. She was only a trifle surprised her second year when her teacher announced that she would play the lead in the class play. "Because," said Mother Gertrude gently, "Rosalind needs it."

Roz was nineteen when her father died. In his will he cannily stipulated that the $600,000 estate he left could be used for each child's benefit until that child completed school, but for three years thereafter each youngster must make his own way before he inherited his share.

"It was a terrible blow to one of my sisters," says Roz. "She worked it out by going to school until she was thirty-two. Thank God, we got her a job a couple of years ago."

The will also hit Roz. Her sole experience had been in amateur theatricals. Didn't actresses make a lot of money? She had heard of one that got $150 a week, and the thought of such a huge income decided her. In 1928 she enrolled in a dramatic school in New York City. After a few weeks, she was asked to leave, because her teachers felt that she knew enough about acting. They said all she needed was experience. She graduated as the lead in The Last of Mrs. Cheney.

Thereafter Roz was out of work for four days—"the only four days in my adult life that I haven't had some sort of a job." She heard about a man named Casey who ran a summer theater at Saranac Lake, New York. She hunted him down, talked to him and his wife continuously from noon to six in the evening, and got him to sign her to a contract for the summer season at $150 a week.

The engagement was highly valuable in teaching her stagecraft; she did twenty-six plays in thirteen weeks. From there she went to the Copley Theater in Boston, where the venerable E. E. Clive held sway over a totally British repertory company. Roz imitated a London West End accent so well that she became a leading lady, doing six British hits a year at her stipulated $150 weekly. She kept up her la-de-da front for months. But one afternoon at tea she heard her co-workers disparaging the United States.

"Oh, shut up!" she cried in round American accents. "I'm no limey and I won't hear that kind of talk!"

"Not English? Are you from the colonies, then, old girl?"

"You're blasted right!" roared Roz. "From the colony you lost!"

In the winter of 1930 Roz went into a Broadway group effort called Garrick Gaieties. In this, Roz offered her singing voice to the public for the first time, in a ditty called We Get Money for Cryin' Out Loud. Her family came en masse, sat in the front row, heard her sing, and left en masse in the middle of the song. Roz exited in tears, but was persuaded to come back to keep the show going. She got $300 a week, a twelve-day run in New York, and several months on the road.

Each summer Roz acted in stock at such widely separated straw-hat points as Worcester and Stockbridge, Massachusetts; and Buffalo, New York. In 1932 she got into something called Talent, with the late Mady Christians. It folded fast. Then she took a ride on what the profession called the Subway Circuit. It played various theaters around New York and traveled as far as Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Roz played leads, but her salary dropped to forty-five dollars a week. This was not enough for a high-living girl. When she learned that her producer was mad about pinochle, she persuaded a couple of stagehands to teach her the game. Then she inveigled the producer into a series of contests that lasted more than a year. "I managed to hit him for about seventy dollars at least once a week," she recalls. "He was even worse as a pinochle player than he was as a producer."

The producer was still trying to win from Roz when she got a call from an agent who had seen her work. Universal Pictures wanted stage people out West. Roz was interviewed. She was haughty about the whole business. Would you be interested? Not particularly. If we offered you $300 a week? Oh, my dear, how ridiculous! What is your price? At least $750, my dear man—at least!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Rainy Dawn

By DANIEL SMYTHE

Cloud blankets drawn
across the windowpane
Are fastened down by
slanting tacks of rain.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

She swept out. The next day the phone jangled and the Hollywood emissary interviewed her again. After a week of arguing, Roz consented to go West for a fortnight, all expenses paid, to take screen tests. "It'll cost you a hundred dollars a test, too," she said. She set off for a destination from which she was not to return for nearly twenty years.

Of her early Hollywood experiences Roz says, "I should have had the sense to be more difficult throughout." At Universal she sat for an hour in an executive's anteroom while he played at being busy on the phone. Roz hung on grimly until the executive was reduced to ordering his secretary to send him in a two-cent stamp. After that he sent her to the make-up and hairdressing departments—where no one would look at her. The next day she sat in the darkness of a huge empty stage from seven in the morning until six at night, waiting for the director to appear. When he finally arrived, he bawled out Roz for her unkempt appearance. She retorted bitterly, "You just turn the crank on the camera and I'll say the lines!"

As a result, she was placed out of camera range. Nine other persons were tested while she read lines back to them. As soon as the ordeal was over, Roz hurried to the cashier and demanded her $900. She got it, and returned to the house of an actress friend, intending to leave Hollywood that night. The friend told her there was a part open at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Roz was persuaded to report to the casting director.

"My test turned out all right," she says. "It was one great big head of me talking."

Universal phoned that night and said they would take up their seven-year option, a canny clause attached to her screen tests. That would have killed the M-G-M deal. Everything fell apart for Roz—until she heard that the head man at Universal liked beautiful women.

"I'll fix him," she said. She and her roommate gleefully concocted a hag. They got a frumpish red-and-white dress, a big white hat and dirty white shoes and gloves. They plastered her neck with petroleum jelly, strung (Continued on Page 78)

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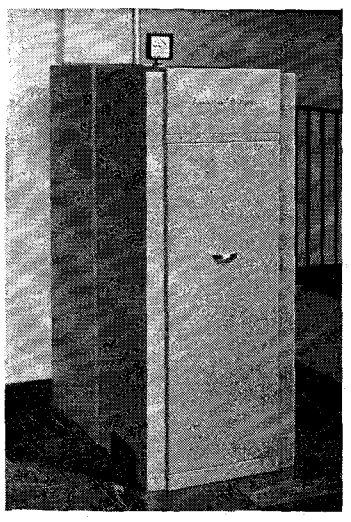

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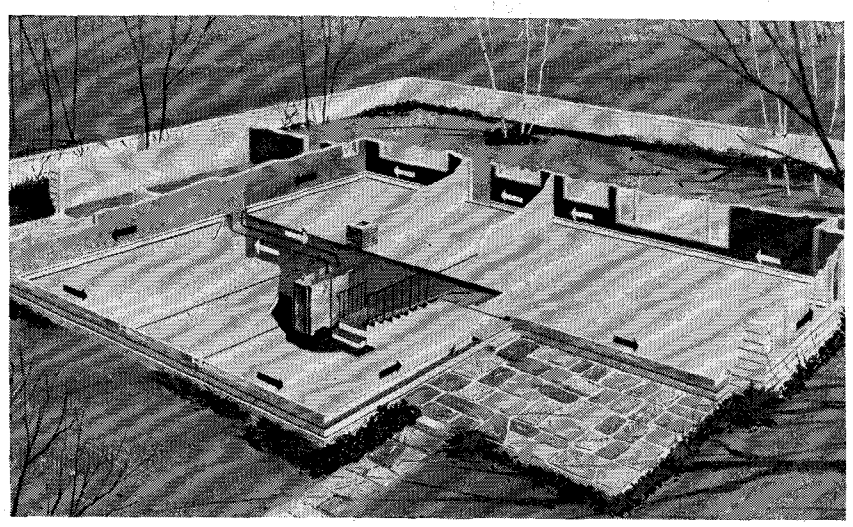

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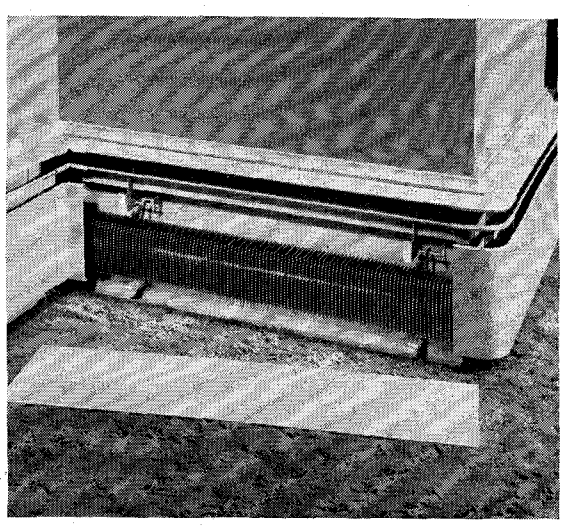

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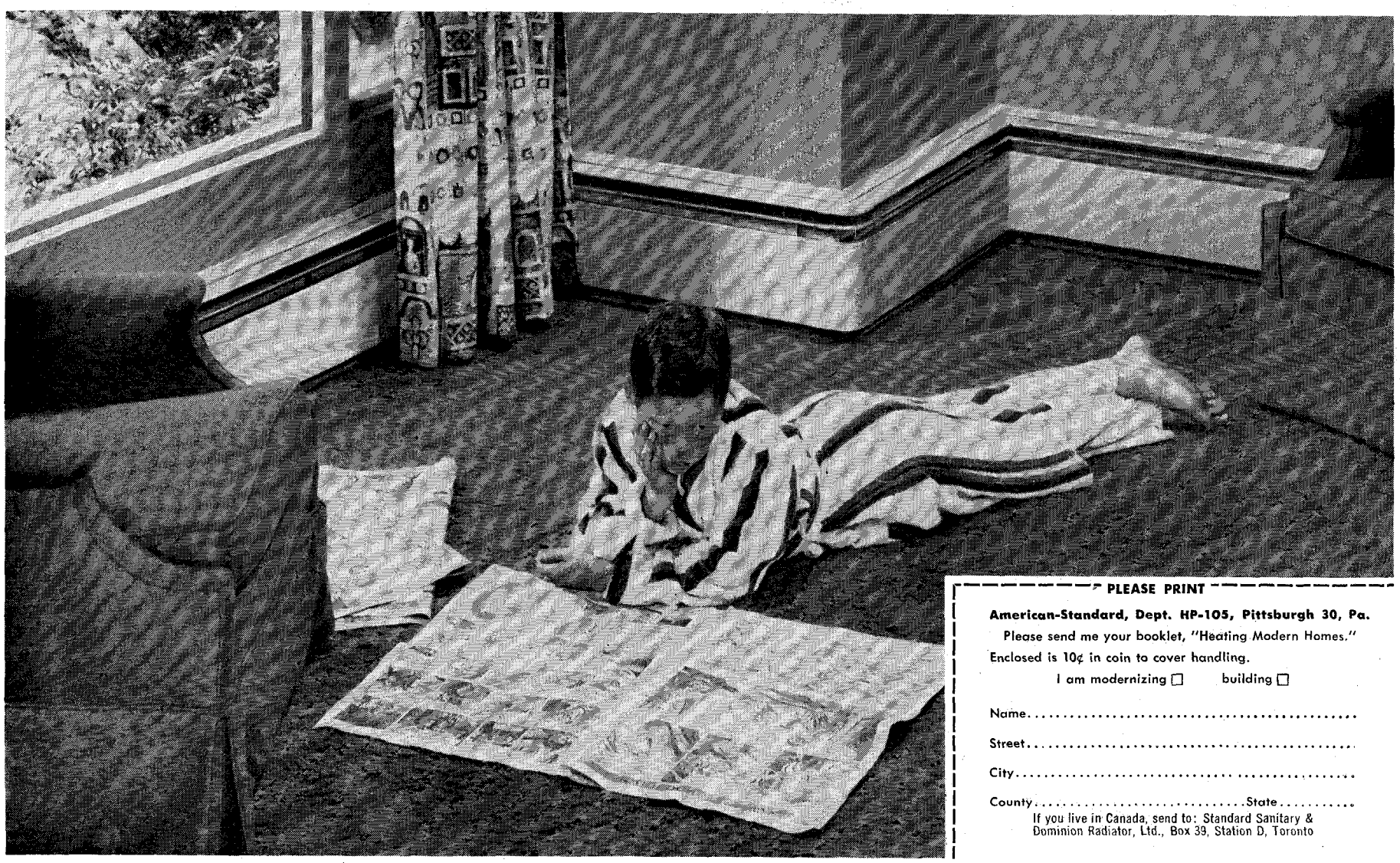

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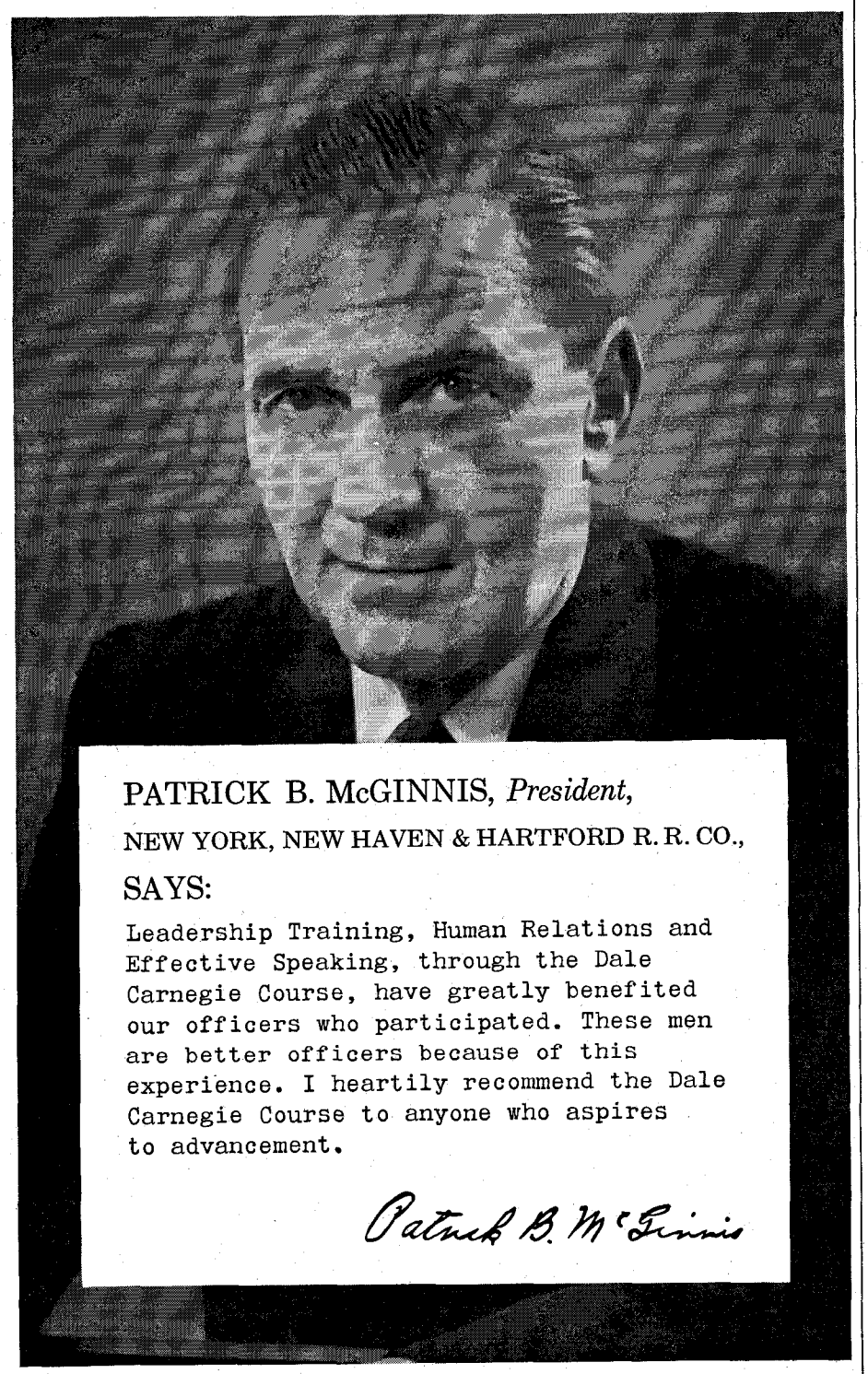

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(Continued from Page 76) out her hair, put on runny lipstick and messy mascara, penciled in some wrinkles and flattened her bust. She walked like a spavined horse with a sway-back.

In the executive offices of Universal, talking with a nasal whine, Roz got her release from the shuddering producer in little more than ten minutes. She rushed away, cleaned up and dressed. Two hours later she was signed by M-G-M for $750 a week.

"That was the start of my marathon in pictures," she says. "I starred in nineteen career-woman pictures that opened with the airplane view of New York and the dissolve into the executive offices where I'm ordering around six men like mad. I used the same desk, the same four striped suits with white collars—even the backdrop of the New York sky line outside the window was the same. I used to holler at the crew, 'Move the Empire State over three feet, guys! This is a new picture we're rolling today!'"

In 1938 Roz got into The Women—a picture which was to have a major influence on her life—by invading the producer's office. "Test me for the role of the nasty one," she said.

"I can't," said the producer. "That's the part for a mean, bitter, destructive woman. You're calm, beautiful, elegant ——"

"Hold it!" cried Roz. "I'll go home and carve those words over my door. What do you want in the part?"

"She has to be both vicious and funny."

"I can cross my eyes and stamp my feet," Roz said. "Make-up can put a wart on my nose. I can wear my mother's dresses and make my hair stringy."

The producer let her test. Roz played it four different ways. For the fifth test she burlesqued it, and that was the way she played it on the screen. A benign fate commenced to work in her favor. By some chance The Women was the only movie aboard a transatlantic boat in 1939. It was run three times a day for the passengers, one of whom was Frederick Brisson. Since his deck chair was next to the main salon, he overheard the picture's shrill dialogue again and again. Finally, out of sheer loathing, he attended a showing and saw Roz on the screen. He promised himself he would look her up in Hollywood.

Roz confesses that she always wanted something romantic to happen to her about this time. Something—usually her witty tongue—got in her way. She had discovered what she thought was a fundamental fact about men. It became her theory that "men are naturally shy. It's up to the women to get in there and tell them what they want—what they have to have, if I may say so." Even at thirty, unmarried, she was still clinging to this hypothesis. She occupied her time by visiting country clubs and beating the local males at golf and tennis. She made the pros look silly at swimming and riding—she had taught equitation at fifteen.

By the time Brisson reached Hollywood, he found Roz was popular enough with men, but she seemed to feel no urge to get married. They met; she classified Brisson as "uninteresting." She turned down date after date. The fellow persisted in an urbane fashion and gradually, with the help of mutual friends, including Cary Grant, they became friends. Roz engaged Brisson in oral duels and got as good as she gave. "I can't get your horrible voice out of my ears," he told her affectionately. In 1941, after eighteen months of sparring, they were married.

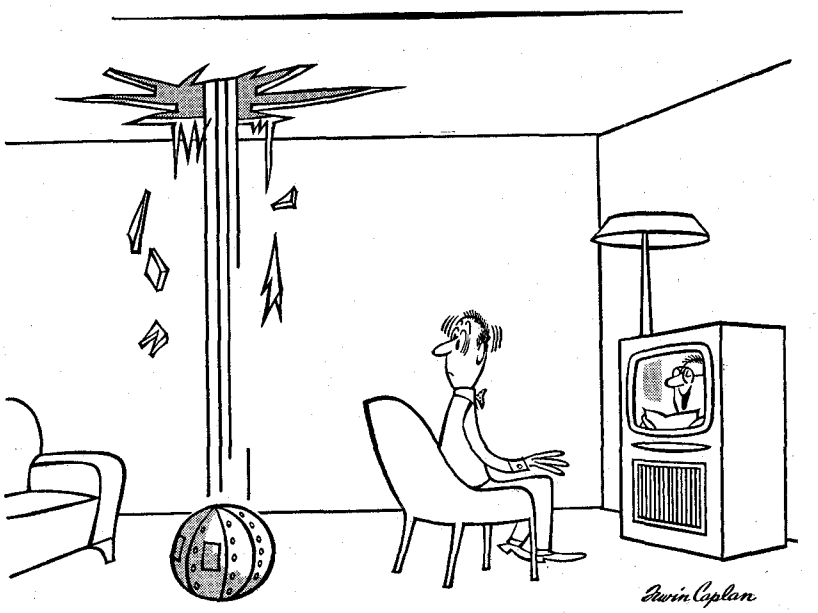
Roz is fond of saying, "Sometimes I think I should have a nervous breakdown—think of the energy you could put into that kind of a performance!" Only a few people know that she had a six-year illness that nearly culminated in just such a state.

In 1944, Roz got up one morning and collapsed on the bedroom floor. A doctor diagnosed her trouble as an overactive thyroid. Soon afterward he died, and for a year Roz refused to consult another physician. Brisson smuggled in a doctor of his own, and Roz reluctantly submitted to his examination. He found her condition had reversed: an underactive thyroid, traceable to the birth of her son, Lance, back in 1943. Within two weeks—after six years of illness—Roz was herself again.

After her marriage and her seventeenth M-G-M picture, Roz refused a platinum-edged contract—$7500 a week, fifty-two weeks a year, for seven years. She preferred to go free-lancing with Brisson, and did very well. Her income more than tripled, her prestige zoomed, and she had freedom to return to the stage.

Anyone who asks Roz what her future holds is likely to get a pat answer, a quote from her favorite person, the late Sister Kenny: "I want to live every moment of my life—but not one second longer than God wants me to."

The stage and its audiences remain her love, but Roz does not think badly of Hollywood. Says she: "Sometimes I think the place is crawling with lunatics and cheats—but then, it doesn't owe me a thing. It gave me a good time and a fine income. The only role I never could get was an innocent one. I'm as innocent as the next one, but I have the kind of face that looks as if I should know." THE END



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The Golden Journey (Continued from Page 21)

hospital in Vienna, a young woman, married only a few months. She had had a bad accident. Gradually she recovered, except that her legs were paralyzed. I did all I knew, to no avail. She went home, as we believed, never to walk again."

Kirkland was scarcely breathing. "Yes?" he prompted as the other hesitated.

The great doctor spoke with more difficulty. "Later her husband reported to me that she was going to have a child. It was born in our hospital. I was in close touch with the case. While she was in desperate labor she stood up, quite unconscious that she was doing so, and walked across the room with the nurse's help. Some subtle nerve block in the brain had apparently been released. Afterward her legs functioned normally."

Doctor Hertzog moved toward Kirkland and caught him by the shoulders.

"I was somehow constrained to tell you this, but I must insist that you accept it, as I said before, as an unrelated fact. Even if your daughter were now married, even if she sometime were to have a child, there would be no slightest reason to expect a similar result. In these so delicate nerve injuries each is different from every other. You understand, do you not?"

Kirkland's voice was harsh in its intensity. "I must get this straight. I must be completely clear. Please answer my questions. Was the condition of this other girl similar in your opinion to that of my daughter?"

"Outwardly, as far as one could judge, I should say, yes, but only outwardly. I must insist ——"

"All right, let us go on from there. After the birth of her child that young woman regained the use of her legs?"

"That is so."

"Beyond those two facts you will say nothing?"

"I will not," said the doctor, "because I dare not. And I pray forgiveness for saying what I have."

Kirkland held out his hand. "Thank you," he said.

The two men looked deeply into each other's eyes for a long moment; then, with no further word spoken, Doctor Hertzog hurriedly took his leave and James Kirkland walked back toward the stairs.

He stood, looking up at their fragile, curving beauty. When he and Alice, his wife, had planned the house twenty years before, the stairway had been her dearest wish.

"I want to see Anne coming down it one day in her wedding gown!" she had said. "So it must be the most beautifully ethereal staircase in the world!"

A surge of bitterness like a relentless, overwhelming physical wave of the sea beat upon him as he bowed his head against the carved newel. Alice was dead. And Anne —— He straightened, at last, pulled himself together with a hard effort, and started up. Even though she knew the truth, he must get to her without more delay. As to the last, incredibly strange conversation with Doctor Hertzog, he must keep that to himself, to gnaw, to tear at alone later in his own heart.

Lots of girls feel that if you can't take men as they come, someone else will.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

Anne's room was on the second floor at the back of the house, where, even though the city surrounded it, there had always been a garden. She was sitting beside the window now, and looked up as her father entered, shaking back her hair and forcing a smile.

"Jimmy," she began, "you needn't tell me. I know already, and I wasn't surprised. I really didn't have the confidence you did in the outcome. Oh, I admit I had a tiny bit of hope"—she was controlling her voice well—"but not much. So ——"

Kirkland lifted her face in his hand and kissed it. "Mouchie, we understand each other, don't we?"

Her smile faded. "Yes."

"Then we'll—manage." In spite of himself, his voice caught on the last syllable.

She looked up at him, her beautiful eyes sad beyond words. "I feel almost worse for you than I do for myself. Try not to—not to —— Does Gran know?"

"Not yet. Would you rather I called her?"

"Yes, if you will." She sighed. "You know all the details." Then she spoke again quickly. "Listen, Jimmy, why don't you go over and have dinner with Gran? That will make it better for her. You can both talk freely then. And really—it's better for us to be apart tonight."

"You may be right," he agreed heavily, "but I hate to leave you."

"It'll be a relief," she said, trying to make her voice natural. "We're not good for each other right now. Tomorrow we'll both have our second wind."

"But what will you do? Oh, I can't leave you alone, that's all there is to it."

"I won't be alone later. I'll round up three of the girls who aren't doing anything

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and we'll play cutthroat bridge down in the library afterward. We'll probably still be at it when you get back. No, go, Jimmy, please. This is the way I want it."

He kissed her again tenderly. "There's a meeting I ought to be at later."

"Wonderful. Now you're all set. Give my love to Gran and tell her I've decided to be a poet. We considered art last week, but paints are too messy. Now, writing is nice, clean work, and from a lot of the stuff I read, I think a child could do it."

Her banter stopped abruptly. "Make up a good story for Gran, won't you, Jimmy? She'll be pretty hard hit. She somehow expected a miracle from Doctor Hertzog—like you. Can you hold her up, do you think, when you're with her?"

"You know Gran. It will probably be the other way round, but I'll do my best."

"Stout fella!"

She waved him out of the room, smiling again until the door was closed. Then she picked up the house phone beside her and called her nurse in her room down the hall.

"Davy, I want to rest until seven and then have a perfectly fabulous dinner up here. Just tell Perth to let herself go on it. And could you call up some of the girls, and ask three for bridge tonight? Any three you can get."

There was a hesitant question over the wire.

"Yes, we have the report, Davy. It's no dice. I just want to be alone for a little to pick up the pieces. You understand? I'll be all right. I won't need you till seven; and thanks, Davy."

She set down the phone carefully and leaned back in the tall chair. Then slowly the tears began. She made no effort to stanch them. They rolled down the white, saddened cheeks while great shuddering breaths came faster and faster. They were the stillborn sobs of quiet and utter despair.

Kirkland rang the bell at his mother-in-law's apartment at a quarter to seven, feeling the same mixture of pain and eagerness he always experienced as he approached her presence. Both emotions were caused by the fact that Mrs. Catherby, even at eighty, had the unconscious power of calling up her daughter's presence. In a dozen small ways: in their physical attitudes, their voices, their opinions, in their laughter, mother and daughter had closely resembled each other. She looked up now, the fine, beautiful bones of her face sharpened and drawn with anxiety.

"Jimmy! Tell me at once! Don't spare me! I knew from your voice on the phone that the news is not good. It's not—hopeless?"

Kirkland nodded.

She gave a small moan and her face went white.

"Somehow I felt that this man, this doctor, would know just what to do. Tell me exactly to the letter what he said, if you can remember."

"Remember? I wish I could forget." He repeated Doctor Hertzog's diagnosis, and they both sat silent.

"I was to cheer you up," Kirkland said at last with a grim smile. "Anne's idea." Then, in a rush, the words burst from him, "If I were a man of moderate means I honestly believe I could bear this better. It's the thought of all the money, useless, useless, that drives me mad. It didn't save Alice. Now, it can't save Anne." He got up and strode back and forth, his emanation of strength filling the room. "And it's not only the money. I've got power too. I go to a meeting from here where we'll decide on the next candidate for governor. I will decide. My word will settle it. I'm boss of this state. And what good is it?" He all but shouted the words. "What good is any of it to me now? Nothing but a bitterness!"

Suddenly he stopped short of his pacing, his head raised, his whole attitude dynamic.

"Unless ——" His voice dropped. "Unless ——"

Mrs. Catherby was still working with her hands. "Don't, Jimmy!" she said earnestly. "Don't torture yourself."

Dinner was announced and he helped her in to the table. They talked then of indifferent matters until Mrs. Catherby looked at him searchingly.

"Jimmy," she said, "there's something you're not telling me. Your mind's off a mile away. Is it politics now?"

"I guess you'd call it that," he said. "My mind works in devious ways. But no matter what I seem to be thinking about, it's always Anne, underneath."

Back in the living room they spoke little. Kirkland resumed his pacing the floor, stopping occasionally, hands in pockets, to stare out the window at the lights of the city. Mrs. Catherby, knowing his moods, knitted quietly. All at once he went to the hall, seized the telephone and dialed a number.

"Arno?" he questioned. "This is Kirkland. I can't be there tonight. . . . I know. I'm sorry, but it's impossible." The words were curt and final. "Can you get the boys together for Friday instead? . . . All right. Things going O.K.? Listen, Arno. What do you know about young Devereux? . . . I mean personal, professional, everything. . . . You can? Fine. Call me at home tonight between nine and ten. . . . Good. Thanks, Arno."

He hung up, sat still, thinking deeply for a moment, then went back to his mother-in-law and, with one of his rare caresses to her, bent and kissed her forehead.

"I must go, Ellie. Thanks for everything. Sorry I've not been a brighter guest, but

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you've done me good—maybe more than meets the eye."

"I'm glad you came," she said simply. "Just tell Anne I sent my love. She'll know the rest."

She waved him off, smiling, fighting back the tears.

Kirkland got into his car and drove home more slowly than was his wont. This very night he must face the startling thought that had come to him in Ellie's quiet living room, come with the force of an exploding bomb and torn through his mind with a flash of incredible potential. This very night he would settle the matter with himself, at least.

Once in the hall at home he was greeted by a burst of laughter, and then silence. He walked down to the library and stood at the door unobserved. The room looked brighter now than it had even in the afternoon sun when he and Doctor Hertzog had stood here together; for a fire crackled gaily on the hearth and great bowls of yellow daffodils stood about. In the center, four young girls sat at a card table, intent upon their game. Anne's chair—one of the many he had had made for her—was just like the others, above the table at least.

She looked up now suddenly and called out to him, "Quiet, Jimmy. I've bid six spades doubled and I think I'm going to make them!"

"Go ahead. I'm not going to bother you. Just looked in. Gran sent her love," he added.

The others greeted him with varying degrees of familiarity and Anne blew him a kiss. He nodded to Miss Davis, sitting unobtrusively with her knitting in a far corner of the room. It was well. Davy would look after everything. He had been wise to comb both America and Britain to find her. Nurse, companion, friend—just what Anne needed. He would go on now to his own study across the hall and not see Anne again that night. It was better so.

Once in the study, he closed the door and sat down at his desk, where a light was always kept burning for his return. With the intensity of concentration of which he was capable, he now set himself to review his thinking of the last few hours. The greatest, most important decision of his life must be made without delay.

The money was useless. Even he, ruthless and unscrupulous as he was in its use, had been at once bitterly aware of that. But the thought that had struck him with violence at Ellie's was that he held in his hands another negotiable asset; less sordid, less crass, more fluid, more compelling to the right person even than money. And simultaneously with the thought there had appeared in his mind the face of a young man, strong even as his own, with keen gray eyes and determined chin. It was Paul Devereux, who was looking up at the ladder whose heights Kirkland himself controlled.

Sentence by sentence—graven as they were upon his brain—he went over again, now, the last conversation with Hertzog. The anguish of mortal uncertainty lay upon each word. And yet that faint, evanescent possibility, too dim to be called even a hope, in connection with Anne must not be disregarded; must not even be postponed.

When the call came at nine-thirty, he was ready. He thought, as he answered, that Arno never failed him. Kirkland, with his usual unerring eye for ability, had picked him up as a grubby messenger boy fifteen years before, and had made him into his own right hand. Arno had now become not only the peerless secretary but even adviser in political matters, for by this time he was wise in the ways of the *haut monde* as well as the gutter.

"Chief?"

"Go ahead, Arno."

"Well, I went through the files on the precinct workers and here's what I have on young Devereux. Lawyer with the firm of Hartwell and Harvey; thirty, unmarried, lives at a rooming house on the North Side. And I might add, just on my own opinion, ambitious as the devil. That's all at the moment."

"O.K. Get in touch with him the first thing in the morning and ask him if he'll have lunch with me at the Down-Town Club at one, and be prepared to spend an hour afterward with me in my office. If he can't make it tomorrow, then the next day."

"I rather think he'll be able to make it," Arno drawled. "And I believe you've got a right hunch, chief, about that young fellah. I've been watching him myself."

"You have? Well, thanks, Arno. Good night."

Kirkland sat looking into space, avoiding the eyes of the two pictures which stood upon his desk. Nothing—nothing could be predicted until after their talk. There were plenty of general matters he could discuss if he didn't like the young fellow at close range. If he did ——

It was very late, and the house was quiet when he rose, put out the light and left the room. He walked past the elevator concealed in the paneling, which always smote his heart with a physical pain by its tragic significance. He went on slowly to the staircase, and there he stopped, as though the decision were all to be made anew.

An alien fear settled upon him, a weakness that drained his very members. His head sank on his breast, his hand clutched for the newel, as the tortured words beat within his brain, *Who am I to do this thing? I am not God.*

When he looked up at last, he saw the curving steps where Anne's feet had been used to go so lightly, so fleetly up and down. His lips, though white, became once more firm and implacable.

"But I am her father," he said aloud.

Kirkland slept late, after a restless night, but when he reached the office, his usual confidence was taking possession of him. He felt more secure at his desk here than in his study at home. He rang for Arno and the man was instantly beside him.

He was of medium height with an extraordinary breadth of shoulders. Anne's onetime laughing comment, "There, but for the grace of you, dad, goes a gangster of the first water," seemed borne out by the heavy features and the sharp, enigmatic black eyes.

"Well, chief," he began now, as Kirkland leafed through the letters before him, "I got young Devereux this morning on the phone. It was like I thought. He jumped at the chance of lunch with you. What's on your mind about him?"

"Oh, just want to size him up a little. Material for something, maybe, sometime."

Arno watched the older man worshipfully. "Yeah, when you pick 'em you really pick 'em. I fixed the meeting up for Friday night at Barny's too. O.K.?"

Kirkland nodded. "I haven't too much time before lunch. Better send Miss Sayles in and I'll get at this mail."

"And—Miss Anne?"

Kirkland shook his head. "Nothing," he said. "Doctor Hertzog has gone. I can't talk about it."

Arno went out without a word, and in a moment Miss Sayles, tailored, efficient, inscrutable and not so young, entered.

She took his dictation now with amazing speed. When the first stack of letters was finished, he turned to another group, his brows contracting. The coal business he knew thoroughly. Now, at sixty, his own works stretched up for miles along the valley and the hills beyond the city. The coal business, then, held for him no surprises, and at this point relatively few problems except the normal ones of administration. It was the other great interest that had curiously overtaken him along the way, which now gave to him the compelling zest of the eternally devious and challenging.

He picked up a letter and stared through Miss Sayles and beyond before he began, more slowly, to give the name and address. He went on:

My dear Senator: As it looks now, we will be able to nominate Halsey for governor. I am quite confident he can be elected if the Barker interests don't get the upper hand. I count upon you to use all the influence you can muster to prevent that. Needless to say, our organization here is doing its utmost. Halsey still seems to me the best man. His record will (Continued on Page 84)

"Oh, Jack, you're so strong and handsome."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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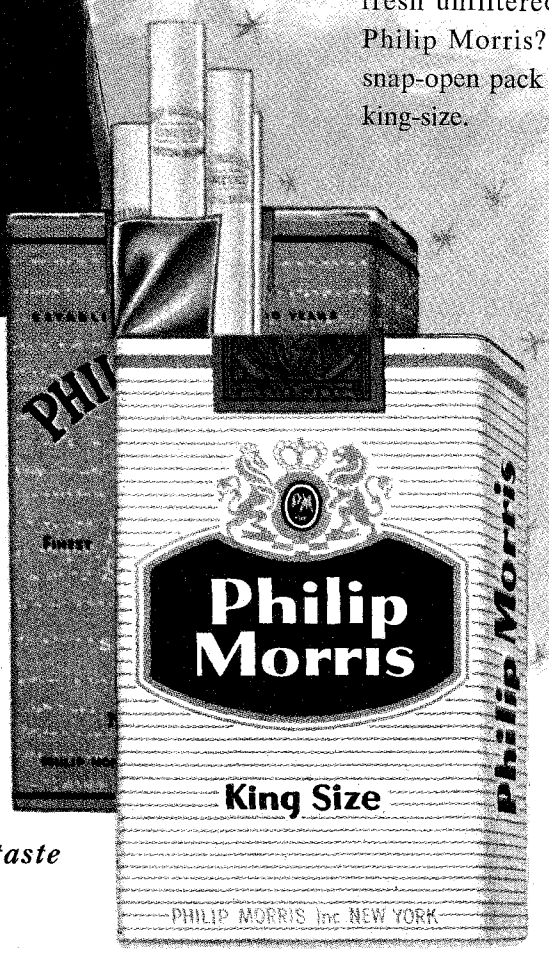

You'll see both these packages for a while . . . until the change-over is complete.

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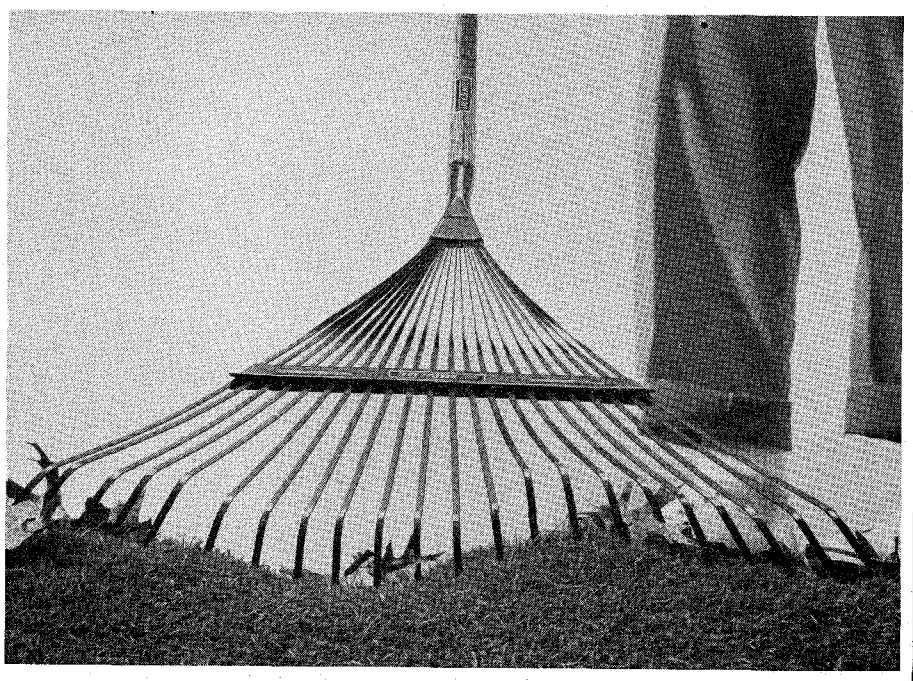

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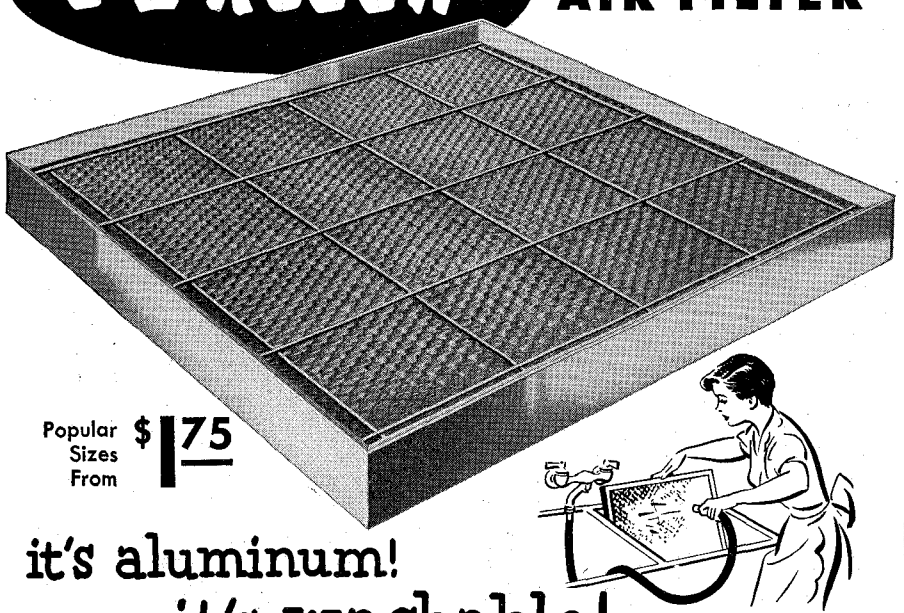

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(Continued from Page 82)

sound good, he's proved himself a strong campaigner, he has popular appeal, and yet will be open to—shall we say suggestion—as he goes along. I'm glad you concur with all this. I will be happy to receive any suggestions you may have. I can even make it convenient to take a trip to the capitol if a conference seems advisable at this point.

Very truly yours.

"Mark the envelope 'Personal,' Miss Sayles."

It was nearing one and the nervousness he had felt at breakfast was now again gripping him hard. He dismissed Sayles, pulled himself together and prepared to start out.

"I've ordered a table for you, chief," Arno said, coming in again. "Place gets pretty crowded about this time."

"I wonder if I'll know Devereux? I've never talked to him, except in a group. All at once I can't remember him too clearly."

Arno looked at his boss keenly. This last remark was out of character. The chief remembered everybody he wanted to remember after a single meeting. Could recall them years after. What had hit him now about young Devereux?

"Oh, you couldn't miss him," he said carelessly. "Tall, brown hair, pretty neat dresser. Anyway, he'll know you for sure."

"When we get back here I do not want any interruptions of any nature," Kirkland said. "That goes for you, too, Arno."

Once again, Arno's black eyes looked puzzled. "O.K., chief. I'll see to it."

Once at the club, Kirkland had no difficulty in locating his guest. The young man was already in the lobby, watching the door. He came forward eagerly and Kirkland had a swift, pleasurable impression. Devereux was tall, as Arno had said, with a slender face, brown hair, gray eyes and a strong cleft chin.

"Mr. Kirkland! This is a pleasure."

Good smile he's got, the older man was thinking.

"Ah, Devereux! Nice of you to join me today. Wait till I get rid of this hat."

The headwaiter was obsequious. "Mr. Kirkland! This way, please. We kept a quiet spot for you—here in the alcove."

They sat down at the table in a tall bay window which looked off to the river and the hills beyond.

"Cocktail, Devereux?"

"No, thanks. Not at lunch, if you don't mind, sir."

"Good! Never do myself, then, unless I have to. Makes me fuzzy somehow for the afternoon. Well, find something you like. I'll start with soup. . . . Any kind so long as it's good and hot, Wilson," he added to the waiter.

"I'll join you with that."

They finished ordering in that light accord which comes of congenial tastes in food, and then, as was his custom, Kirkland started directly, almost brusquely, upon his questioning. "So, Devereux, I am to assume you're interested in politics, eh?"

"Yes, sir," the young man replied levelly. "I am."

"Why?"

After the sharp monosyllable, they sat looking at each other as though taking measure. Devereux's gray eyes grew cold and keen. Kirkland stared back at him with the penetration and intensity of years of experience showing under the half-closed lids.

"Why?" he repeated.

"I suppose you want the truth?"

"Naturally."

"I think," Devereux said slowly, "that there is a direct relation between ego and a certain kind of ambition. There are men who want quiet, even-tenored lives. They do not want to be bothered by any interests outside their work and their families. There are others who crave power. They want a part in manipulating men and events to their will. I am one of the latter."

"And you think this is—ego?"

"Well, I've come to believe that the man who is ambitious for power usually thinks rather highly of himself. If he doesn't, he'll never get anywhere. You see, I'm being honest."

For a minute there was silence. Then Kirkland shot another question, "You're not married?"

"No, sir."

"Are your affections engaged in any way?"

The young man smiled even as a faint reserve crept into his voice. "No, not at present."

"All right! You'll understand later I wasn't prying. Have you a political goal already set for yourself?"

"Yes. I would like someday to be governor of this state."

"Why stop there?"

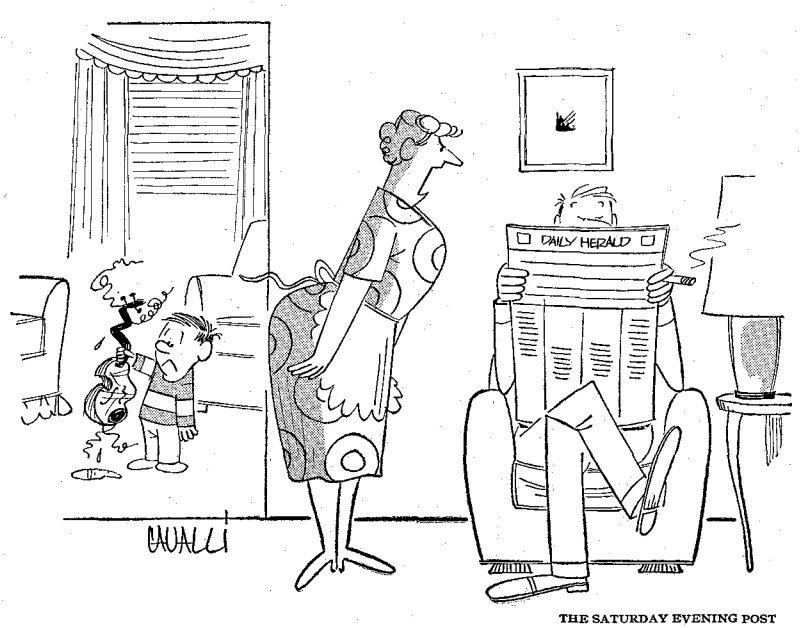
They both laughed a little.

"The ultimate always beckons, but, after all, there must be milestones on every journey!" Devereux replied.

Kirkland suddenly looked immensely gratified. For long years he had been accustomed to sizing men up almost at sight with an uncanny accuracy.

"I like your straightforwardness and your honesty. I like your whole getup, young man. Well, let's get on with our lunch and

(Continued on Page 87)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Did you tell him he could get a sweeter tone out of his violin by soaking it in hot water for three weeks?"

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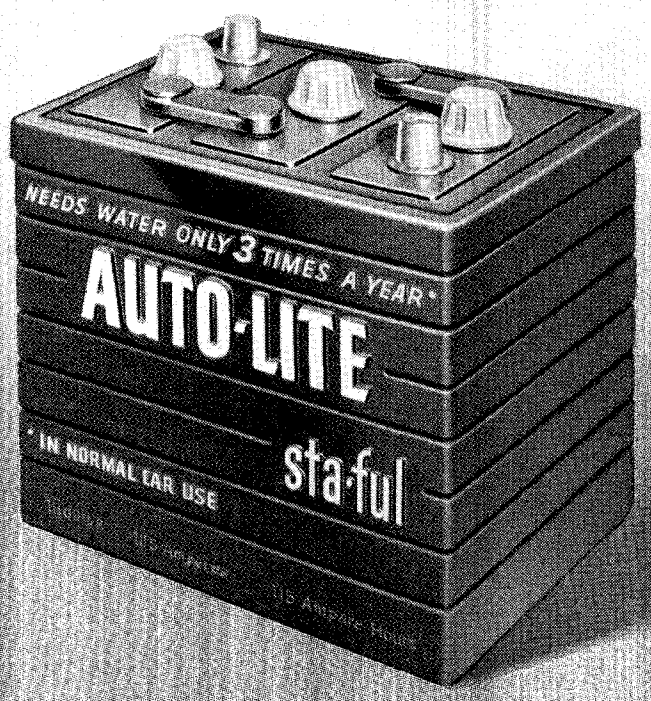

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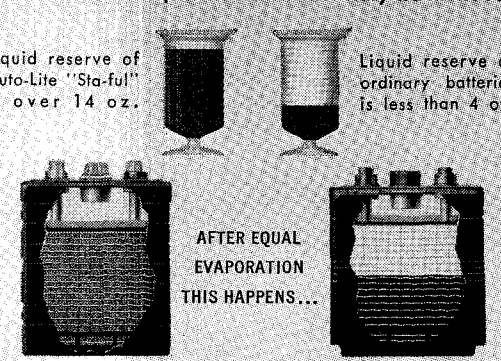

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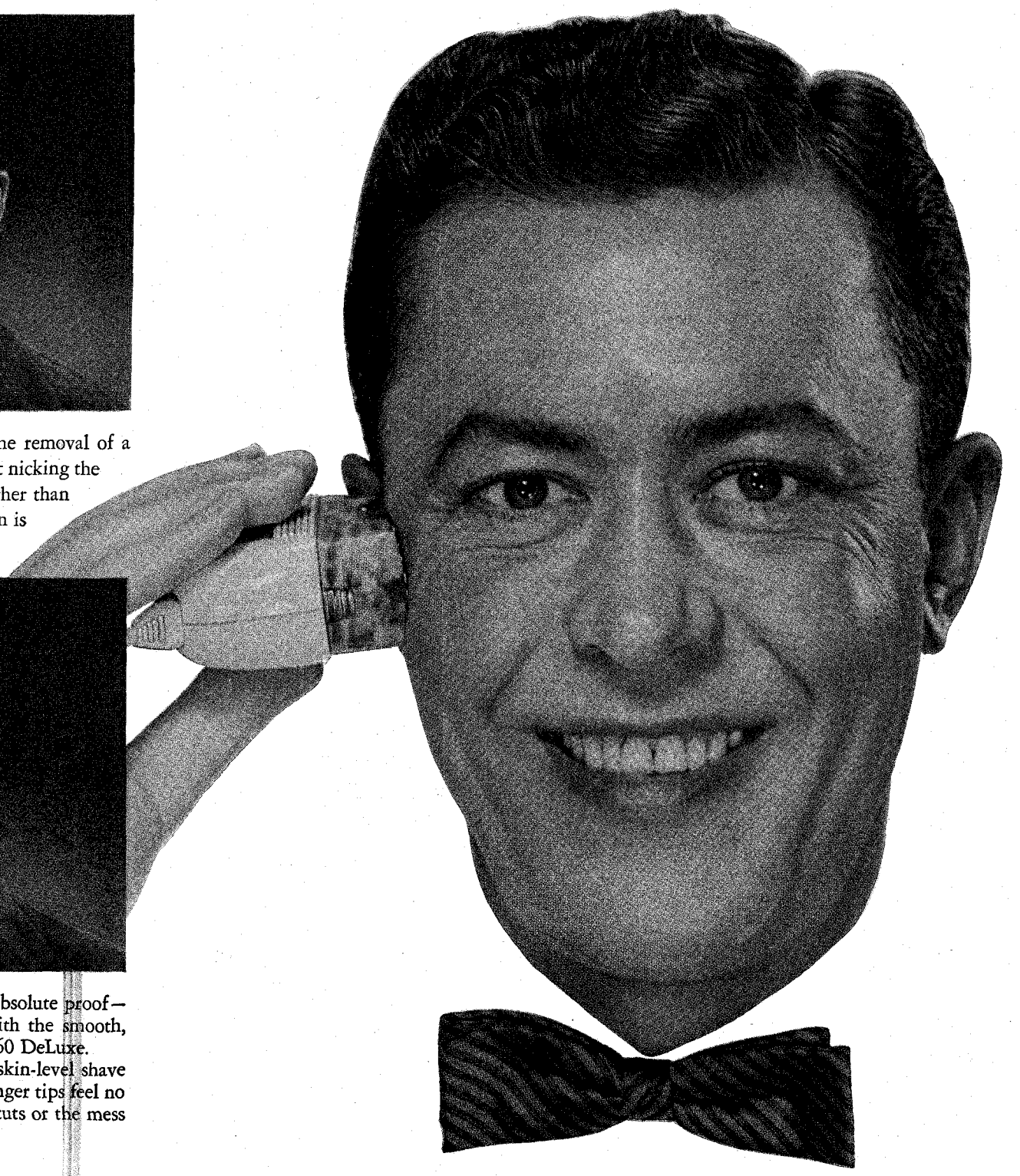

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(Continued from Page 84) then go back to my office. I want to talk to you privately."

For the rest of the meal he spoke with almost a lightness of spirit about other things, coming back occasionally to the personal.

"By the way, where do you hail from? City-bred?"

Devereux shook his head. "No, I come of country stock. Northwestern end of the state. On my paternal side they were practically all farmers. On my mother's there were some professional men, but I'm country-born myself."

"Um-h'm. A rural background never did a politician any harm. Well, if you're finished, let's get going."

... ...

October

By Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

Earth is an old woman
sitting in the sun,
Hands folded quietly, their
labors done,
After seed and harvest,
before the winter's rack,
When sun is a thin, gold
scarf on her back.

Resting and musing while
ripe hours hold,
Spreading wide her calicoes,
fold on fold,
Easing into silence, and
snow beyond the hill—
A calm old woman, come
what will.

... ...

Once in the office, with the doors closed and the telephone off the hook, Kirkland motioned Devereux to sit down, then took his own place and plunged at once, with heedless disregard of the weight in his breast, into speech.

"You must have wondered why I got in touch with you today when I hardly know you. You will be more surprised when you learn the truth. For I am going to make you a proposition which I hope with all my soul you will agree to." He paused. "I have made some strange deals in my time, but this is by far the strangest."

He reached for the photograph on the desk and turned it to face the young man.

"My daughter," he said.

An instant feeling of approval crossed Kirkland's troubled mind. Devereux inclined his head slightly as though acknowledging an introduction, but made no comment. Instead, a look of withdrawal, of dignified wariness passed over his face. Kirkland liked this. The man then had independence and integrity of spirit. A small or cheap man would have given some sign of gratification as he leaped to a rather obvious conclusion.

"My only child," Kirkland went on. "She is twenty-two. Wellesley, last year with a *Magna Cum*. Eight months ago she was in an automobile accident. She has not walked since. She may never walk—again." He swallowed slowly. "I have just had a European specialist over to confer. He gave no hope. None of the doctors do; though they can find no actual cause for the paralysis. They are all convinced that it is not caused by nervous shock or hysteria, and yet there is just one chance in a million that it may be."

He told him then, averting his eyes, of Doctor Hertzog's last conversation with him; then the air about them grew suddenly heavy with suspense.

"What I am about to propose to you is this: if you can succeed in winning my daughter's interest to the extent of her being willing to marry you, if you will become her husband for a period of—say, three years, I will support you in your political career to the fullest extent of my ability. I suppose you know what that is."

Paul Devereux looked like a man who had received a blow full on the face. The color had left it, so that the prominent cheekbones seemed apparent through the skin. His lips above the long cleft chin were drawn in as though from pain and his eyes were narrowed and strained.

"Why the three years?" he asked huskily.

Kirkland leaned forward. "Because I consider it only fair that if after that period of marriage nothing has happened to change her condition, you should be free. I could have a paper drawn up and signed by us both that this was our sworn agreement."

"And she—your daughter—would she also sign it?"

Kirkland leaped from his chair. "Good God, man, have I omitted the *sine qua non* of the whole thing? My daughter must never, by word or look from you, know the truth! She must be made to feel you are in love with her. If she doubted you, there would be no marriage. Can't you see that? You must court her as any man would court a young woman, try to win her affection, go through with it on that basis. It's the only way it can be done."

"And then"—Devereux moistened his lips—"after conceivably getting her to care for me, I would be free to leave her in three years' time, regardless of her feelings?"

It was Kirkland's turn to pale. The anguish on his face was hard to witness. When he answered, his voice was harsh with the stress of his pain.

"I have thought of everything. Last night I lived through every possible situation that might arise. I still feel I must take this chance if you will agree to it."

Devereux's answer was immediate and decisive. "I am sorry, Mr. Kirkland, but I cannot undertake to do what you ask."

Kirkland sat very still for a full minute. Then he spoke again. "It is hard for me to lay bare my soul to you. It is not easy for me to plead with anyone. I have never done it before in my life. But now I beg, I plead with you to do one thing. Come to my home, meet Anne, and then, after that, take time to consider. Think over carefully the advantages to yourself. No one can be sure of anything in this world, least of all in politics. But I am in a position to do more to advance you than any other man in the state."

As the young man before him started to speak, Kirkland stopped him.

"Will you do this one thing, which, of course, carries no obligation whatsoever? Come to dinner once at my home. Will you do that much for me?"

"Of—of course," Devereux stammered, plainly moved by Kirkland's appeal, "if you understand that I ——"

"I understand perfectly. Suppose we pretend none of this conversation has taken place. Suppose we begin at this present moment. Are you free tonight, Devereux? Could you dine with us?"

"Tonight?" His voice was amazed.

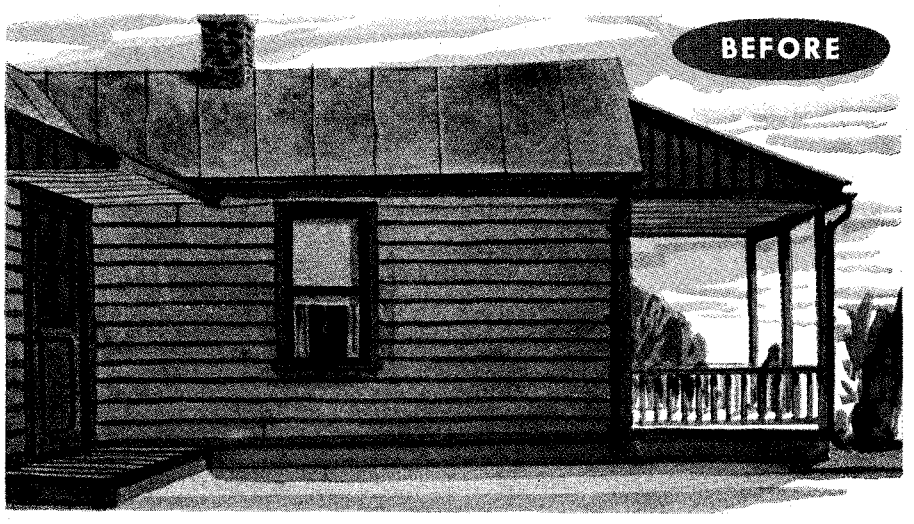
"Tonight at seven. Can you come?"

"Why—yes, I'm free. Yes, thank you, I can come." He still sounded dazed.

"Good. We'll see you then. I'll send the car for you. And, Devereux?"

"Yes?"

Kirkland stood before him, his features suddenly like iron. "Will you give me your word of honor that nothing that has been



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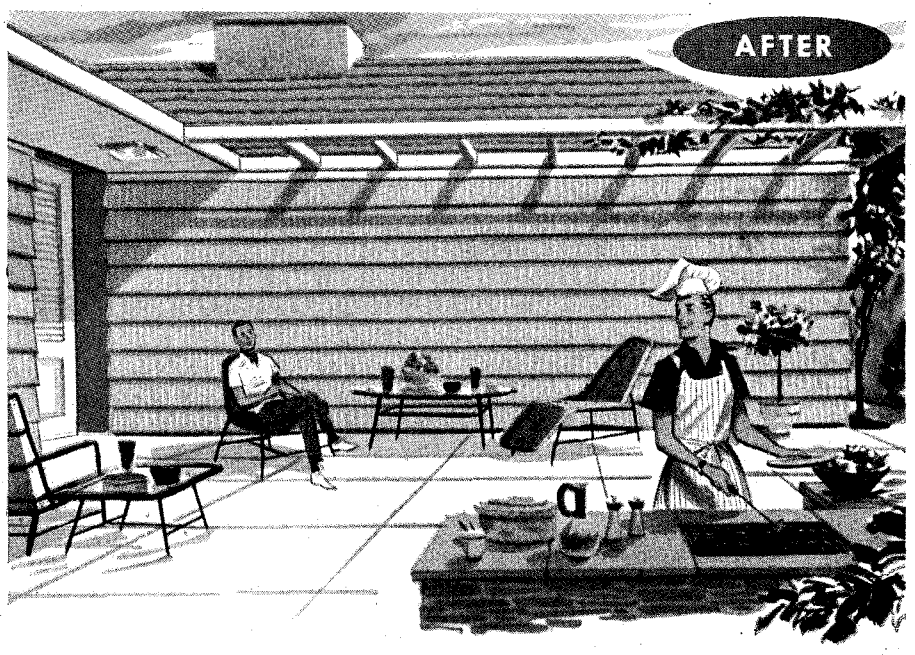

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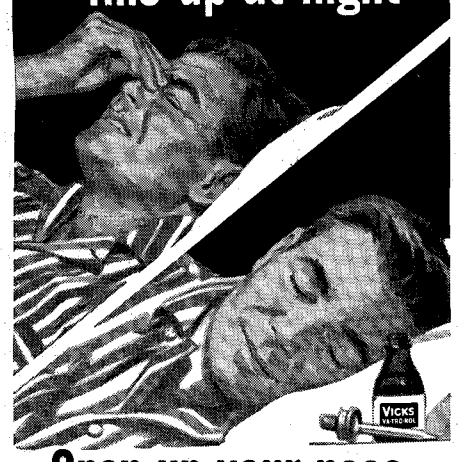

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spoken here today will ever be repeated by you to Anne? No matter what happens?"

Devereux's eyes met his in a straight line. "I can promise you that, sir, with all my heart."

"Swear it?"

Devereux raised his hand. "I swear it," he said.

As he was going out the door, Kirkland called after him, "Oh, by the way, black tie, if you don't mind. Anne doesn't have much chance to dress now!"

"Of course," Devereux answered, "I understand."

When he was gone, Kirkland picked up the phone and called his home. In a minute, Anne's voice came, light, buoyant, natural, "So you sneaked out on me this morning. Was that nice?"

"I thought you were asleep."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I was. I thought those girls never would leave last night. Well, how's the big outside world today?"

"So-so. I've asked a man to dinner tonight."

"What's his type? Roast beef or truffles?"

"Oh, I don't know. Anything. Do your hostess stuff tonight. None can do it better. And dress up."

"For the man? Is he so important?"

"For me. I like to look at you."

"Flatterer. All right, I'll give him the works, and you too." Suddenly her voice dropped its banter, "Jimmy?"

"Yes?"

"Come home early if you can. I haven't seen you in a long time." She hung up abruptly.

Kirkland wiped his eyes, rang for Arno and settled himself to work.

At two minutes to seven that evening Paul Devereux was deposited at the Kirkland home. He had never seen this section and before he rang he stood on the pillared portico, looking about him. He drew a long breath, partly from appreciation of the beauty, partly because of the nervous tension in his chest. He was embarrassed, he was puzzled, he was afraid. For, in spite of Kirkland's assurance, there was the danger that some obligation might attach to him because of this dinner.

Suddenly from the nearby maple came a sound that since his boyhood had stirred him with indefinable longing: it was the spring twilight note of a robin. He had not heard it for several years, but it had its old power to move him with an inner desire for a far, fulfilled bliss—a bliss which this evening might in some strange way threaten.

He stood listening, the weight of a portent falling upon him, and yet he could not now turn back. With a slow gesture he rang the bell.

The door opened at once and Hackett took his coat and hat.

"Mr. Kirkland is not down yet, sir," he said in a low voice, "but he told me to ask you to step along the hall to the library. Miss Anne is there, sir, and expects you. The last door back to the right."

There was no other way. He walked toward the room indicated, the deep velvet carpet swallowing up his footfalls. He tried to cough slightly, but his throat felt frozen and no sound came. Still the silence. He went on until he stood at the doorway itself. Here, rooted, he remained.

Sitting beside the fire was a young woman, her head supported by her hand, as she leaned on the arm of her chair, watching the flaming logs. Alone, as she felt herself to be, there was no conventional mask upon her face; instead, an unutterable sadness lay open upon her features, a still, subdued anguish of soul far, far beyond her years.

She wore a yellow gown that matched in color the daffodils and forsythia on table and desk, and rendered at once more vivid and more incredible the blond gold of her hair. The deep neckline and tight bodice of the dress showed the lovely young curves of her body; the skirt fell billowing around the chair. Her face, though now half averted, seemed to Paul the most beautiful he had ever seen.

Suddenly she drew her breath in a sigh as of irremediable grief. And as he heard it, Paul also seemed to hear again the note of the robin. Once more he felt the old inner longing, but now it had become a yearning over the girl sitting so near to him, but unconscious of his presence or even of his being. All his man's strength leaped within him in an urge to comfort her, protect her from her sorrow. Instinctively he moved back into the hall, startled by the force of his pity.

He looked anxiously toward the stairs, but there was still no sign of Kirkland. It came over him then that his reception was premeditated. His host had wanted him to see the girl before she saw him. If so, the plan had fulfilled itself. He realized, though, that he could not stand silently here much longer; he must go to meet her, and he knew that now the duty accorded with his own desire.

He spoke suddenly aloud, as though to Hackett, "This way? The room to the right? Thank you. I'll find it."

When he stood again in the doorway, the girl was sitting erect, her features set in a fixed smile which changed to a look of surprise as he went forward.

"I'm Paul Devereux. I hope you're expecting me. Mr. Kirkland asked me to dinner and I was told to come on in here."

"Of course, Mr. Devereux. We are expecting you." She reached her hand cordially. "It is only that you gave me a slight shock. You see, most of the guests my father brings home are his own contemporaries or at least on the very middle-aged side."

Paul smiled. "I'm afraid I'm not hoary either in head or wisdom, but I'm glad he made an exception of me."

"So am I. Do sit down. I'll ring for Hackett and get him to call father. He's probably taking a nap. He often does that before dinner."

"Why disturb him, then?" He moved to the sofa near her chair and sat down. "When I'm wakened suddenly I'm apt to be horribly cross. If he should react like that, he might change his mind and send me away."

They laughed together over the foolish words and, as they did so, Paul was acutely aware of a certain radiant quality in her face. There was, as she laughed, a brightness like dawn itself in her eyes. This, he thought, was the way she must have looked all the time before the accident.

"It's delightful to see a wood fire," he said aloud, somewhat at random. "So few people have them nowadays. I wonder why?"

"Because," Anne said promptly, "they think only of the warmth which they don't need with modern heating. They forget all the other things that go with an open fire. Cheerfulness, for instance, and companionship. Burning logs can carry on quite a conversation!"

"Oh, can't they, though! Have you ever heard apple wood talking? It's the most loquacious of all. You really can't get a word in edgeways."

They smiled at each other in the sudden delight of matching minds, then looked up as Kirkland entered the room.

"Good evening, Devereux. I see you and Anne have made each other's acquaintance. I told Hackett to show you in here if I wasn't down."

When the men were seated, Hackett appeared with a tray and a pleasant relaxation fell upon them in spite of undercurrents.

"This young fellah thinks he'd like a political career, Anne," Kirkland said a little later. "You might give him your views on the subject."

Anne made a small *moue*. "My sex inhibits my language, unfortunately. What I think of politics I can't say. Take Jimmy here. He was a nice, modest, sober businessman once, I'm told, with enough to do to run his coal mines, but he had to get mixed up in politics. Now he'd like to run the universe."

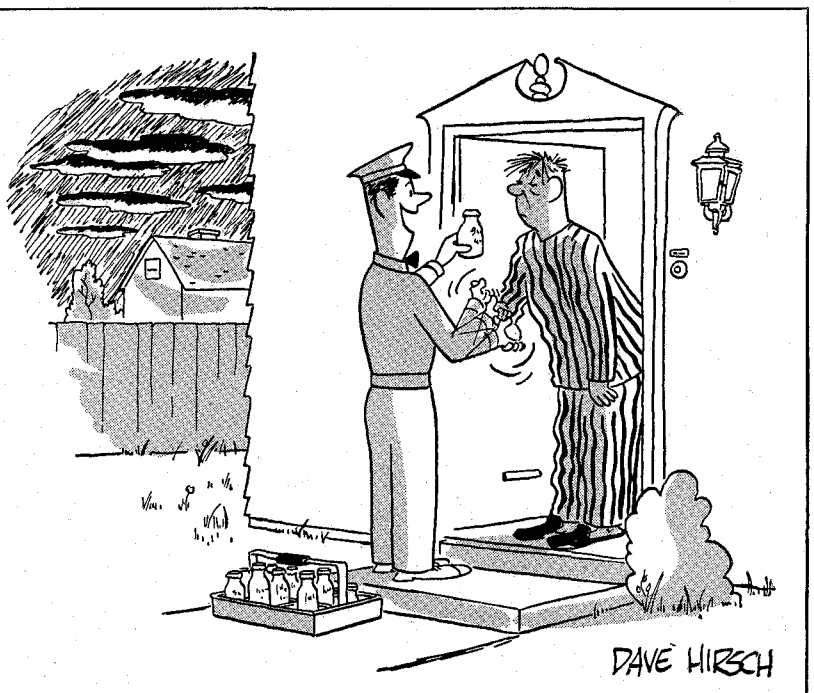
The men chuckled and Kirkland looked at her proudly.

"Now tell him the besides, Anne. That's when you always get the truth from a woman, Devereux."

"Well," the girl said, "besides, then, I get tired entertaining the kind of politician he brings home—the kind I supposed you were." She nodded to Paul. "Then, if it were only the mines he had on his mind, he could retire now and have some fun, instead of wearing himself out over who gets which office. It makes me very mad," she added. "So senseless!"

Paul threw back his head and laughed with relief. "I'll remember that besides. It's very illuminating. But we'll have to convince

(Continued on Page 91)



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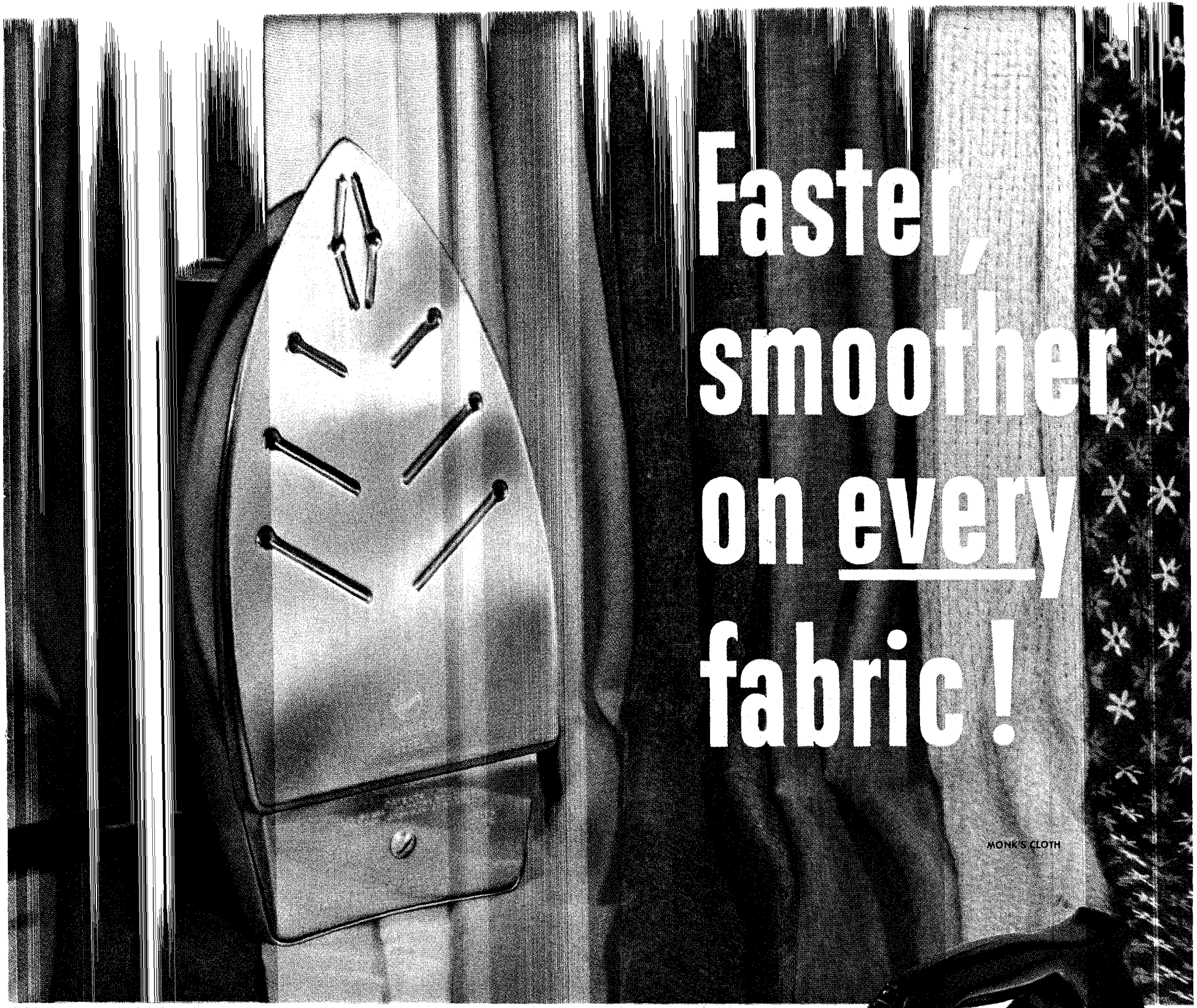

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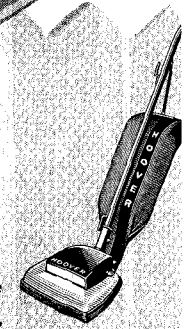

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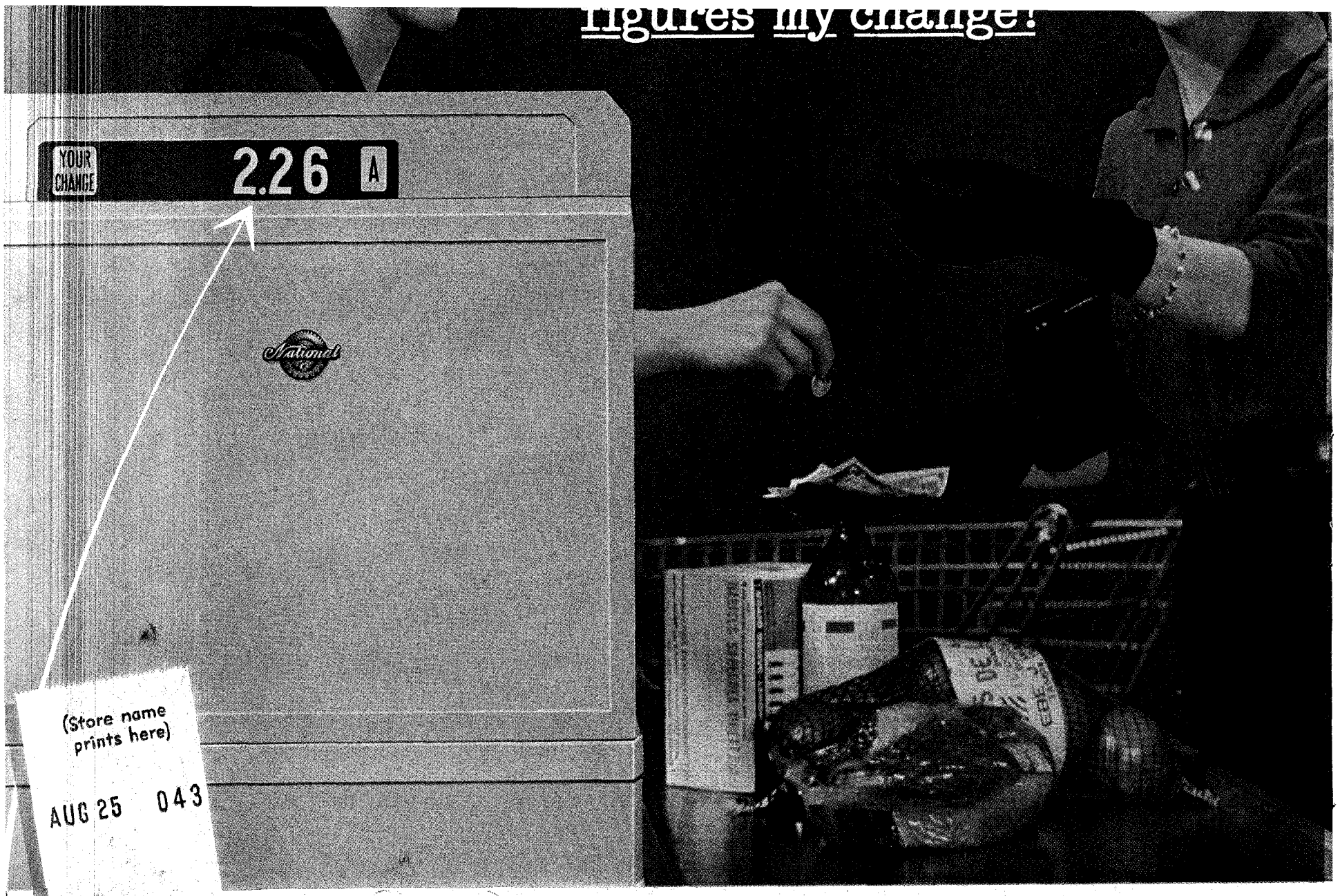

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(Continued from Page 88)

her yet, Mr. Kirkland, of the value of politics *per se*, won't we?"

Hackett announced dinner and there was a second of embarrassment as a quick shadow fell upon Anne's face. Kirkland started over toward her, but Paul, as he stood now, caught sight of the narrow bar on the back of the girl's chair and with a few steps was there before him, grasping it.

"Please let me," he said, beginning to move her gently. "This makes me think I'm a boy again. I knew a little girl back home who had a small red sleigh with a hand bar like this. I used to be proud as Punch when she'd let me push her."

Anne turned her head quickly and looked up at him. There was a mist in her eyes.

"You're sweet," she whispered huskily.

When they reached the dining-room doorway, Paul gave an involuntary exclamation of pleasure. Anne looked up quickly.

"You like it?"

"It's the loveliest room I've ever seen!" he answered with feeling.

"I'm glad you said that. You know, we rather judge people by their reaction to it. . . . Now, we can tell him all the story, can't we, Jimmy?"

Kirkland nodded; though, Paul thought, with some slight reluctance.

"It was like this," Anne went on eagerly as they took their places at the table: "My mother believed that it is at mealtime that a family is always united and perhaps, as children grow older, the only time they are. So she always said that the dining room was the heart of the home and should be the most beautiful room in it."

"She was right," Paul said. "Absolutely right."

"I think," Kirkland was saying, "that we should now give our guest some dinner, don't you, Anne?"

It became a gay meal, as far as Paul and Anne were concerned. It was as though they had both buried for the time being the disturbing secrets of their hearts and were rejoicing in the bright, transitory surface play of youth. Paul exerted himself to the utmost to be entertaining, and conversation became momentarily easier, touching upon a dozen themes. They laughed a great deal, too, trying always to draw Kirkland into the circle of their mirth. He, watching keenly, eating little because of his taut nerves, forced a smile now and then, but that was all. To himself, however, he kept repeating over and over: *They're getting on together. They're really getting on.*

When the leisurely dinner was finished, Paul again took possession of her chair as Hackett approached it.

"No, please let me. I like to."

The trip back to the library was made to seem almost natural by their light chatter.

When coffee was finished, Kirkland was called to the telephone. There was a decidedly obvious quality in the arrangement that followed, but Paul heard his words with no sense of panic.

"I find I have to spend a little time in the study," Kirkland announced nervously. "It's unfortunate just this evening, but some things have come up. Would you mind dropping in on me there later, Devereux? Just across the hall. No hurry, of course, but I would like to discuss a few matters with you. Maybe you young folks can find something to talk about meanwhile."

"I wouldn't be surprised," Paul answered, smiling, and then he and Anne were once more alone.

He put a fresh log on the fire, stirred it to new blaze, then dropped to the hearthrug.

"Do you mind if I sit here?" he asked. "I always used to at home. With the cat."

"The cat?" Anne echoed in surprise.

"Oh, yes, we always had one. Haven't you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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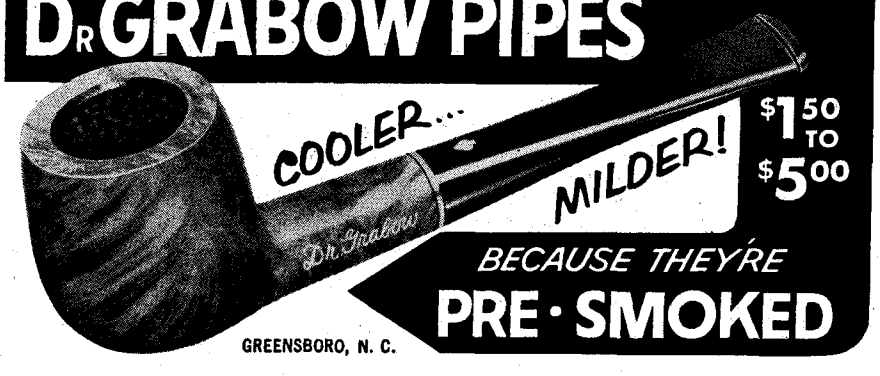

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Anne shook her head. "Never. I don't believe the thought of one ever entered anyone's head here."

"But wouldn't you like one? It would be a great pet for you. Sit on your knee while you read and ——"

"On my knee?"

The slight catch in her voice smote his heart, but he went on lightly. "Absolutely. You'd have to push it off when you tired of it. They like to be close to people. I'll tell you! Couldn't I send you a kitten? Instead of flowers, for instance," he asked, laughing.

She was looking at him with a peculiar intentness. "You are the strangest young man I've ever met," she said gently. "But I love your choice of a gift. I know it would give me a lot of pleasure."

"Good. I'll start hunting right away, for this must be a very superior feline. It may take a little time, though."

"I'll be looking forward to it and I'll name it for you. Let's see. . . . Oh, I know! Devvie, short for Devereux. How's that?"

"Fine, for if he gets to be a nuisance it could stand for 'devil' too."

They laughed again, as it was easy for them to do; then slowly drifted into reminiscences of their childhood—always a dangerous theme if the conversation is to remain impersonal. In swift flashes now they saw into each other's hearts.

"My parents are both gone. My father was quite an old bachelor when he married, and my mother wasn't young herself when I was born. We lived on a farm, but it wasn't a hardscrabble kind. I love the old place and I still own it, though it's probably not good business to keep it."

She told him of her little-girlhood and of her mother, bringing forth small memories to lay before him, at first hesitantly, then with assurance as she looked into the warmth of his eyes. The past of each lost its blankness for the other and became clear and living between them. They reviewed college days and the congeniality of certain courses. He told her of his present work in the law firm of Hartwell and Harvey, drawing an amusing but affectionate portrait of old Harrison Hartwell, the senior member.

"You would like Gran," she said impulsively. "And when she knows you are actually fond of poetry, she'll give you the accolade! That is her absolute diet. She's eighty, but she's wonderful. You really must meet her soon."

Her quick, eager voice suddenly dropped and a look of embarrassment came over her face. He divined the reason, spoke naturally in reply, and then went on talking to cover the small, painful break. As he did so, his heart felt again the sharp stab of pity which had struck him as he heard from the doorway her unconscious sigh. In addition, he was increasingly conscious of her beauty and of a certain rare sweetness of spirit. Just as he also realized that their minds met with an immediacy he had not experienced with any girl before.

"Oh, yes," he heard himself saying in answer to a question, "I have plenty of faults, heaven knows! All the evil passions man is heir to, I guess. Of course, I try to keep them caged, but I hear them growling sometimes."

"And ambition is one, isn't it? I mean the kind that never lets you rest, that is driving you headlong into politics, for instance?"

"You call that a fault?" His tone was quick and surprised.

"If it's too intense," she answered. "I've watched Jimmy." She stopped and looked into the fire for a moment; then went on slowly, "If a man is ambitious in order to accomplish some great good, he can't very well make a mistake. But if he only wants to play the big game in order to have his own way in moving the pawns—well, I'm not so sure."

He sat, quiet, watching her, considering how he might be honest with her and yet stand up for his own longing for power. The light that illumined her face when she laughed brightened now.

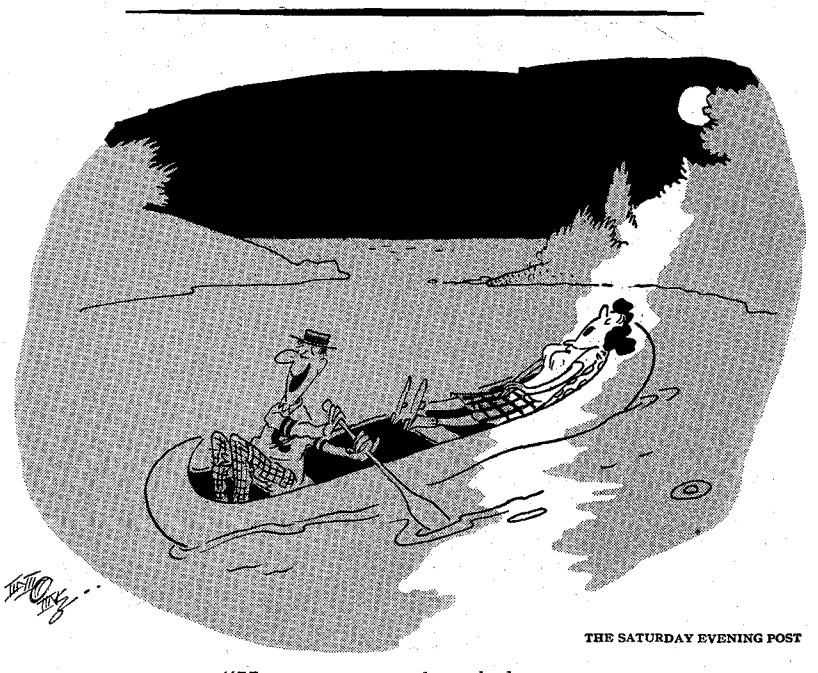
"That wasn't very polite of me. You did right not to answer. Maybe, as Gran says, all women are unconsciously a little jealous of men. They—the women, you know—are rather left behind when the men make their journeys to Samarkand."

"I'm afraid I don't recognize the allusion. Stupid of me."

"Oh, no! It's from a poem—a play rather—that isn't too familiar. It's Gran who often quotes from it. I remember a little of it, where the master of a caravan calls:

Open the gate, O watchman of the night!
THE WATCHMAN: Ho, travelers, I open. For what land
Leave you the dim-moon city of delight?
THE MERCHANTS: We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.
(*The caravan passes through the gate.*)
THE WATCHMAN (*consoling the women*): What would ye, ladies? It was ever thus.
Men are unwise and curiously planned.
A WOMAN: They have their dreams and do not think of us.

(Continued on Page 94)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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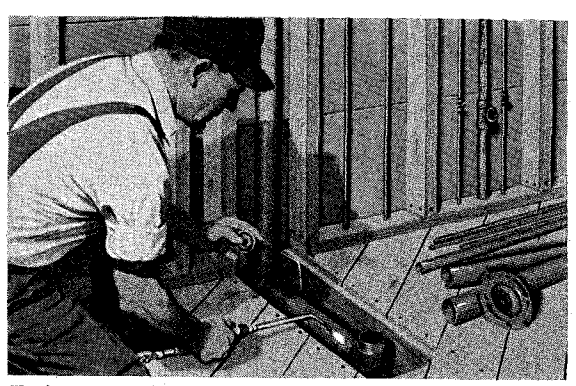

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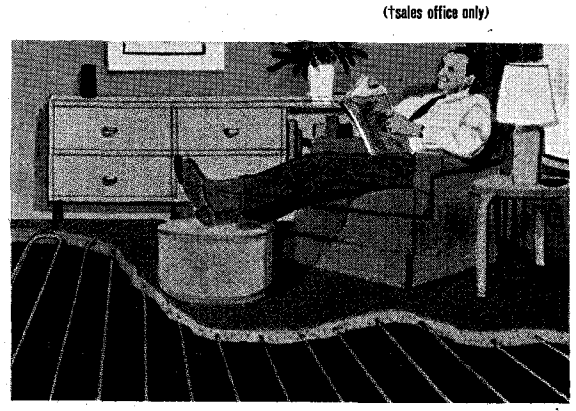

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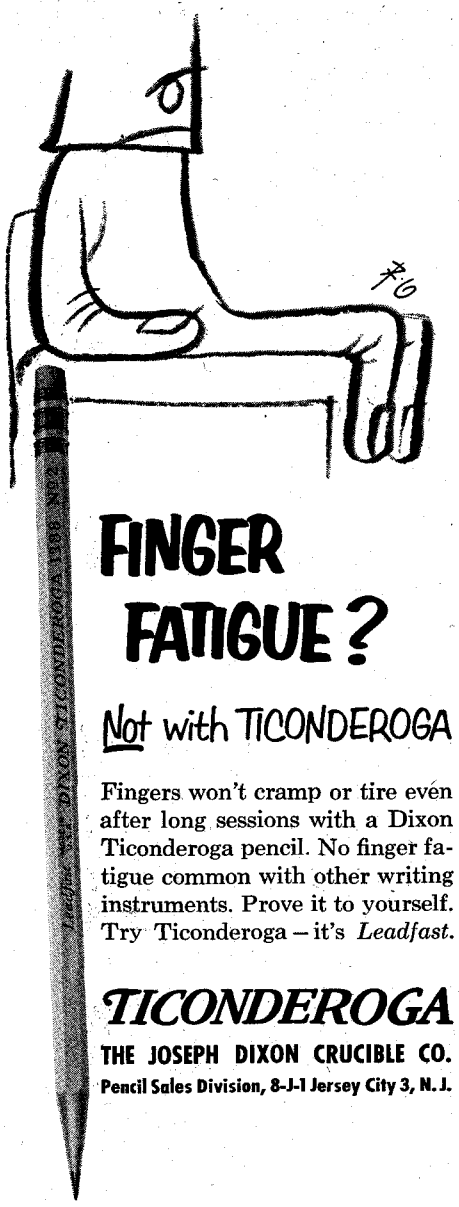

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(Continued from Page 92)

VOICES OF THE CARAVAN *(in the distance, singing):* We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand!

"I think Samarkand stands for the masculine goal—the big quest, you know, that the strong men, the ambitious ones, are always setting out upon." She made a light gesture. "Well, anyhow, good luck for the journey!"

He rose to his feet. "Thank you. I'll not forget that. I know it must be getting late, and I've promised to stop in your father's study. I've had a wonderful evening, Miss Kirkland—Anne. May I call again?"

For a second it was as though a stone had been hurled into a smooth and silent pool. The room seemed atremor with vibrations.

When Anne replied, however, her voice was controlled and natural, "Two weeks from tonight, perhaps?"

"Fine! I'll be here around eight-thirty, if that isn't too early. Well, good night, and thanks again for a delightful evening! Oh, and if a box should be delivered to you meanwhile, open it carefully. It won't be violets, you know!"

They parted on a laughing note.

He went out quickly and, as he had done earlier, stood still in the long, quiet hall. He looked slowly about him at the elegance of the massive furnishings; the carved chairs, the golden mirror, the paintings, the stairway that curved upward in white grace like an unsubstantial dream. Everything here represented wealth at its best. In the room he had just quitted was a girl whose attractiveness no one could question; in the study, to which he must soon go, was a man whose power, influence and tried experience could advance him in the career of his choice. Why should he hesitate? Why not accept this opportunity which fate had so strangely presented to him?

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood ——

Why not go with the tide, trust it, let it bear him on?

There was in him, as in Kirkland, a strong predilection for prompt decisions. So now, with a swift feeling of certitude, he walked toward the study and tapped lightly on the door.

Kirkland opened it, and then closed it at once and, as Paul had suspected, looked at him in haggard questioning.

"Mr. Kirkland," Paul said, "since meeting your daughter I have completely changed my mind in regard to the matter you discussed with me. I shall do all in my power to make her willing to marry me."

The older man stared, half incredulously, and then sank down upon a chair. "Thank God!" he said brokenly. "I had thought that as you came to know her you might reconsider and accept my plan, but I had not dared to hope for a favorable decision at once. My boy ——" He paused and wiped his eyes. "I can only promise that I will dedicate myself from this point on to advancing you in every way possible. I'm not sure I can talk any more tonight. I'm a little shaken. You must excuse me. But shall we say lunch again tomorrow? . . . No, I forgot. I have to be out of town. A week from today, then?"

Paul assented.

"We must start at once to make plans. There are men I want you to meet soon."

Paul rose. "I think I had better be going now. It is much later than I thought. Thank you for everything."

"I'll call the car."

"No, please don't. I would really rather walk for a while. I can pick up a cab when I get tired."

"As you wish." Kirkland grasped the young man's hand and wrung it hard.

"One thing," Paul added gravely, "we must not forget. I have told you merely of my own decision. What your daughter's will ultimately be is something we cannot tell."

"I watched you both at dinner," Kirkland said. "I know Anne. I could see she liked you. Very much. So that's a start. But be sure to go slow. Anything precipitous might throw it all off. She is—lovely, isn't she?"

"Very," Paul agreed, trying to make his voice even.

After a final handshake at the front door and an exchange of casual good-nights, which might drift back to the library, Paul found himself out again in the cool spring darkness. He walked down the drive and made his way along the wide quiet street. A half moon hung lightly in its heavenly pastures, with a flock of small clouds, like sheep, following it. The scent of the waking gardens near at hand drifted delicately upon the air while the young budding leaves wrought magic tracery just overhead.

It was a night to stir a man's senses, but as Paul walked slowly on he knew that he

Travel Trials

By LAURENCE C. SMITH

The patience of parents
Is frequently tried
By the customs of children
When families ride.

If offered the back seat
So they can be active,
They try it, but soon find
The front more attractive.

And splitting them up
Is most useless of all.
Together they scrap,
But divided they squall.

was more deeply moved than these physical aspects would warrant. Was it possible, he pondered, for a man's heart to be suddenly ravished? And if so, could the tenderness of compassion alone beat down its ramparts for love itself to enter? Could desire seize upon a man when his first craving was only the power to protect and cherish? He was not sure, although something deep in his own flesh tried to give an answer.

As he stopped at last to hail a cab, there was only one thing of which he was certain. This was that the journey, the one of which Anne had spoken, had begun.

Arno shared one habit with his chief. He woke early and lay for a time sorting out conflicting plans and tangling problems before he rose to begin the active day. On this morning, a week following Paul's dinner at the Kirkland home, he watched the sun gain the height of the brick chimneys upon which his bedroom window faced, and considered, of all things, himself.

He was in reality two men, and the great complication of his life was that part of each must remain a mystery to the other. At least for the present. When Kirkland had discovered him, a sharp-eyed youth of eighteen, he had then been a whole personality. He had lived with his family, oldest of eight, in three small rooms behind his father's fruit shop on Water Street, and he had known life in that section of the city completely.

But once under Kirkland's wing, strange new horizons had opened. In two years' time he had mastered the outward technique of a gentleman's behavior; this was a much more difficult accomplishment than the work at night school which he had doggedly pursued and conquered. Besides all this, and even more important, he had learned to know his employer himself.

The coal business had from the first held only a superficial interest for Arno. Besides, it was thoroughly organized before he came upon the scene. What captured his imagination from the start was the great game of politics in which Kirkland at that time was just emerging as a state leader. There came a day later on when Kirkland called him into his office and set before him certain facts which faced the men who were running for office under his auspices. These facts had to do with a world which Arno knew well—the one, indeed, to which he had been born. There were other men who had served Kirkland before as a link between that world and his own, but with an unerring instinct he had guessed that Arno would be able to carry this liaison to a smooth and suave perfection.

This had been accomplished. Now it was only necessary for Kirkland to say, with a casual lift of the eyebrows, "How about Micky Orlando?"

"He's fixed, chief. I saw him last night."

"And Camponelli?"

"He's O.K."

"Sure?"

"Sure, chief."

It was clever also of Arno to suspect from the first that the money which came from these hidden sources should not be discussed openly between them. Instead, some typed figures appeared on Kirkland's desk from time to time. Campaign funds were swelled, and in several small banks the savings of Arno Malotte—he had substituted the *e* for the final *i* long before—kept growing out of proportion to his salary, which was in itself very good. For Arno intended to be a rich man one day.

He had first seen Anne Kirkland when she was sixteen. She had come bounding into the office one spring afternoon, laughing and golden and lovely, and Arno had stood dumb before her.

"Isn't Mr. Kirkland in?" she had asked him. "I'm his daughter, and you must be Arno, aren't you? Father often speaks of you."

All his hard-acquired poise, his superficial *savoir-faire* deserted him. He became again young Arno Malotti, of Water Street, as he stumbled over his words in reply.

And even after her father had come in and the two had gone out together, Arno could not work. His soul had drunk fire. He had been once to the Kirkland house on a winter night, when Anne was home from college at the holidays. He and the chief had been to a meeting. When it was over, the hour was very late and they were both tired to the point of exhaustion.

"Come on up to the house, Arno, and we'll dig up something to eat," Kirkland had said, with an impulsiveness rare to him.

When they entered the front door, Anne in a red dress had come running down the stairs, her bright hair curling to her shoulders, her eyes like stars. She had made them coffee and sandwiches and had sat leaning upon the table, chin in hands, talking eagerly as they ate.

Arno was no dreamer. He was a hard-headed and sharply practical dealer with life as he knew it to be. He hugged no illusions to his breast. He knew that between him and the chief's daughter an uncrossable gulf was fixed.

The reason on this morning that he was considering himself as he was doing, he suddenly admitted, was the confession the chief had briefly made that day last week. Anne's case was hopeless. She would never walk again.

(Continued on Page 96)

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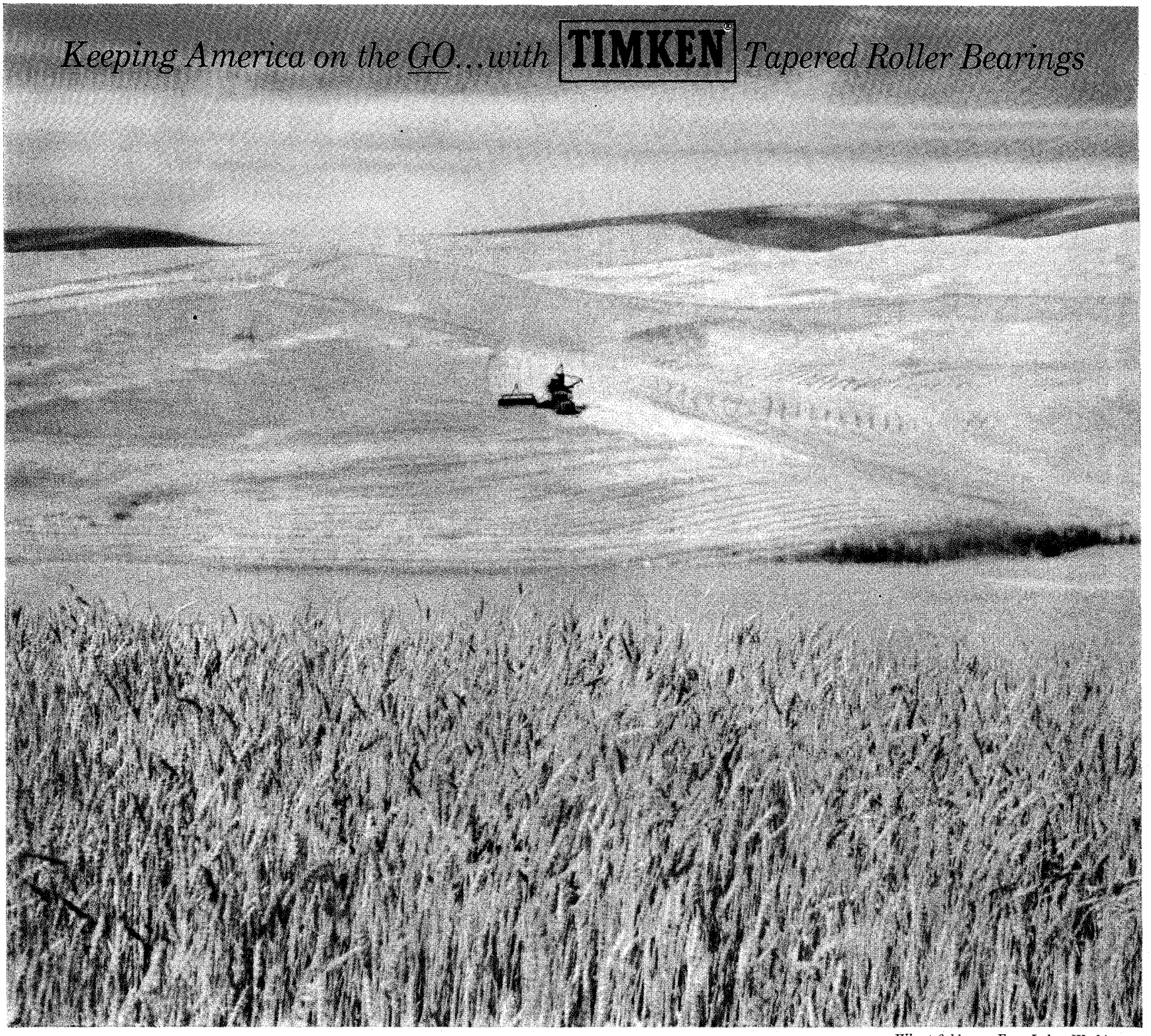

Wheat field near Four Lakes, Washington.

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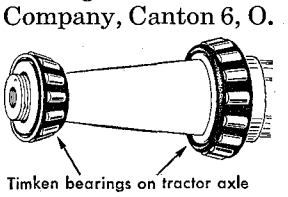
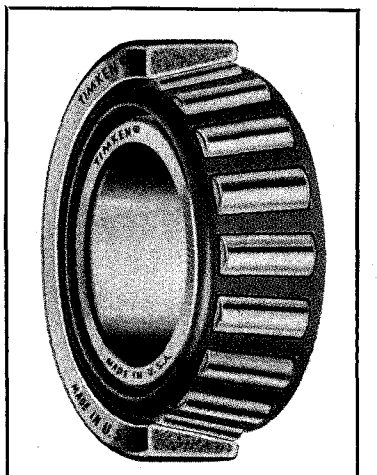


Timken bearings on tractor axle



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(Continued from Page 94) So the normal fulfillment of her life would not take place. The big wedding in one of the biggest churches, the newspapers running pictures and write-ups and featuring everything like mad from the engagement on—all this which he had steeled himself to face when it came would never happen.

Arno lay, a slow, hot flush rising to his cheeks. No man, not even a low dog of a fortune hunter, would want to marry her now. Not likely. Anne's world then, in a few short months, had changed utterly. And by this strange circumstance, so had his.

Across the city, as the sun rose higher, men and women everywhere opened their eyes upon the new day. Kirkland himself woke, as he had each morning for a week, with a feeling of relief so profound as to be almost physically sensible. The first step toward his all but impossible goal had been taken. Given back to him, like a gift from heaven, had been the ability to hope.

Paul, in his turn, roused himself from uneasy slumber, and fairly leaped from bed. A tremulous excitement now filled him. He felt constantly a compulsion to be alert, active, in complete possession of all his faculties in order to test his decision, to weigh it against all odds, to be sure that the magic of a firelit evening and a beautiful girl had not overcome his sober judgment. In this clear, appraising morning light he was not sure. He was, in fact, afraid that he had committed himself to a course which he might bitterly regret.

Anne herself was still asleep when her father left the house, but not as she had been a week ago, exhausted from anguish, her face set and white and stained with tears. This morning she lay relaxed, her cheek pillowed on her hand, the skin warm with color, breathing softly and half smiling in her dreams, as she had been wont to do in the happy years before disaster had overtaken her.

Kirkland had set one o'clock again for lunch, but this time the place was different. Paul had met him in the office and they had gone out at once to the street. Kirkland hailed a taxi.

"I'm going to take you to a spot that's hard to get into," he said, smiling. "It's really just a small restaurant which a group of men have taken over. Men who, for one reason or another, are interested in making things tick. I want you to meet most of them as fast as it's decently possible."

Once inside, where again the head waiter showed conspicuous deference as he seated them, Paul had the curious feeling of having crossed an invisible line into new and exciting territory. There was a feeling of suppressed power in the air.

"It's not all politics here," Kirkland was saying after they ordered. "It's finance, too, and even some international stuff, but it all ties up together, as a rule. Now," he went on, his tone growing more serious and incisive, "we'll get down to you. As I see it, there are two places for you to make the big break-in. One is district attorney and one is state senator. In many ways the D.A. would seem the more logical, but somehow, I have a hunch the other might be more to your liking. Tell me about the speechmaking. You're good, you know. I heard you once. Do you like to speak?"

"Yes, I do." Paul leaned forward. "Since between us there are no punches pulled, I'll admit I not only like to speak, I love it."

"That settles it," Kirkland said. "We'll forget the D.A. The plan now, as I see it, is for you to speak at every possible opportunity. Get yourself known. I'll see to it you meet the right men round here and get some bigger engagements, and you can do the cracker-barrel stuff yourself, can't you?"

"Cracker barrel?"

"Rural, small town, all that."

"Oh, yes," Paul said, "that comes easy to me."

Kirkland smiled a strange, satisfied smile later as he rose and piloted Paul toward the back of the room. He stopped beside a table.

"Hello, Brennen," he said to a heavy-set man with a gray mustache. "I want to introduce a young protégé of mine, Paul Devereux."

The two shook hands and exchanged greetings, the older man eying him keenly, but this was all; and Paul followed again as Kirkland moved on. He was stopped by a dark, handsome man in his sixties, who called out from a table at which, curiously, he sat alone.

"Hey, Kirk, why don't you sit down? Haven't seen you in weeks. What have you been up to?" He pushed some papers aside and signed to them to sit.

"How are you, Jack? Want to introduce Paul Devereux. . . . Mr. Bovard."

The latter shook hands pleasantly, but did not give him Brennen's scrutiny. He turned back to Kirkland.

"How are things with you? Pretty quiet?"

"We're running all right. If we could just get rid of a few competitors."

Bovard laughed easily.

"Don't be a hog. You can't own all the coal in the state. Say"—he lowered his voice—"I got a tip that Old Bill is getting the wind up again. Blast his hide. Nothing due before fall, but I'm afraid we'll be in for it, then. I want another strike about the way I want to go to bed with a rattlesnake. Can't you get at him anyway, Kirk?"

No matter how much a girl detests housework, she can usually be persuaded to sweep down the aisle.

SPURGEON DODSON

Kirkland squinted across the table, but did not answer the question. Instead he said, "This young fellah here is quite a speaker. If you ever hear of any organization that wants one ——"

"Speaker!" Bovard interrupted. "You're sent from heaven! I'll tell you what I need, and then you can tell me how you feel. Here's the layout." He leaned nearer. "You know my boy, Johnny, is in the business with me now, and he's as full of ideas as a fish is full of eggs. He says why not give a big picnic Memorial Day for the whole works out at Red Stone. Give them all a holiday and make it big stuff. Roast an ox, let the beer run, have races and a ball game. But he says we ought to have a speech too."

Bovard studied Paul now with interest. "Tell you what we want. A little flag waving, of course; then country of opportunity and all that. Their children's chance to go as far as they want, and so on. Then, just smooched in nice and delicate-like, something about the brotherhood of man and the employer's good will to his employees, and how all must work together for the common good. Get the idea? You see, an employer can't talk to his own men—against their union rules—but somebody else can. See? Well, how about it, young man? . . . Is he really good, Kirk?"

"He is," Kirkland pronounced solemnly. . . . "What do you say, Paul?"

"I would like to try this, Mr. Bovard. If you wish, I'll make out a sort of outline for you. I'll hunt up some jokes they can understand too. Yes, I'll be glad to do it."

"By crickey, this is luck. I'll get Johnny at you, Devereux. He's the ringleader of this. Where could he get in touch with you?"

"I'm with Hartwell and Harvey. He can get me there." (Continued on Page 98)

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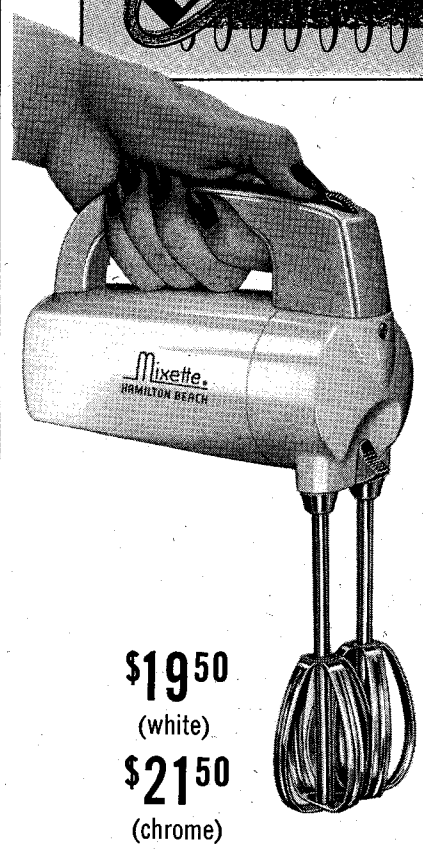

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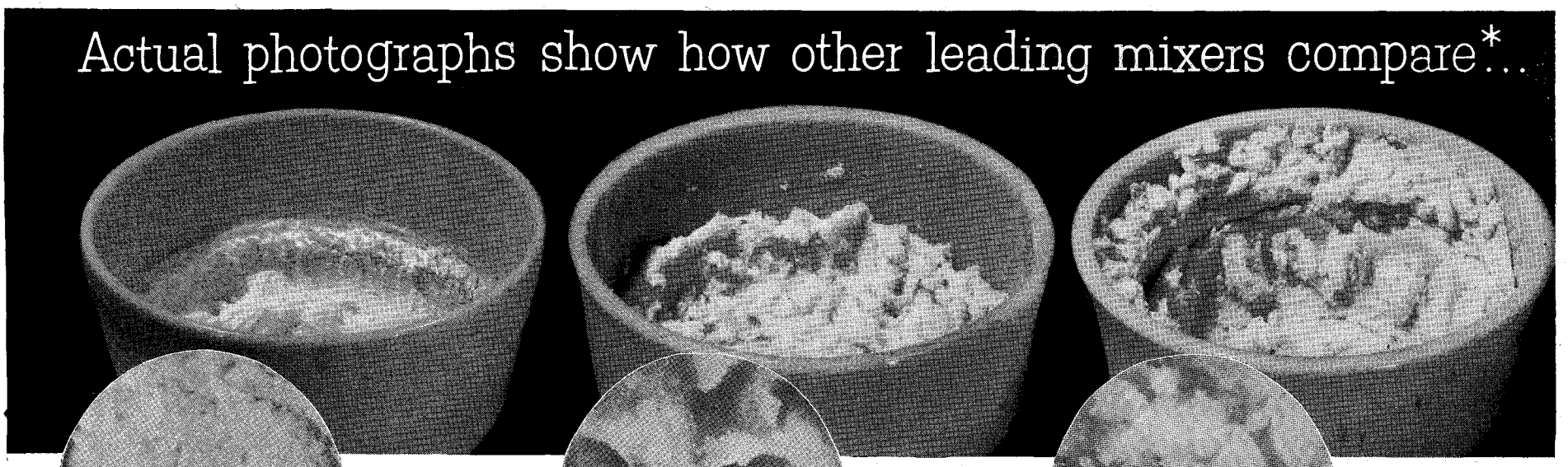
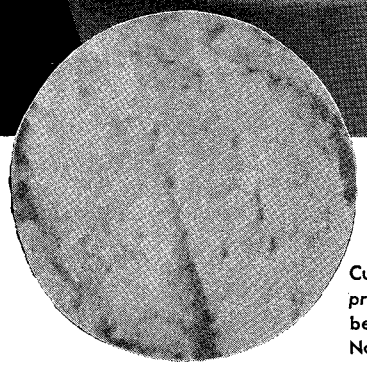
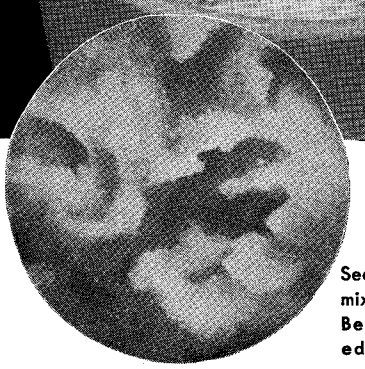
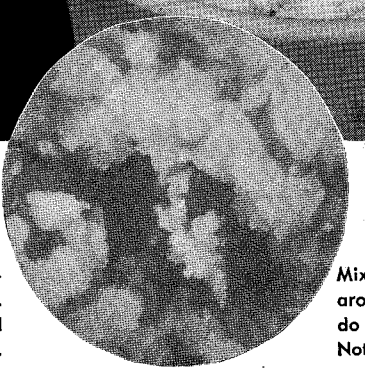




Curved beater marks on bowl *prove* Hamilton Beach Mixer beats *right up to edge of bowl!* Note smooth, creamy mixture.



See how Mixer "A" leaves unmixed pockets and dry lumps. Beaters do not touch bowl edge. Result: coarseness.



Mixer "B" piles up mixture around side of bowl. Beaters do not touch edge of bowl. Note resulting uneven mixture.

Unless you use a spatula, other mixers leave color streaks and dry-center lumps! That's hit-or-miss mixing—the cause of *many* baking failures!

This new Hamilton Beach mixer gives you successful mixes without a spatula. It's the mixer that always gives you full-coverage mixing. The combination of new, magic beaters and the Bowl Control reaches *all* ingredients, for smooth, lump-free blending, edge to edge.

You'll find this mixer beautifully styled, perfectly suited to your modern needs. Just slide it off the stand and it's a portable. Thumb-dial the Mixguide for any of ten tested speeds. Ask for a demonstration today!

*All tests made for 1½ minutes without use of a spatula.

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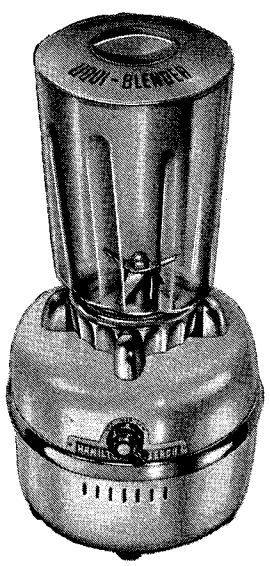

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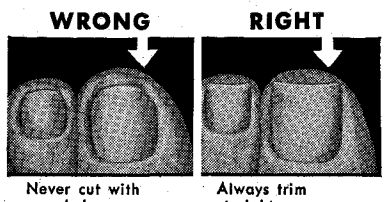

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(Continued from Page 96) "Good enough. And thanks meantime. Give old Hartwell my regards. Great old guy, that. If you're in his office I guess you're all right. . . . Well, bring me luck again, Kirk"—as they all got up—"and don't undersell me behind my back, you dog!"

Once in a cab again, Kirkland smiled. "Well, you've got your first chance, and a good one it is. They've all got votes, those hunkies, and they won't forget you. By the way, how is all this going to affect your law practice? You'd better tell your firm soon about your plans."

"I will," Paul said soberly; "I'll do it today."

"I'll be no help to you there," Kirkland said brusquely. "Old Hartwell doesn't like

Arno Malotte

me, since I'm a devious and unscrupulous politician. His words." He paused and then looked straight ahead. "Your decision was very suddenly made last week. As of today, do you wish to reconsider?" His lips looked thin and almost pale as he brought out the words.

Paul was amazed at his own response. It came strongly and with no hesitation, as though another man were speaking. "My decision stands," he said.

"Thank God," Kirkland muttered. "Let me out here and take the cab on to your office." He gave the driver a bill and waved stiffly to Paul as the taxi sprang forward.

When he reached his own small office, Paul gave way to an overmastering impulse. He found a number, dialed and then waited, his heart beating faster. A woman answered.

"This is Mr. Devereux. May I speak to Miss Kirkland?"

In a moment, he heard her voice with its peculiar warm vibrancy, "Hello?"

"Hello. This is Paul. How are you?"

"Just fine! I've been thinking all morning about the kitten. Do you really suppose you can find one?"

"Sure of it. I've been pretty busy this week, but I'll look today. When I do locate one, though, I've been wondering ——"

"Yes?" As she said it, the syllable was sweetly provocative.

"I really think I should bring it up myself, don't you?"

She laughed then, and the sound went into all the corners of his heart. She did not answer.

"I would be a little uneasy to let a messenger boy take it. Besides, a week from next Friday night is a very long way off."

There was a pause, and then she said calmly, casually, "It was so pleasant having company that night you were here, for I was rather blue. You see, I had just learned the day before that my present condition is quite hopeless—that is, permanent."

"I'm more sorry than I can possibly say. But about coming again. I may need to consult with you about types of kittens. Colors, and so on. In fact, the more I think of it, it seems quite essential. Could I drop in just for a few minutes? Tonight? I'd feel safer about making the choice, then."

And now she laughed with a strange catch in her breath, as though tears might be near also.

"What a persistent young man you are."

"One has to be in the law. It's all right then? Tonight?"

"Of course, we shouldn't make a mistake about the kitten," she said slowly.

"But definitely not. Thanks, so much. I'll report soon."

Her reply was almost inaudible. He plunged into the work before him, trying fiercely to concentrate. At four he pushed back the papers, rose and pulled himself together, then went slowly toward the office of the senior partner. Never before had he gone toward Hartwell reluctantly. In fact he had been wont to make excuses for visits, so greatly did he like the old man and respect him. Now he went forward soberly in response to his "Come in."

"Ah, Devereux!"

Hartwell smiled with pleasure and adjusted the eyeglasses on their black ribbon which somehow gave the effect of a monocle. His eyes were startlingly blue for his sex and bright for his years; his nose was large, and below it he wore a somewhat ragged gray mustache, the ends of which he twisted downward instead of outward, especially when engrossed.

"Yes, my boy, what's the problem?"

Paul's face grew more grave. "I'm afraid it's me, this time. I have come to a decision and it affects my position here. I want to talk it over with you."

"Go ahead."

"The point is I've decided to try for a political career." It was harder than he had expected, to say this.

"Just how do you expect to go about it?" Hartwell asked dryly.

"Well, I'm going to start by making speeches everywhere I can. I have a little flair for that. By doing this, I will become known to a good many people in different walks of life. I will ——" His voice trailed off.

"Ah—huh. Speeches. Well, they're certainly part of a politician's stock in trade.

Miss Sayles

I'd advise you to read all of Abraham Lincoln's. Might as well study from a master while you're at it. Ever meet a man named Kirkland? If you haven't run into him, you will."

"I've met him."

"O-ho! Don't tell me he's backing you?"

"In a sense—well, yes, that is true."

Hartwell pulled at his mustache until the ends framed his chin.

"I don't like that, Devereux. I don't trust Kirkland round a stump. He's a devious, unscrupulous politician. I've told him that to his face."

Paul tried not to smile.

"How did he ever discover you?"

"He heard me speak once."

"Well, my boy, my advice is to have no hook-up with him. We ran into something with him once that was distinctly odorous. We dropped him. Now, if you want to go into politics, go ahead. But fight your own battles. Be honest. Keep out of Kirkland's machine. Build up one of your own. Well?"

Paul did not answer.

"I take it you are not going to accept my advice?"

"I'm afraid I can't, sir."

"So." His eyes were on the ceiling. He sat as though considering all sides of the problem. "What about that man's daughter?" he asked suddenly. "Was in an accident, wasn't she? I seem to remember the papers ——"

"Yes, that is so."

"Recover?"

"No, sir."

"What do you mean? Did she die?"

"No, she's very well, except that—she cannot walk."

Suddenly the bright blue eyes pierced Paul through and through. "You have not told me all the story of your relations with Kirkland?"

Paul swallowed hard. "No, sir, not entirely."

"You can't tell me more, I take it?"

"I'm sorry, sir."

There was a long pause.

"Naturally, I will say nothing to anybody. I suppose this speechmaking of yours will be largely done at night?"

"I fancy so. I thought I could do my preparations then too."

"What office are you heading for? Confidentially, that is?"

"State senator."

"Highty-tighty! Starting at the top. Well, my boy, I'll talk to Harvey, but as I see it, this will be our position: We like you; we need a young man here. You've done excellent work. We want to keep you. Go ahead and, as long as you can still do a fair amount of business for us, we'll make no change. So let's go ahead together and see how it works out. One thing, though."

Once again the blue eyes made Paul feel as though there had been a *touché*.

"As long as you do an honest job in your politics we'll do everything we can to cooperate. If you ever descend to Kirkland's tactics, we'll break at once. Is that clear?"

Paul rose, his head rather high. "Not only clear but completely satisfactory. And thank you, Mr. Hartwell, very much indeed for your kindness to me."

Paul put his desk to rights and left his office at five. He had the feeling of a small craft being borne on by a mighty current. In one short week the course of his life had been changed with entire unexpectedness. And with the thought there came a young upleaping in his heart. Without actually admitting it—still, in a measure, fearing it and distrusting it—he knew that he had many of the symptoms of falling in love.

He called at several pet shops, making humorous notes on an envelope as to pedigree, colors, size, age and disposition of various small felines; then went on out to his rooming house on the other side of the river. He had found the place through Mr. Hartwell, who knew the owner. Mrs. MacCloud was elderly, Scotch and quite alone. Paul enjoyed their brief encounters and felt himself fortunate, for, in addition to his general comfort, he found buttons replaced and socks neatly darned.

In his room now he went to the bookshelves and picked out an anthology. The Meredith poem under his eyes carried him away, as it always had done, with its feeling and its sheer music. From Love in the Valley, the title read. Would he dare take it along tonight and show it to Anne? Why not? They had discussed poetry that first night. *I'll be* (Continued on Page 100)

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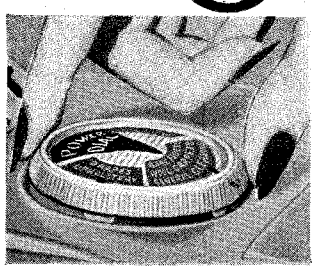

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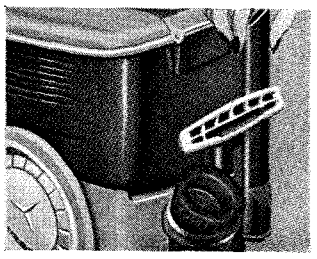

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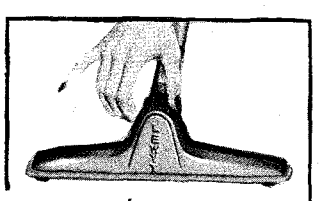

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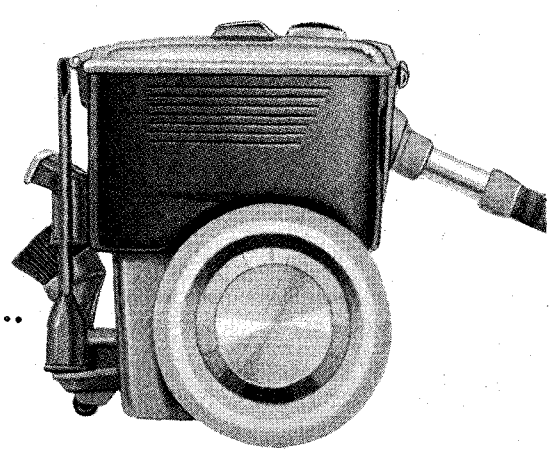

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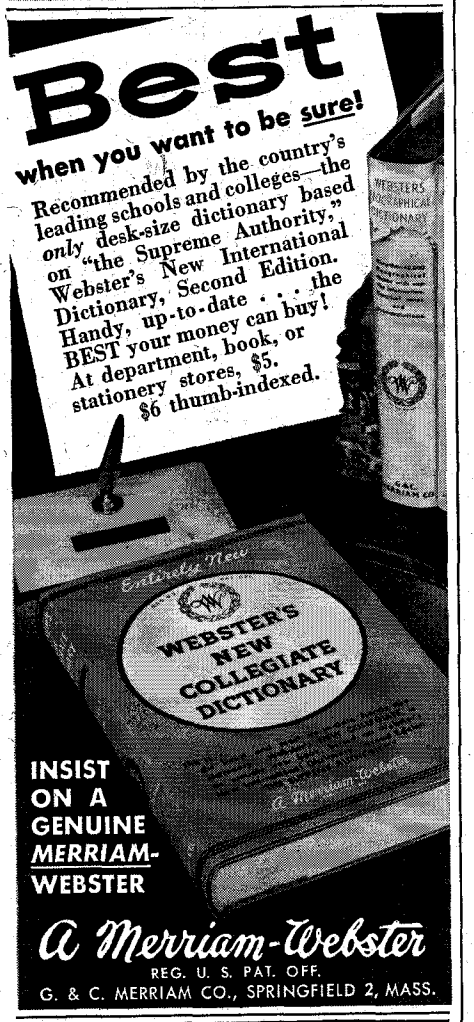

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(Continued from Page 98)

casual, he thought. *Just happened to recall a line of it today and looked it up. Just like that.*

He dressed with greater care even than last week and tried to time himself to arrive at 8:30 sharp, but was annoyed to find, when he stood again on the large portico, that it was already 9:00. He rang quickly and was admitted at once.

"Miss Anne is expecting you," Hackett said, smiling. "She's in her own sitting room. I'll show you up."

Paul had a distinct feeling of warmth in the air this time as the old man escorted him up the stairs, and also that the steps beneath his feet were made of nothing more substantial than cloud, so ethereal did their beauty seem.

The room he entered was large and full of light. In the wide bay window at the back Anne was seated on a sofa, with a chair opposite and a low coffee table between. The windows were open a little and the unseasonably warm air blew in with fresh sweetness. He went toward her eagerly and took her hand.

"Hello," she said, smiling.

"You were good to let me come tonight, and I'm laden with statistics. What a charming room!"

"You like it? This is my very own. I planned all the furnishings. I think it does look a little younger than the rooms downstairs."

Paul's eyes took it in admiringly. A man, he thought, could relax here as well as be entertained. He glimpsed the long bookshelves, the cabinet of records and the television set in one corner. With only a glance at the big chair, he sat down beside her on the sofa.

"I know you want to hear about the kittens. It's amazing what a demand there is for them. Now here's what I found this afternoon."

He produced his notations and read them carefully, as Anne listened and laughed at the wording. They agreed, after some debate, upon a very young, tiger-striped animal which had especially taken Paul's fancy.

"Fine. I'll go the first thing in the morning and have the man hold it for me," Paul

Mrs. Catherby

said. "I have to go to a meeting tomorrow night, but maybe the next one——"

"I'm having some girls in then."

"Could we make it Saturday?"

"I think so. Yes, that would be fine."

"But please don't think I'm relinquishing my date for Friday of next week, for I'm not."

The soft, quick flush rose again to her cheeks and her beauty overwhelmed him. He spoke at random to put her at ease, and in a few minutes they had relaxed again into the interesting mental give and take of their first meeting. Before he left he produced the book. He had thought of a likely way to introduce it.

"You spoke of your grandmother's fondness for poetry and, of course, as I told you, I'm something of a bug on it myself. I just remembered, today, a poem I think is pretty special. I brought it along for you to lend to her if you think she'd like it."

He opened the book at the page. "It's from George Meredith's Love in the Valley, and I think for pure music, and sentiment, too, it can't be beaten."

With sudden courage, he began to read. He knew he was reading well. His mother's gift woke freely in him. He went on without looking up.

"She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won!"

Miss Davis

Only once, as he proceeded, did she interrupt. "Please read those last lines over," she begged. "I want to feel them again."

"Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star."

When he was finished, they sat silent a moment.

"It's so beautiful I'm a bit breathless," she said at last. "It is pure music, as you said. Gran will love it. But how marvelously well you read! Did you ever think of the stage?"

He laughed. "Oh, a little. Like all young fellows who have the lead in the college plays. I should show up better than I do, though, for I have an inheritance."

He told her, then, of his mother.

"I think she would have made an actress, and a fine one, if she had been born under different circumstances. Instead she was a country schoolteacher and farmer's wife, and gave readings at the Grange meetings and church sociables." There was a hint of bitterness in his voice. "As I look back now, I think her wonderful gifts were wasted."

"Oh, not when she had you!" Anne said quickly.

And then they were looking deep into each other's eyes while a hammer pounded in his pulse. Only by the strongest effort of control he kept from taking her in his arms.

She recovered first. "But you are going to use that inheritance in another way. Father says as a speaker you are a natural, and I can understand that now."

When he rose to go at last, he bent down a little and took both her hands in his. "Thank you again for a wonderful evening. You know, I've just discovered something. I believe I've been abysmally lonely."

"Oh, that's dreadful!" Anne cried. "Haven't you met any young people? Why I'll do something about that! I'll see you get to know some girls and ——"

"Do me a big favor?" he asked, smiling.

"Why—why, of course." There was a set look upon her face.

"Then let me pick my own friends—most especially girls," he said.

The set look vanished and she was all alight as they laughed together. Never, he thought, in all his life had he so madly wanted to kiss a girl as he now desired to do so. Instead, he pressed her hands close in his own and took his leave.

Once again he walked slowly under the stars, attempting, with an almost judicial exactness, to evaluate his own emotions. Never before had he actually craved marriage. What he had known had been only transient desire. Now, every fiber of him yearned for that closest of all relationships with this girl he had met only a week ago. There was the physical enslavement, of course, as his hot senses acknowledged. He wanted to be one with her, one flesh, one spirit.

This, then, was love—the true love for which he had long been waiting. Once sure of himself, however, there was the question of Anne's own feelings. Paul was not given to undue personal vanity. He had indeed a new and profound humility as he thought of his beloved. Yet in that sudden moment when she had cried out concerning his mother, "Oh, not when she had you!" and their eyes had met and clung, he had been conscious of a mutual confession.

When he reached his own room at last, he prepared for bed, and then, in dressing gown and slippers, sat smoking and thinking his own thoughts on into the night. His imagination had never been livelier. As the hours passed he found himself picturing in detail the life he and Anne might lead if they were married; he found himself inventing situation after situation in which she could find pleasure even with her handicap. He would dedicate himself to making her happy, to making up to her for what she must still miss of normal pleasure.

It was not until he was sinking to sleep that a thought struck him with such shocking impact that he sat bolt upright, his hands clenched upon the covers. In all his dreaming he had been seeing Anne, even as his wife, against her present background, her incapacity ameliorated at least by the wealth and luxurious comfort which surrounded her. Where in this picture did he, a strong, able-bodied young man of thirty, fit in? He tried not even to think the word "gigolo," but it kept rising in his consciousness.

If Anne were normally active and well, he could support her in at least the type of modest comfort in which countless young couples started their marriage careers. It was her tragic situation which changed it all. For she needed, indeed had to have the care which was now bestowed upon her by Davy and a staff of trained servants. This he could not provide for her on his present salary.

He sat on the edge of the bed, his chin in his hands, and began with a sort of still, logical desperation to array the facts in two opposing mental columns. On the one side he saw with bitter clarity all the mitigating advantages which the Kirkland wealth could bestow. But slowly, doggedly, he saw the other column mount also. All that he had a few hours ago been planning for the joyous fulfillment of Anne's life with him found its place here. And as he contemplated it he knew that, if the marriage took place, only his pride might suffer, but not his integrity. For if she should come to love him as he now loved her, he would be bringing to her, as she would to him, gifts immeasurable. Did the rest matter?

He finally rolled back into bed, weary and shaken as though from physical exercise, but he had purged his heart of the last doubt. When the time came for it, he could honestly ask Anne to marry him.

TO BE CONTINUED

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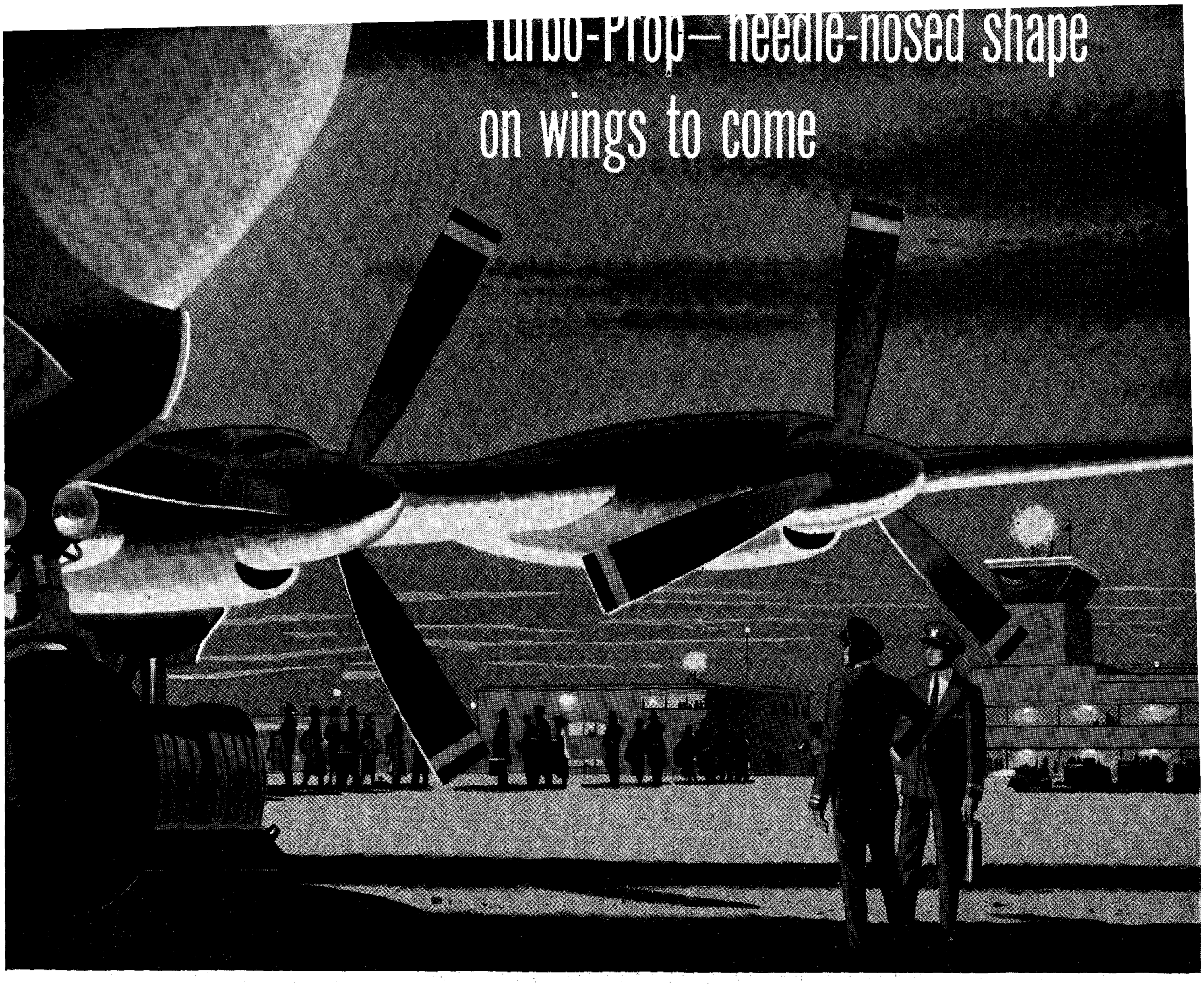

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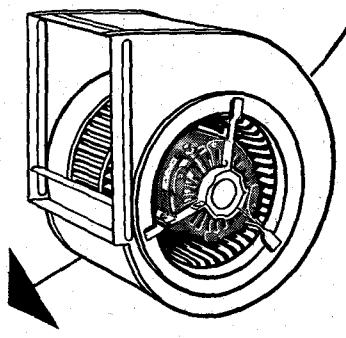

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Babe's Strange Illness

(Continued from Page 31)

It was while the doctor's eyes were peering at the bruises on Babe's legs that Big Joe caught the tell-tale change in their expression. He kept on kidding Babe and chuckling at her answers. But his eyes were shuttered over. It frightened Joe. He followed Doctor Barnett out to his car afterward.

"Look, Joe," the doctor said, in a suspiciously casual voice, "I want you to take Babe to a friend of mine in the city. Doctor Ralston. He's a specialist at the Memorial Hospital. I'll phone him that you're coming first thing tomorrow morning."

"Will it—I mean, will Baby ——"

"It's those spots on her legs, Joe. If they're bruises, well and good. A kid gets lots of bumps and falls. Only, Babe can't remember having had any recently. If they aren't bruises—with the sore throat and bleeding gums ——" He broke off abruptly as though he had said more than he intended. But Joe gathered that if the spots were not bruises, then there was something very seriously wrong with Babe. "I just want to get an expert opinion, you understand," Doctor Barnett resumed. "So don't get panicky. And, above all, don't frighten Babe."

"I won't," Joe said. "I mean, I won't let on to Baby."

But he could not help feeling panicky. After the doctor drove away, Joe pretended to tinker with the pickup, trying to pull himself together before going back to the house. He did not want the kids to notice how scared he was. He checked the air in the pickup's tires, so it would be ready to roll in the morning, and put water in the radiator. His eyes kept blurring, so that he spilled more water over the outside than he got into the radiator.

When Joe finally returned to the house, Uncle Pete was getting supper. He was cooking a chicken, hoping thereby to tempt Babe to eat. The past few days she had had no appetite. At times, when they were without a housekeeper, Uncle Pete did the cooking. He was a bowlegged ex-cowpuncher, scrawny and warped, but tough, like an old diamond-willow fence post. He was a pretty good, cow-camp-style cook, except that he drank up any lemon extract that he happened to find in the pantry. In the absence of store liquor, which he could seldom afford, Uncle Pete would drink anything.

At supper it was Babe's turn to ask the blessing. Joe always liked it best when Babe did it. He thought that the Lord must surely like it best, too, because Babe was so doggone cute. Watching her covertly as she bowed her fair head above her clasped hands, Joe could hardly swallow the lump that came up in his throat. Because the words she used had a sort of double meaning of which she was wholly unconscious.

"For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful!" Babe prayed.

Under his breath Joe added a fervent "Amen!"—not for the chicken they were to have for supper, but because he had been saying a prayer of his own for Babe. He tried to tell himself that the Lord would not let anything bad happen to a little, lovely kid like Babe. But the thought of what had happened to Emmy kept reminding him that you could not always figure out what the Lord might be up to.

While he was fixing Babe's plate, Joe said, in a carefully casual voice, "You kids ain't never been no place. I figure, now, that the fall work is over, we oughta take a trip to the city."

"You mean it, pop?" Little Joe cried, his black eyes at once eager and skeptical. Joe had often promised them such a trip, but he had kept putting it off until he could better afford it.

"Damn tootin' I mean it!" he answered with pretended enthusiasm. "Like the fellow says, travel is educational. It's time you kids got to see somethin' of the world."

But he did not fool Uncle Pete. He could tell by the look in Pete's eyes that he was putting two and two together—the doctor's examination of Babe, and Joe's sudden decision to go to the city. In his sour and grumpy fashion, Pete was fond of the kids. Especially Babe. He was looking at Babe now with a wistful tenderness that sat oddly on his grim, liquor-blotched face.

They started before dawn the next morning. Uncle Pete insisted on going, too, and had arranged for a neighbor to look after the chores. Pete had put on clean pants and shirt, but even a whole new suit would not have made him look respectable. Kind of common and no-account, Pete was. Joe hoped that Doctor Ralston would not get to see Pete. It might prejudice the doctor against Babe.

Joe took an old, now-unused trail across his own lease and that of the Barlow Brothers' 2B Ranch. The trail was only a couple of grass-grown wheel ruts, but, by taking it and stopping to open a few barb-wire gates, they could bypass the town of Sanford and save considerable mileage, emerging finally on the gravel road which, in those parts, passed for a highway.

Because of the feverish urgency within him, Joe kept bearing down on the accelerator, anxious to know, yet at the same time dreading to learn, what Doctor Ralston would say about Babe. All the while he kept trying to talk cheerfully, pretending to share the kids' excitement.

"Can we go to the zoo, pop?" Little Joe asked eagerly once.

"First, I gotta call on a friend of Doc Barnett's," Joe hedged. If Babe had to stay in the hospital then he would have no heart to visit the zoo or any of the city's other attractions. Without Babe, for that matter, he would have no heart left for anything, ever.

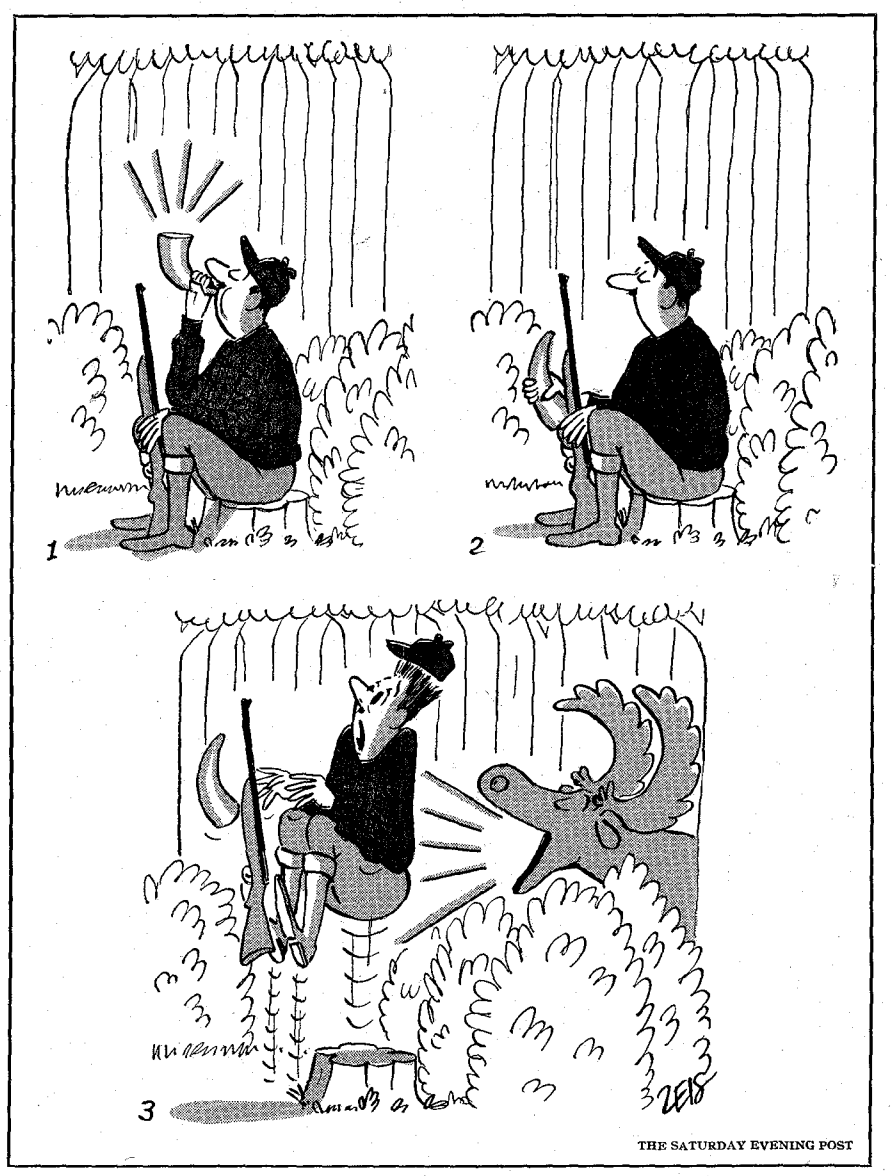
She seemed better that morning. Or maybe it was just the excitement that made her more perky. She sat on Uncle Pete's lap, and Little Joe by the window on the right-hand side of the cab. The family's luggage was piled in the back of the pickup. There was a small suitcase with Babe's things in it—her nightdress and toothbrush, her favorite doll and two of her prettiest dresses. There was a large carton of food and another containing frying pan, coffeepot and other utensils. Joe had come prepared for an indefinite stay at an auto camp, so as to be near Babe if she was kept in the hospital. She had never slept away from the family, and Joe worried about her being lonesome among a lot of strangers.

The tall grass swished against the bumper as the pickup clattered along. On such a trail Joe should have driven more slowly, because a boulder hidden in the grass could play hob with a car's oil pan. But he could not seem to keep his foot from bearing down on the gas. They got along all right until they had almost reached the last gate and the gravel highway. Suddenly, however, the car bumped over something with a sharp clang.

"Oh-oh!" muttered Joe, stopping the car. As he watched, the needle on the oil gauge dropped rapidly to zero. Joe shut off the motor. Uncle Pete scrambled out. He flopped on his abdomen and parted the grass to look under the car. He could not see anything, but he pushed his hand in and then jerked it back again.

"Leakin' oil like a sieve," he reported, scrubbing the warm oil off his hand with a bunch of grass. In the light from the dash, Joe could see the kids' faces, looking up at him anxiously.

(Continued on Page 104)



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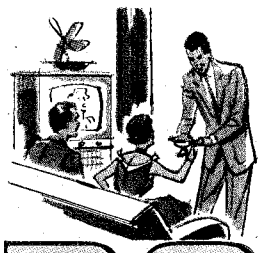

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(Continued from Page 102) "Don't worry," he told them. "We're goin' to the city, even if we have to hitchhike or hire a car."

Babe and Little Joe looked relieved then, not realizing how poor their chances were of doing either, at least without a long delay. There was never much traffic on the highway, and none at all at this predawn hour. Sanford was ten miles to the east, and houses were few and far between. It was still dark, though the eastern horizon was brightening with the first hint of dawn.

"There's a car comin'!" Uncle Pete called suddenly.

Headlights appeared over a rise to the east. They caught the sound of a car, approaching rapidly along the gravel. It was like the answer to a prayer, if they could get to the road before the car passed.

"Stay in the cab where it's warm, kids," Joe ordered.

Uncle Pete had already started for the road. Joe jumped out and followed. Pete squirmed through the barbwire fence, tearing his shirt sleeve on the barbs. Pete reached the road first and charged out into the beam of headlights, with the car almost upon him.

The car's brakes squealed. The driver had to swerve in order not to hit Uncle Pete, who grabbed the door handle and clung to it until the car skidded to a stop. Then he yanked the door open and addressed the driver breathlessly.

The car's sole occupant was a stout man in blue jeans and red shirt. Except for a narrow fringe of jet-black hair, his head was completely bald. His fat jowls and chin were dark with beard shadow, but the rest of his round face was as pale as his bald head. His mouth was hanging open and there was a frightened look in his eyes.

"He don't say nothin'," Uncle Pete growled as Joe came up. "Either he's deef or else he don't savvy English."

Joe took over. He had to shout because the car radio was playing and the stout man made no attempt to shut it off.

"Look, mister," Joe shouted, "my little girl's real sick. We gotta git her to a city hospital, but our car broke down. I'll pay you to drive us to the city or to some place where we can hire a car."

"You want car, aw-kay!" the stout man said, finding his voice at last.

"How much?" Joe asked.

"Aw-kay! Aw-kay!" the man said hastily. With a hand that trembled he tugged a fat billfold from his hip pocket and held it out. "You take," he said. "You take car. Aw-kay!"

Joe was deeply moved at such a generous offer from a complete stranger. The man sure had a heart, he thought. Likely he had kids of his own.

"We don't need money," Joe said, "though it's mighty kind of you to offer. Just a ride is all we want."

The man dropped the billfold on the seat and threw himself away from Joe. He opened the opposite door and jumped out.

"Where you goin', mister?" Joe called. But the stout man had vanished in the darkness.

"What's he up to?" Joe wondered aloud. "Stay here, Pete, while I go git the kids."

As a precaution, he picked up the billfold that the stout man had dropped. You could not trust a thing like that with Pete. He and Little Joe carried the cartons and suitcase to the road. Then he went back for Babe. He wrapped her in a blanket and carried her to the car, holding her close because she was such a cuddly little thing, more precious than ever now, seemed like, because of the mysterious malady which threatened her.

"Everything's goin' to be O.K., Baby," he said. But Babe, of course, did not know what he meant by "everything," nor how fearful he was in his own mind.

The owner of the car had not come back.

"He said to take the car, so let's git goin'," Pete said.

"It's kind of queer, though," Joe answered. "He didn't even give us his name." He guessed that the man could not talk English well enough to make himself understood. But if the name was not in the billfold, Joe could trace him by means of the car license in order to return the car and the billfold.

The car was a gray sedan, and almost new. It could travel much faster than the old pickup, so that they soon made up for the time they had lost.

"Someday I'm goin' to git us a car like this," Joe said.

By nine o'clock they had reached the city's outskirts, and the kids began exclaiming over the number and size of the buildings and the amount of traffic.

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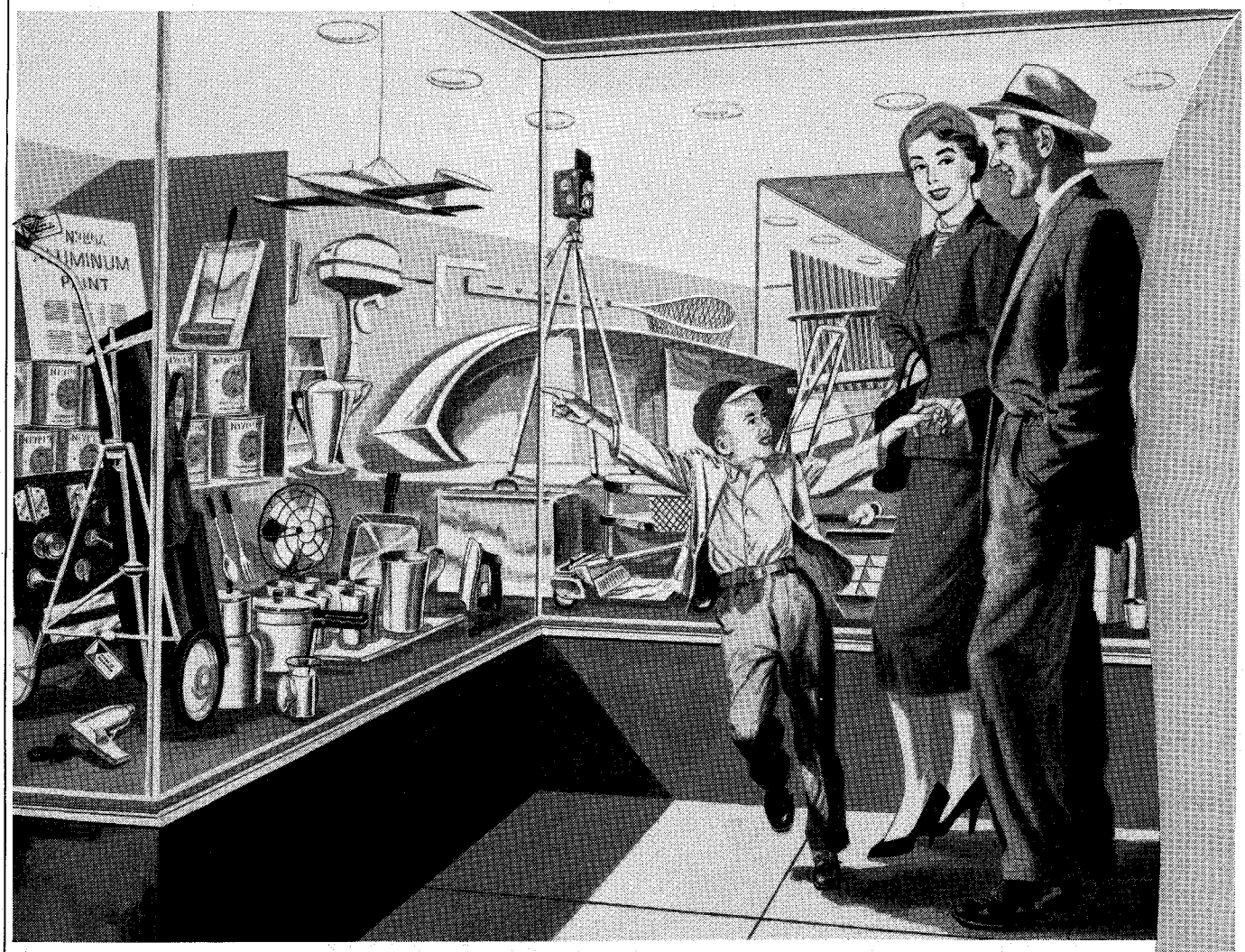

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"You ain't seen nothin' yet," their pop told them.

He had to stop once to ask a cop how to get to the Memorial Hospital, but he found it eventually. It was a building of awesome size, occupying a whole block. Joe stopped the car in front of it and then sat motionless, reluctant to get out. He had been in a lather to get to the hospital, but now he seemed paralyzed, dreading what was probably in store for Babe.

He listened dully to a news broadcast that was coming over the car radio. The announcer told about a traffic accident in which two people had been killed. He told about fires and other calamities. He said that a motorist had been held up and robbed of his money and his car on the highway outside the city. People were asked to be on the lookout for a gray sedan and two rough-looking men riding in it. The announcer gave the license number of the car. It made Joe feel thankful that they had reached the hospital safely, in spite of the hazards the radio announcer told about.

Finally he roused himself. He got out of the car. "You come with me, Baby," he said huskily. "I'd like for you to meet this friend of Doc Barnett's. Pete an' Little Joe can stay here an' watch our stuff."

Babe got out, and Joe brushed the blanket lint off her coat. Her coat and hat were navy blue. The hat was small, with a rolled brim from under which Babe's hair fluffed out, bright as gold. She sure looked pretty. The thought of surrendering her to the callous and indifferent care of strangers was almost more than Joe could stand.

He took her hand and started up the steps. "'By, Baby!" Uncle Pete called, following them with his eyes.

Big Joe was awkward-appearing in his good, but seldom worn and therefore wrinkled, blue suit. Babe looked little and frail beside him, holding his hand, happily unconscious of what awaited her in the hospital. They disappeared through the big door.

"Baby's real sick," Uncle Pete said. "Doc Barnett sent her to a specialist."

At this, his first intimation that their visit to the city was not a pleasure trip after all, Little Joe's black eyes widened in alarm.

"Do you think she's goin' to—die, Uncle Pete?" he gulped, in a frightened voice.

"Don't talk crazy!" Uncle Pete replied harshly, being frightened himself.

They sat for a long time, neither saying a word. The car radio was playing music now. It was lively music, but its very liveliness seemed to intensify their worry. Little Joe began to cry silently, the tears trickling slowly down his freckled cheeks. Cars kept arriving and departing. People climbed the steps and entered the hospital. Grown people and kids—some healthy-looking, others obviously ill. Uncle Pete and Little Joe watched them dully, all their senses numbed by anxiety over Babe.

Big Joe, meanwhile, had asked at the reception desk for Doctor Ralston, and the crisp-voiced, white-uniformed lady at the desk had told them to be seated. They sat side by side on a couch in the large reception room, from which a corridor led away to right and left. A lot of other people were waiting too. Babe examined them with interest, but Joe sat stiff and tense beside her. People talked in low voices, so that there was a hush over the place, like in a church. Now and then a metallic voice, as on a radio, would ask for "Doctor This" or "Doctor That." It was a cold and lifeless voice that fitted the funereal atmosphere of the place. It made Joe shiver.

At last a tall and gangling man in a white uniform came along the corridor. There was a nurse with him—a plump and pretty nurse. The receptionist beckoned to Joe and Babe.

"I'm Doctor Ralston," the tall man said. "Doctor Barnett phoned me about you."

"This is Baby, doctor," Joe said, and Babe dimpled shyly. The doctor had a sallow face, but his brown eyes were friendly. Babe seemed to take to him—and he to her, apparently—much to Joe's relief. And then the thing that Joe had been dreading—explaining to Babe that she had been brought there for examination—took place without any fuss at all.

"Come with me, Babe," the nurse invited, and quite without protest or question, Babe walked away, along the corridor. Joe watched her go with a lump in his throat, wishing he could hug her once. But a display of emotion might have frightened her. So he called, "Be seein' you, Baby!" and his choked-down anxiety made his voice unintentionally gruff.

"Doctor Barnett reports symptoms of *purpura haemorrhagica*," Doctor Ralston said, as though Joe knew all about it.

"That's bad!" said Joe thickly. It sure sounded bad.

"It can be pretty serious," the doctor agreed. "The blood fails to clot—as Doctor Barnett probably explained—so that bleeding under the skin forms spots which resemble bruises."

"Can you—I mean, will Baby git better?" Joe managed to ask.

"If it turns out to be *haemorrhagica*—and we aren't sure of that, remember—we'll have to operate on the spleen. She'll be some months in hospital."

"Will she be O.K. then?" Joe asked, longing for some comforting assurance.

"We'll hope so," answered the doctor. But it seemed to Joe that he was not very sure about it.

After the doctor went away, Joe started pacing up and down the tiled floor. He could not sit still, although his heavy shoes made a loud clumping in the eerie hush of the room, and the white-uniformed lady at the reception desk kept frowning at him. He got to remembering the way he had paced the floor the night Babe was born, and how thrilled he had been when Doctor Barnett came out to tell him that the baby was a girl. He and Emmy had wanted a girl. Now Emmy was gone, and Joe was pacing the floor again, waiting for word about Babe.

Doctor Ralston came back once to greet another patient, a young woman with a pale and sickly look.

"No report yet," the doctor told Joe, when the latter inquired anxiously about Babe. "We're running some tests on her," he said.

Joe resumed his pacing, fretting at the thought that they might be hurting Babe. He had been walking up and down for hours, seemed like, when suddenly he heard Little Joe's voice, loud and shrill in the hospital stillness.

"Hey, pop!" the boy called. "Uncle Pete got pinched!"

"Quiet, please!" protested the receptionist as Big Joe whirled about.

Little Joe came running toward him, with Uncle Pete slouching after him in his rolling, bowlegged gait. There was a big, red-faced policeman beside Pete.

"What you done now, Pete?" Big Joe growled reproachfully.

He was acutely conscious of the horrified expression on the face of the lady at the desk. All the other people were looking at Uncle Pete as though he was something the hospital cat had dragged in. Pete's torn shirt sleeve added to his always disreputable appearance. From under his tattered hat brim, he kept glaring sideways at the policeman. He had a deep-rooted aversion for cops, for reasons arising naturally from his way of life. Joe sure wished that he had left Pete at home.

"What you been up to, Pete?" Joe asked again.

"Don't play it innocent," the policeman said. "Maybe you needed money, with your little girl sick and all, but that's no way to get it. You need money for hospital bills, there's places where you can go for help."

Uncle Pete said that there was a place where the cop could go, and he named the place. Whereat, all the spectators looked shocked, and the lady at the desk called out, "Please!" in a scandalized voice. To make matters worse, Doctor Ralston came along the corridor just at that moment.

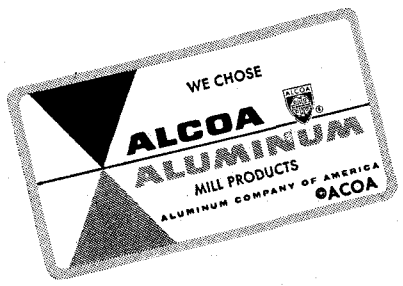
"How's Baby, doctor?" Big Joe asked.

"Certain symptoms of *haemorrhagica* are undoubtedly present, as Doctor Barnett noted," the doctor answered. "But ——" He broke off, staring curiously at Uncle Pete and the policeman.

"This is Baby's Uncle Pete, doctor," Big Joe said, although for Babe's sake he was reluctant to admit the relationship. "An' this is Baby's brother. We mostly call him Little Joe."

"My name's O'Mara, doctor," the policeman introduced himself. "I'm sorry to bust in here, but they stuck up a guy, see, on their way to the hospital. They took his car and his money."

"Oh!" said Doctor Ralston.



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DURAMETRIC

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"He's crazy!" Big Joe erupted angrily. But Doctor Ralston laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"This man's been under a strain, officer," he said. "His little girl was facing a serious operation. I suppose he was worried about the expense."

"I ain't worryin' about anything but Baby," Joe broke in. "On our way to the city our car broke down. We stopped a man and he said we could take his car."

"That's not the way he told it to the Sanford police," the cop said. "The way he told it, you held him up and took his car and his money."

"Maybe he thought it was a holdup," Joe admitted. "He didn't seem to know much English, so it was hard to explain to him. And he acted scared. He dropped his wallet on the seat an' took off. I got the wallet right here."

He took the billfold from his pocket and handed it to the policeman.

"If you'll phone the Sanford police," Doctor Ralston said, "I'm sure they'll tell you that this man is a respectable citizen and that what he's telling you is the truth."

The cop looked doubtfully at Uncle Pete for a moment. But then he got out a notebook and wrote Joe's name down. He said that if the cash in the billfold checked, and if the Sanford police O.K.'d it, Joe could drive the car home and give it back to its owner.

"I won't be goin' home right away—not without Baby," Joe said, with a catch in his voice. But all at once he saw Babe coming along the corridor. She was holding the nurse's hand and talking brightly. She had her coat and hat on.

"Would it be—is it so that we can take Baby home, doctor?" Joe asked, scarcely daring to put his hope into words.

"Take her home and put her to bed," Doctor Ralston said. "But if she doesn't break out in a rash within twenty-four hours, bring her back here. She may have something contagious and, if so, we can't keep her here. The fact is, we think that those spots on her legs are merely bruises and that she's coming down with measles."

"Measles!" exploded Joe, not caring about the receptionist's frown. "Is that all she's got, doctor?"

"We think that may be all," Doctor Ralston answered, smiling. "But a good measles rash would confirm it."

Joe grabbed Babe up in his arms. "You got measles, Baby!" he shouted, hugging her in relief and happiness.

The cop looked at him in surprise. "He acts like he's glad the kid's got measles," he said.

"He is," said Doctor Ralston. "He's glad because measles is a lot less serious than what we were afraid she might have."

By the time Joe turned the car in the gate at home, Babe had a red rash all over her face and neck. It was the prettiest measles rash Joe ever did see.

Joe said a little prayer to himself. And since he was not much good at making up prayers, he worded it the way Babe asked the blessing at mealtimes. "For what Baby ain't got," he prayed, "the Lord make us truly thankful!" THE END

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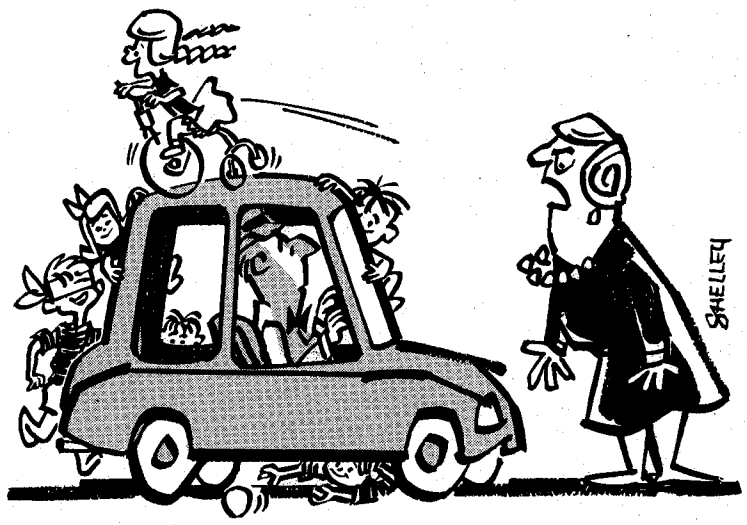

The Perfect Squelch

An American physician living in Oslo, Norway, found it a charming and relaxing place except in one nerve-racking respect: Small children, oblivious of passing cars, played in the streets at all times.

One evening after an especially trying drive, the physician mentioned the situation at a social gathering of Americans and Norwegians.

"And what do you do about it in America?" a local woman promptly demanded.

"We don't let kids play in busy streets," the physician replied.

"Why," snapped the local woman, "they have just as much right to be in the streets as you have. Your attitude is absurd. Simply to please your motorists, you are being grossly unfair to little children."

"Well, madam," the physician replied, "we're just as unfair to the motorists. We don't let them drive through playgrounds."

Clarke Newlon

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The Town That Reformed

(Continued from Page 27)

public office is very, very hard. They won't subject themselves to politics."

For mayor PCM slated Robert Morgan, an upright man of forty-three, long active in civic affairs, a brother of the president of PCM and himself a leading lawyer who represents corporations in their dealings with labor unions. For councilmen PCM slated the president of the LeTourneau earth-moving-equipment-manufacturing company, the comptroller of a washing-machine company, the employee-relations manager of Caterpillar Tractor, a merchant, a mover, a newspaper distributor, the president of the Women's Civic Federation, and a banker.

Independent candidates filed against them. The campaign was noisy. PCM was accused of being a machine, trying to run the city. But PCM elected the mayor and five councilmen, giving it a 6–3 majority in council.

Council, taking office in May of 1953, hired as the new city manager George Bean. Bean, a professional city manager of seventeen years' experience, was then managing Grand Rapids, Michigan, and could not come to Peoria till July. Mayor Morgan and council, however, lost no time in commencing reform.

Mayor Morgan recalls, "The job of sewer superintendent had for years been a sinecure for the retired head of the bricklayers union. We called him in and asked what his duties were. He said, 'I help Mr. Kosanovich.' Kosanovich was his assistant. We asked when he helped him. 'When he needs help.' So we just cut off his job and elevated Kosanovich. That made the bricklayers mad, of course." They also appointed a new police chief, fire chief, comptroller and street superintendent. And Mayor Morgan ordered the police to begin raiding gambling games and brothels.

Actually, big-time organized gambling had already stopped, ruined by political turnover, the enactment of a Federal law taxing gamblers, and the murder of the head of the gambling syndicate. Under Mayor Morgan the police closed the surviving poker games and lotteries. Prostitution, however, was still running wide open. "We had to root 'em out," police chief Frank Evans recalls. They made more than fifty raids on brothels.

The court fined the keeper and the inmates $200 apiece. This was costly; a raid might cost a madam $1800. (Fines have totaled about $25,000.) Moreover, after the police raided a house three times the city asked the state's attorney to obtain an injunction padlocking the house permanently as a public nuisance. Once somebody planted a dynamite bomb at the mayor's house and blew a hole in the foundation. But the police raids continued. Soon The Line was down. The police think a call-girl operation has begun. Now and then, they find a girl in a car or a tavern.

Such furtive operations do far less damage than a wide-open Line: they do not corrupt officials or spread disease. The month the raids started, 130 new venereal-disease cases were reported in Peoria, and the average for the preceding two years had been eighty-eight new cases a month. In 1955 it has been twenty-six.

When Manager Bean arrived he found the city's affairs in a deplorable state. This did not surprise him.

Bean, a tall, red-haired man of fifty-five, said recently, "The city-manager plan is a tool that desperate people reach for when everything else has broken down. Peoria's services were ineffective. There was a big backlog of needed physical improvements after forty years of neglect, and the city was broke—we had three hundred thousand dollars in unpaid bills. The budget had been unbalanced since 1948."

One of Bean's aids recalls, "Nearly all the department heads were about sixty-five years old. Everything was obsolete. They were using old incandescent lamps in the drafting department; I worked there awhile and kept getting headaches from the poor lighting. Some department heads never got to travel around to see what other cities were doing."

William Sommers, the new personnel officer, says, "In the old days the aldermen would hire men for the street department, then lay them off, mostly old men, couldn't work anywhere else, old winos, helpless drifters. So the street department was really a kind of relief agency. I felt sorry for the old guys. But you can't run a street department that way. We've been building up personnel files. We introduced physical examination, probationary six months' period, progress reports, training program and a merit system."

Manager Bean began his work in Peoria by recruiting a professional staff. All five of his recruits were young and all but one came from outside Peoria. Jake Dumelle was twenty-eight when he became Bean's administrative assistant, a mechanical engineer with a degree in public administration who had been assistant to another city manager. Dumelle brought in a classmate, Roy Anderson, a thirty-year-old certified public accountant, to replace the city comptroller. William Sommers, with a graduate degree from Harvard in public administration and experience with the Colorado Municipal League, became personnel officer at the age of twenty-seven. Dean DuBoff, an architect just out of the Navy, was the only local man; he became director of inspections. The youngest of all was Dan Hanson, who, at twenty-four, was hired away from the Chicago Motor Club to become Peoria's first traffic engineer.

The young administrators are bouncy and bright and eager. One of them said recently, "It's surprising how much we get done at staff meetings, considering the number of prima donnas there are among us." On an average they possess two college degrees each. Their average age is now twenty-nine, all but Dumelle are married. They sometimes refer to themselves as "the crew-cuts."

Watching them at work, you get the impression they care more deeply about the city than many people who have lived here all their lives. Their youth and eagerness have led them to make some "boners," as they term them. Manager Bean has said, "Young people tend to go too fast." Once the traffic engineer, Dan Hanson, began enforcing the parking-meter ordinance on Monday until nine o'clock at night, something that hadn't been done for years. Police handed out 300 tickets in one night. Amid loud public outcry, council changed the ordinance.

Dumelle recalls, "Once council bought some parking meters to be paid for at two thousand dollars a month out of revenue. The comptroller thought this was silly and asked the manufacturer for a five per cent discount for cash, got it, issued tax-anticipation warrants, and paid them off. Council didn't find out about it till the end of the year. The comptroller hadn't consulted them and they were indignant. He couldn't understand that as a private CPA he had had only one boss, but now, as a public official, he had more than a hundred thousand. A lot of public relations is needed in this work. You get in a town like this, you can't change it all overnight."

When Hanson, the traffic engineer, came to Peoria he spent about six months com-

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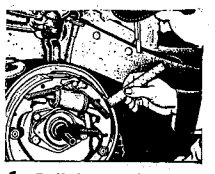
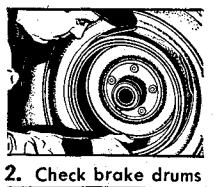
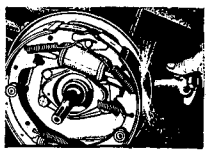


1. Pull front wheels and inspect linings

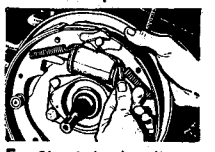


2. Check brake drums

3. Inspect front wheel bearings

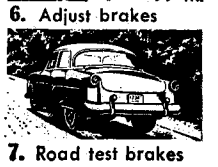


4. Clean brake assembly



5. Check hydraulic system

6. Adjust brakes



7. Road test brakes

* EVERYBODY AND HIS AUNT wants to see MY SISTER EILEEN, a Columbia picture, starring Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon and Betty Garrett. The freshest, funniest Technicolor musical that ever went singing across the Cinemascope screen!

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piling facts about traffic—accident statistics, law violations, traffic flow—then waded in. He installed new street-name signs throughout the city. He adopted a city-wide through-street plan. He changed bus routes. He painted forty-five miles of center stripes and lanes. Perhaps his biggest job was removing a lot of stop signs.

Hanson said recently, "Under the old form of government, aldermen were deluged with requests for stop signs. Stop signs were erected at every place where a near miss occurred, or where there was a school, or where the alderman's wife was involved in an accident. The city has sixteen hundred street intersections and it had over thirteen hundred stop signs. We went to the council with a plan to remove three hundred and ten signs. They adopted it. Since then we've had only three petitions asking that signs be reinstalled."

A blond young man, crew-cut, pink-cheeked, short and compact, Hanson spends as much time as he can driving around and looking for traffic trouble spots. One day recently he left the downtown district and headed up The Bluff on Knoxville Avenue, traffic swirling smoothly along on new pavement, and he said, "Along here is the first place in the city that we installed rush-hour parking control. They'd tried it several years ago and it lasted thirty days—too many complaints from the neighbors. When we got ready to do it, the captain of traffic and I went to every house along here, door to door, and explained why it was necessary. We've had very few complaints."

Driving on, Hanson pointed to a set of traffic lights and said, "Here's a new intersection we synchronized. We put in green arrows to let them turn on the red and head for downtown; then we laned it off-center to give 'em room to turn, and we took off parking on one side. That's the kind of stuff we're always looking for."

In an outlying neighborhood, seeing a motorcycle policeman lying in wait for stop-sign violators, he said, "He's not there just because he happens to live nearby or anything. He's there because they've analyzed the accident reports of several months and found that they were caused by stop-sign violation at about this time of day. It's really scientific now."

Enforcement and engineering were getting results. Last year only three people were killed in traffic accidents—fewer than ever before. Injuries and accidents declined. In 1953 the National Safety Council ranked Peoria's traffic-safety program forty-third out of fifty cities. Last year it ranked third. "So," Hanson said, "we feel something's beginning to happen. Of course, it's slow. You can't move any faster than the town will let you."

At the end of its first year in office the new administration issued a report to the people, pointing proudly to its achievements. Peoria had been termed an "All-American City" by the National Municipal League. The administration had improved the city's housekeeping, bought new equipment, bought a new police headquarters, improved law enforcement, cut accidents, taken politics out of city service, and balanced the budget. It had balanced its current budget by funding $300,000 of unpaid bills, by re-enacting a city vehicle license which the outgoing aldermen had repealed, and by imposing a new cigarette tax.

But it still had not solved its basic financial problem. The city badly needed $20,000,000 worth of new streets and sewers and other capital improvements. To raise the money the council submitted to the people a proposal to levy a one-half-cent city sales tax. It promised to cut back the property tax and take off the vehicle license and cigarette tax. But labor viewed this as an attempt to shift the tax burden to the workingman. And the Association of Commerce objected that a city sales tax would drive shoppers out of the city. The proposal was beaten 4 to 1.

How did Peorians like their new government? Most of them liked the vice and gambling cleanup, though some felt nostalgia for the old days. They liked the housekeeping improvements in general, though many grumbled specifically about the streets. Many said they didn't know whom to complain to, now that councilmen were not elected from wards. Some said the new administration's innovations had been abrupt and arbitrary. Some said the new regime was too costly and had raised taxes; they complained about Bean's $18,000 salary and about "the outsiders" he had imported to run the city.

Organized opposition came from tavernkeepers, who felt the cleanup kept big conventions away and hurt day-to-day business, and from organized labor. The state Federation of Labor has long officially opposed the city-manager plan as not being representative government. Labor was not included in the original PCM which brought the manager plan to Peoria.

The new administration fired a city painting contractor and merely hired a painter; this antagonized the union. The administration ended "labor patronage"—took the job of sewer superintendent away from the bricklayers union, the job of building commissioner away from the carpenters union. It bought cigarette-tax stamps from a nonunion company, offending the printers union. It bought prison-made traffic signs.

Dick Estep, who speaks for the AFL, complains bitterly about PCM. "They sold the people on the idea that this type of government was going to be independent. No politics at all. But PCM has a slate, it has a treasury, it has officers—to me, it's just a political party." And Coy Lutes, of the United Auto Workers (CIO), said, "We're not against the manager form as such, but only against the way in Peoria it has been packed with management people. They are all antilabor to start out with."

The administration faced its first test in the councilmanic election of 1955. Four councilmen had to stand for re-election. Three of them originally had been supported by PCM; the fourth, a labor man, had not. This time PCM endorsed them all. The labor man promptly renounced PCM support. PCM began running ads praising him; he ran ads denouncing PCM. Otherwise the campaign was quiet until the last couple of weeks. Then all the independents began attacking PCM. An organization called Peorians for Peoria sprang up to aid the independents. Its cartoons caricatured Bean. Its ads kept asking: "Who Is Mr. Syndicate?" and hinting that Bean was "Mr. Syndicate" and was involved in some devious plot of an unspecified nature. It said, "Mr. Syndicate Ordered IT for Grand Rapids and Now Peoria," not saying what "IT" was. Voters were urged to "watch tomorrow's newspapers for details" and to "Save Peoria" on April fifth.

PCM disdained to answer any of this. Its ads simply praised the incumbents and recalled the bad old days of the aldermanic system: "inefficiency," "waste," "payroll padding," "graft," "shady deals." One of the independent candidates, James J. Manning, a shrewd, genial former alderman who had become a symbol of the old regime, promptly ran an ad listing numerous members of the old regime and asking whether PCM was accusing these "distinguished Peorians" of chicanery.

Nearly everyone expected the PCM candidates to sail through. So, when the blow fell, it was a heavy one. Not a single PCM man won except the labor man who had repudiated PCM endorsement.

What had happened? Almost nobody interpreted the election as a repudiation of the city-manager plan itself. Most people, PCM and labor leaders alike, thought the election indicated resentment of "PCM domination." Mayor Morgan attributed the result to the small vote—"the aginners always get out and vote." The vote was indeed very light—only 41 per cent of the registration. But it was light all over town and one of the elected councilmen said, "If The Valley had got out and voted, we'd have beaten 'em worse." How did he account for the light vote? "It's the same all over the country. The people figure why should they vote; they got a nice big house, nice big car, they got television, they got everything they want, they got money." He found the people's mandate somewhat cloudy. "The people definitely want a change. You've got to change something." Probably, he thought, they wanted better streets and alleys and more stop signs.

After the election, many people expected that Bean would be fired forthwith. Citizens bought chances in a pool, betting on the day of the month the city manager would be fired. The night the new council was inaugurated a sizable crowd turned out. But Bean wasn't fired, and four months later he still hadn't been.

Council, however, adopted a resolution asserting its authority over the manager and its sole power to determine policy and limiting the manager's authority to administering council's policies. Council established committees to "investigate" city problems. The independents say that formerly one or two PCM councilmen, meeting secretly with Bean, made major policy decisions and presented them to council for rubber-stamp approval. They insist that they will scrutinize the city's every act and return government to the people.

They have certainly worked at it. The former council had met only twice a month, and then only briefly; the new council holds long meetings twice a week or oftener. Council voted to "adopt a policy of having windows of city buildings washed every two months." Council voted to reinstall stop signs at one intersection whence Hanson had removed them. Council spent weeks studying the comparative merits of a brass pump and a cast-iron pump on a new fire truck. As a consequence of this attention to detail, business is transacted slowly and major problems tend to pile up.

Bean appears to have adopted a strategy of asking council's guidance before making the most unimportant decision. Possibly he hopes to bore council to death, so that it will restore to him some of his duller prerogatives. Council leadership has devolved upon two holdover anti-PCM councilmen—Robert McCord, an attorney; and Myrna Harms, a young woman of considerable charm. At almost every council meeting one of them takes a pot shot from the floor at Bean or PCM. Recently, Mrs. Harms' criticism of fire-department purchasing blew up a scandal that resulted in a vitriolic dispute between Mrs. Harms and Mayor Morgan, the indictment of the fire chief, and a councilmanic vote of confidence on Manager Bean, which he survived, 6–3.

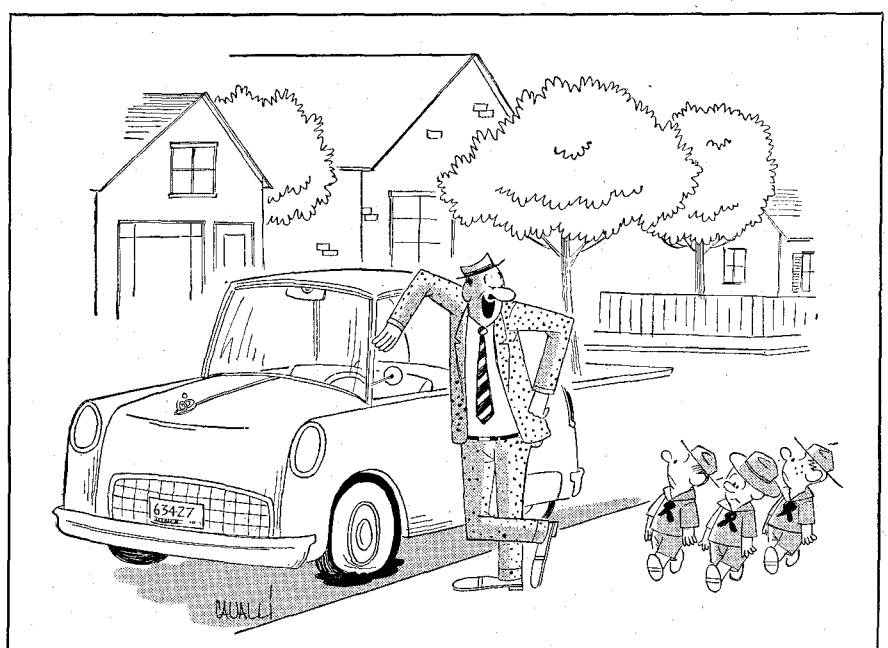
Bean, a hotheaded, upright man, has tried to avoid brawling with his critics. He said recently that the manager plan functions best in cities where the manager and council feel a mutual confidence. That this is no longer so in Peoria disturbs him, not only because he is involved but because the plan itself is involved.

Why has a government so widely acclaimed aroused so much opposition? Some has been aroused by councilmanic headline hunting. But PCM invited opposition at the outset by failing to embrace all segments of the city, including labor. PCM was blinded by its mistrust of politicians. It blamed all the city's woes on them and said that ousting them would solve all problems. It forgot that politicians perform a real service: they respond to the people's wishes. PCM leaders neglected to do this. The councilmen, enthusiastic about the plan and anxious to make progress rapidly, were too eager to hand over responsibility to the manager. The administrators reckoned too much with slide rules and too little with people. Their determination to solve the city's financial problem led them to propose the unpopular sales tax. And yet surprisingly few people in Peoria seem to think the manager plan is on the way out. Many people, however, do think the city may return to the ward system of electing councilmen, to meet the most widespread objection to the plan: people feel their government is remote.

Recently the state legislature authorized council to enact a one-half-cent city sales tax without referendum, and it did so, repealing the vehicle and cigarette taxes. The new tax solves Peoria's financial problem. It will mean better streets and sewers. But it is still an unpopular tax.

The election demoralized Bean's aids. Councilmen talked of abolishing some of their jobs. Recently, however, the staff has taken heart. One of them said, "At first the election seemed a repudiation of everything we stood for. But maybe it was good for us. We experts have a tendency to take ourselves too seriously, to think that 'papa knows best,' to just go ahead and do things. In administrative government you forget that politics underlies everything in a democracy."

THE END



"Hi, there. You fellers done your good turn today yet?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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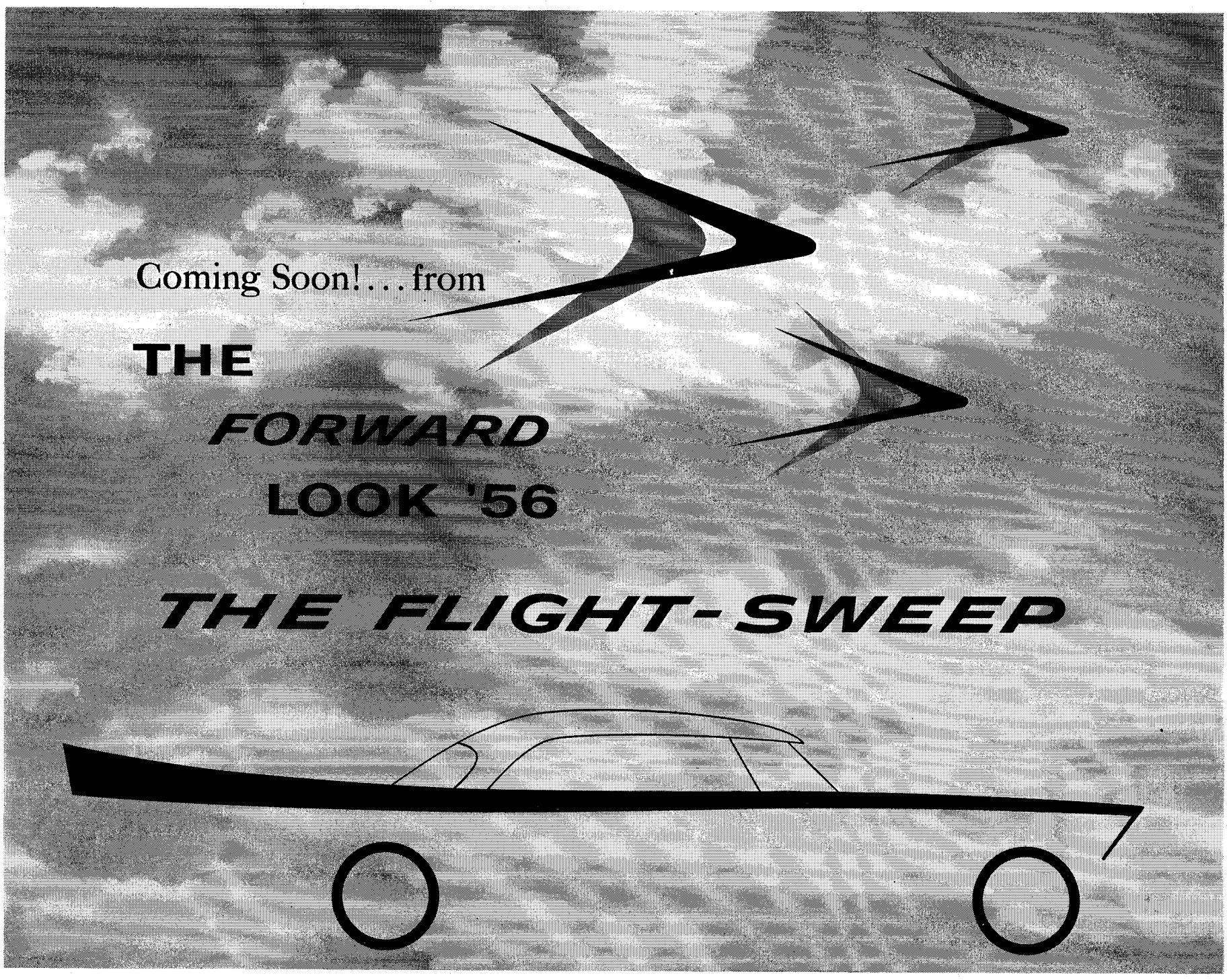

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Here's news in PUSHBUTTON POWERFLITE. Put your finger on a button on the dash at your left, where only *you* can touch it, and you're in the driving range you want!

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Here's news in an all-road ride that other cars are still on the search to equal. And news in the full-time Safety-Touch Power Steering that really gives the control and ease and certainty that part-time versions reach for . . . and miss!

Here's real news in safety for you, too. New LifeGuard door latches that hold fast under stress as none have ever done before. New Safety Belts if you wish them. New rigidity and stamina of body work to surpass even Chrysler Corporation's known high standards.

Watch for THE FLIGHT-SWEEP. Watch for these cars at your dealer's. Soon comes the *second* year of THE *FORWARD* LOOK, Chrysler Corporation's challenge that has already won the hearts of well over a million families in 1955, against the toughest competition this industry has yet seen.

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Did the Best Teams Get in the Series?

(Continued from Page 25)

the old Boston Braves were fighting for the pennant, and it was the most natural thing in the world for a guy to be blowing his top.

The Braves were probably the fourth best team in the league that year. They finished first—I was a coach—only because Stanky and a few other old pros did blow their tops. Stanky, who had been with the winning Dodgers the previous year, was a money player who would've talked up the pennant if he was with the Bloomer Girls. He began putting the heat on a rag-bag collection of rookies and so-so veterans in training camp. Manager Billy Southworth was afraid that Stanky would crack under the strain if he tried to keep the team hopped up like that all season. Southworth advised Stanky to curb his temper and take it easy.

The idea was contrary to every natural impulse, but for a few games Stanky calmed down, even though he couldn't buy a base hit. He went deeper into the slump one day at the Polo Grounds and left men on base his first two turns at bat. Southworth knew Eddie was seething inside, and gave him the "Don't get mad, control yourself" routine. Finally, after popping up with the bases loaded, Stanky threw his fit in the dugout.

A few weeks later he broke his ankle trying to break up a double play. He was out for ten weeks, but I still think it was his contagious pennant fever that carried the Braves into the World Series.

Stanky's blowoff hit me an extra hard wallop, because the butterflies in the pit of my stomach, which had been hibernating for five years, suddenly came alive, and I knew I was in a pennant race again. I'd been accustomed to that constant, grinding feeling of tension during the nineteen years I pitched in the big leagues, but it had faded during the three seasons I managed the Phillies and the two-year hitch I put in at an office job.

The Phillies of 1943–45 were a conglomeration of semipros, hot shots from American Legion ball and over-the-hill veterans. I took charge of them in the middle of 1943 and left in the middle of 1945. They were the most relaxed ball club you ever did see during my sentence as manager. They were so relaxed they hardly moved, especially on the bases. We got all the way up to seventh place my first season; then ran a good, sound last the next two years. It really was a relief to be fired. Previously, I had been associated with only four second-division teams and I wasn't geared temperamentally to take losing with a smile and a shrug.

Don't get me wrong. I wasn't a clubhouse wrecker like Joe Medwick, Lefty Grove, Eppa Rixey and Dolf Luque when the breaks went against them. The only open fit I ever threw was when I was pitching in 1934, and the Giants failed to score a run for me in thirty-four consecutive innings. Inwardly I was mad as hell all the time at the opposing hitters and at teammates who made bonehead plays behind me, but, like most big leaguers, I learned to cultivate a dead pan in public. In 1934 and 1942, though, I was so sore at my club's losing the pennant on the last day of the season that I couldn't even listen to the World Series on the radio. I was afraid I'd grab an ax and start swinging if I was reminded of our failures. I wasn't fit to live with until Christmas.

There are players who never learn how to cope with pennant pressures. Before getting down to specific cases, I want to make it clear that this has absolutely nothing to do with "guts," or physical courage. It's generally agreed that the Cardinals' old Gashouse Gang was a tough, dead-game outfit. They certainly proved it in 1934, yet the following season they swooned with the pennant in sight, and were overhauled by the Cubs' twenty-one-game winning streak.

Look at the Dodgers' hot and cold flashes in four successive recent seasons with the same key men—Robinson, Campanella, Reese, Snider, Hodges and Furillo. In 1949 the Dodgers, trailing the Cards by a game and a half with four to play, picked up all the marbles on the last day. The next year they were nine games behind the Phillies on September eighteenth and just missed winding up in a tie when Dick Sisler hit a homer in the tenth inning of the final game. Yet the same Brooklyn bunch that put on those tremendous drives blew a thirteen-and-a-half-game lead over the Giants in mid-August of 1951. And then, with the nightmare of another collapse staring them in the face in 1952, they forced the Giants to back off in a make-or-break series.

Some men respond so violently to the challenge of competition that they literally tear themselves apart grappling with it. Pete Reiser, the best young player I ever saw until Willie Mays came along, still would be a standout in the majors today had he been able to restrain his intensity. Reiser won the batting championship in 1941, his first full season with the Dodgers, and was making a beeline for the Hall of Fame the next year when he was stopped with a sickening thud. He fractured his skull in a collision with the outfield wall while trying to spear a line drive in a game that Brooklyn had to win from the Cardinals. He never was the same after the accident.

Few men had less experience with losing than Mickey Cochrane. His career was cut short by his refusal to accept the one defeat in every three games that the best teams must concede to the percentages. Cochrane, the catcher on the great Philadelphia Athletics who won three straight pennants from 1929 to 1931, was so tight with tension that Connie Mack sometimes made him go fishing for a week in August to blow off steam. When Cochrane became his own boss managing the Tigers, he was unable—or unwilling—to use that safety valve. After leading Detroit to pennants in his first two years, then finishing second to the Yankees the next two, he worked himself into such a frenzy trying to beat out the Yanks that he was on the verge of a nervous collapse when he retired in 1938.

The strain of a pennant race has been a factor in at least one tragedy. In 1940 the Cincinnati Reds were far ahead of the pack when they went into the last half of the ninth at the Polo Grounds leading by 3–0. Paul Derringer got the first two men, but a walk, a homer, another walk and another homer in quick succession gave the Giants the game, 4–3. The following day Willard Hershberger, Cincinnati's catcher, committed suicide in Boston. The Reds later told me that Hershberger went out of his mind brooding over the wrong pitches he thought he had called.

The worst—or most pitiful—example I ever knew of a fellow who went to pieces under pressure was Roy Parmelee, a big, strong right-hander who had all the earmarks of a twenty-game winner when he broke in with the Giants in 1933. Parmelee, who looked like Bob Turley, resembled the Yankee fireballer in more ways than one. He could throw almost as hard—and he was just about as wild. The secret of control is concentrating on a spot before delivering the ball. Parmelee never mastered this because he always was in such a turmoil that he practically went into shock during an important game.

Bill Terry, the Giant manager, never gave Parmelee any advance notice when he was due to pitch. If Roy knew he was working the next day he couldn't sleep. Once, in a game with the Cards, Parmelee got his sign from Gus Mancuso, checked the runner on first base, went into his stretch, and then brought the ball down and held it for at least a half minute. Mancuso finally called time and went out to Parmelee.

"Don't look now," Gus said, "but that guy who was on first is on second." Gus wasn't kidding. Parmelee literally froze and let the base runner make a clean steal while he held the ball.

Giant fans of a generation ago will remember Clydell Castleman, another swell prospect who faded out like Parmelee just when he should have made it big. Castleman had a fifteen-six record as a rookie in 1935 with a third-place club, but he won only four games the next year, when we won the pennant. The kid was tortured by a bad back, but most of us suspected his trouble was more mental than physical.

Today, Castleman's misery would be called a psychosomatic ailment, and he'd be sent to a psychiatrist for help. It's doubtful that the treatment would do any good. Rex Barney, the National League's most impressive young pitcher of the last decade, wore out relays of psychiatrists who tried to cure him of the awful spasms of wildness that afflicted him after he pitched a no-hit, no-run game for the Dodgers in 1948. The chances are Barney would have developed into a genuine star if he hadn't broken in with such a loud splash on a contender. He attempted a comeback in a Class D League last year and walked seventeen men in one game.

Then there was the strange case of Babe Phelps, who was my catcher on the Dodgers in the late 1930's. Phelps was a whale of a hitter, the Roy Campanella of his time. In 1936 he belted .367 in 115 games, the highest batting average ever racked up by a catcher until Smoky Burgess shaded him by one point last year. The Dodgers then were knocking around the second division. When they rose in the standings, Phelps' hitting fell off steadily.

In 1941, when it was obvious that the Dodgers were going to make a pass at the pennant, Phelps up and quit the team in May. He was only thirty-three and he loved to hit, but apparently he couldn't take the strain of bearing down every day.

The most fascinating angle of baseball to me is that the same pressures which beat down one player boost another man far above the level of his talent. The No. 1 man in that department today is Jackie Robinson, who will invent new ways to beat you if ordinary tactics fail. I'm not familiar with the American League, but on our side of the fence every club has men who are respected in the trade for putting out regardless of the score or the standings. Among them are established stars such as Musial, Reese, Campanella, Dark, Maglie, Kluszewski, Mathews, Roberts and Ashburn. That's to be expected. Skill will send a man to the head of the parade, but to stay there he must drive himself continually. It may surprise fans, though, to hear that opposing players hold in equally high regard some less-celebrated hustlers—men like McMillan, Logan, Groat, Virdon and Seminick.

The difference between going through the motions with a lot of clucks and bearing down with a contender has been known to throw good, aggressive players for a complete loss until they learn to make the adjustment. A classic example was the trouble Dick Bartell had for a full season after he was traded from the Phillies to the Giants in 1935. Bartell was a scrappy, up-and-at-'em battler who earned his nickname of "Rowdy Richard," yet his first year with the Giants he was a feeble imitation of the shortstop he had been in Philadelphia. His hitting fell off fifty points, and he wasn't coming up with big plays in the pinches. After that, of course, he settled down and played fine ball on three championship clubs, but he needed a year to get accustomed to tensions he never had experienced before.

I still remember the shock of my first exposure to a tough pennant race. I got an overdose of it because I broke in under John J. McGraw, the all-time high-pressure cooker. The Giants were fighting the Pirates for the lead when I joined the club in Cincinnati in June, 1925. It wasn't an auspicious day. The Giants lost their sixth straight. I went to my locker in the farthest corner of the clubhouse and began to take off my uniform. I dropped one spiked shoe on the floor, and it made such a clatter in the dead silence that everyone jumped a foot. Nobody

(Continued on Page 112)

"Are you officially here?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A man feels good

. . . when he's insured in the New England Life

Perhaps you've already decided that you need life insurance. The company you choose is another important decision.

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A man *should* feel good. These extra benefits add up to *a better life for you*. Any New England Life agent will gladly tell you more.

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(Continued from Page 110) else was undressing. The other players were sitting with their heads in their hands, like so many condemned men in the death house.

McGraw came in, took off his coat slowly and deliberately—he wasn't in uniform—and rolled up his sleeves. The veterans shuddered. I've heard men chewed out by experts, but McGraw taught me a new vocabulary as he went down the line casting doubts on each man's ancestry, intelligence and guts. And he never repeated himself during a two-hour tirade. In those days professional boxing bouts were held in the Cincinnati park, and the fight crowd was coming through the gates when McGraw finally told us to get out of his sight. The fight fans must've thought we were preliminary bums who had tangled with a cement mixer. We felt that way after McGraw's tongue-lashing.

I thought McGraw had gone on a rampage to snap the team out of its losing streak, but the next day we won and McGraw again put on a storm that would've burned the ears off a brass monkey. I asked George Kelly, the first baseman, why the Old Man was in such an uproar.

"Get used to it, kid," Kelly said. "This is the way it's going to be from here on in."

McGraw's abuse antagonized so many men that their refusal to play for him eventually forced his resignation. I'll say one thing for McGraw, though. His needling made you a better ballplayer—if you could take it. I know he taught me the value of knocking myself out for every game. He always said a game won in April was worth two in September, because it meant one less game you had to win in the clutch and one more the opposition had to chalk up to overtake you. Young players learn that the hard way, maybe at the expense of a pennant. They're inclined to wave off early defeats, thinking there's ample time to recover lost ground in a 154-game schedule. Sure, that's a lot of games, but when you get down into the last week you want to cut your throat recalling the sloppy 11–9 and 8–6 decisions that went down the drain in April and May.

That's what makes pennant pressure harder instead of easier to take as you get older. No matter how well things are going, you know so many intangibles can alter the picture that you begin to anticipate disaster. You strain to bank as many victories as possible before bad breaks lower the boom on you.

After you've been around the big leagues for a few years you get a sixth sense about critical turning points that affect a team's attitude. These make-or-break factors rarely are found in the box score. In 1933, my first pennant year, a telegram did the trick. It was sent by Blondy Ryan, the best mediocre player I ever saw. He was a .240 hitter and no gazelle at shortstop, but he seemed to have the knack of chipping in with a base knock and coming up with a lifesaving play when it was needed most.

We were locked with the Pirates in a battle for the lead when Ryan got spiked early in July and was put on the shelf for two weeks. We stumbled through a bad Western trip. Going into St. Louis, the last stop, it looked as though we were hanging on the ropes. Just before the opener of the series, Terry read Ryan's telegram in the clubhouse: "Am rejoining club. We can't lose now."

It was corny, college-boy stuff, and maybe Ryan was arrogant to consider himself the team's indispensable man, but it gave us a terrific psychological lift. We had such implicit confidence in Ryan as a lucky charm that we breezed to a fairly easy pennant when he returned.

Whenever collapses are mentioned, prominent billing is given to the Giants' fold-up in 1934, after holding a seven-game lead the day after Labor Day. Sportswriters referred to the last four games we lost to the second-division Phillies and Dodgers as the crushers. But the real killer came in our previous series with the Braves. Everything had been going terribly for us. Mel Ott, who holds the all-time National League lifetime record for homers and runs batted in, went 0-for-28 in this stretch. I was beaten by shutouts in three straight games, once in twelve innings and twice in ten innings. After the third whitewash, I blew a gasket and tore up my shirt in the clubhouse.

"Let's do a good job," Terry said, ripping off my pants. "The next time you pitch, wear a beard, so we won't know who you are. Maybe we'll score some runs for you by mistake."

Our tails were dragging and the Cardinals were coming like a tornado, but it seemed we'd hold on long enough to win. Going into a four-game series with the Braves on the next-to-last weekend, we had a three-and-a-half game lead with only eight to play. We split the series with the Braves, but the two games we dropped gave us the hopeless feeling that we weren't destined to win. Both games were lost in the eleventh inning, and the knockout each time was delivered by Les Mallon, a journeyman second baseman.

We were waiting silently for the train in Back Bay Station when a voice from the rear of the dark platform summed up our private thoughts. "Mallon!" someone groaned. "Imagine getting licked twice by a humpty-dumpty like him!" In the last four games we simply slid down the skids greased by Mallon. Although it kills me to admit it, the Cards deserved the pennant. In their final drive they won twenty of the last twenty-five games.

A perfect autumn day is one when the lawn no longer needs mowing and the leaves haven't yet started to fall.

VESTA M. KELLY

To my knowledge, the Brooklyn club of 1942 was the only team ever talked out of a pennant by its boss. The story has been dressed up a bit over the years. Larry MacPhail, the president, was supposed to have laid down the law in the clubhouse early in August and told the club that complacency would cost it a ten-and-a-half-game lead. Since I was pitching for the Dodgers, I can testify that MacPhail actually didn't pop off in front of us players. He made the crack to newspapermen, and it got such a big play that he went on from there. He second-guessed Manager Leo Durocher all over the place, and blasted Dixie Walker, the people's choice, for laziness.

Although the Cardinals finally did nose us out, it was a bum rap to accuse the Dodgers of choking up. We won 104 games, a total that never had failed to win a pennant, but the Cards wound up with 106 victories. They should have voted MacPhail a full World Series share. He was their best asset.

The most sensational pennant drive I ever saw—as a coach—was made by the 1951 Giants. We started so late and so far back that it was completely cockeyed and crazy to think we even had a chance, but the team had an overwhelming feeling of confidence that carried it on a cloud for six weeks.

The Dodgers were leading us by twelve and a half games on August fourteenth that year when we met them in a three-game series. Although we won three close games, nobody took this seriously except the Giants. The Dodgers still were ahead by nine and a half lengths. However, knocking off a sizable chunk of that crushing lead had convinced the Giants that they could go all the way. They simply chipped off a game every four or five days until nothing was left.

When the Giants won their next pennant in 1954, there was one ticklish spot. Most fans thought it was in August, when we lost three straight to the Dodgers and saw a seven-game edge whittled down to a smaller margin. Ballplayers often have a different outlook than the fans, however. Just to check my own impressions, I asked Al Dark when he thought the club passed the make-or-break stage.

"It was three weeks earlier in St. Louis, when Antonelli stopped a six-game losing streak by pitching a ten-hit shutout," Dark said. "Then we took four out of five and built up a nice lead again. That proved we could bounce back, the one thing that bothered us. A team knows it will have a slump sometime during the season. We weren't surprised when it hit us, but we did worry about getting straightened out before we lost too much ground. Luckily, we still were in first place when we got back on the track. The team's psychology would've been entirely different if the slump had cost us the lead. We might've started to press, trying to stop the tail spin. That's when a club can blow sky-high."

If you're looking for a quick explanation for the troubles of the Giants this year, that's it. We couldn't do anything wrong in 1954. We couldn't do anything right for much of this season, and that feeling of futility made us pushovers for errors and mistakes.

You can tell the position of a ball club from the atmosphere in the clubhouse. A team out of the running is noisy and goes in for a lot of horseplay. A contender's clubhouse is as quiet as a library. The players start to drift in at nine o'clock in the morning, and by ten, a full hour before they're due to report, everyone is on hand. It's not a question of being too nervous to sleep. Men battling for the pennant get out early to talk and study baseball.

You'll find them sitting in front of their lockers poring over box scores to see which pitchers and hitters on other clubs are on hot streaks. Pitchers gather in small groups to compare notes on hitters. Men paired off in the batting order prepare three or four different sets of hit-and-run signals, in case the opposition should wise up and intercept one sequence.

Once the game gets under way, the contender's dugout is as noisy as its clubhouse was quiet. Players are yelling constantly, and it's not just "At-a-boy!" and "You can do it, kid!" They're shouting alarms and instructions to their men on the field. They're playing sharper, better technical baseball.

The difference between a contender and an also-ran can be highlighted by drawing a parallel between the driver and a passenger in a car. The fellow going along for the ride looks at the scenery casually, and is only half aware of traffic on the road. The man in the driver's seat is alert to every little development. The concentration of a contender is keyed up in similar fashion.

A team in the pennant race uses the hit-and-run, the squeeze play and the steal more than an also-ran. By the same token, it is on guard to break up surprise maneuvers by the other side. Players on the bench holler to their pitcher when a base runner is inching off the bag for a big lead. Or you'll hear them yell, "Bend your back!" when the pitcher isn't following through after his delivery.

The men on the bench scream at the catcher and warn him by gestures when a hitter shifts his stance at the plate. If his feet are wide apart, it's the tip-off that he is dug in to pull for a long ball. If his feet are close together, it's an indication he is trying to punch the ball through a hole for a single.

Another thing you'll see on a contender is more shifting of the fielders as the count on a batter changes. If a two-and-nothing or three-and-one pitch is coming up, the infielders will move six or eight feet and the outfielders as much as fifteen feet in the direction of the batter's longest and sharpest hits. Why? The pitcher, trying to get the ball over the plate, is more apt to groove one to the batter's strength. On a two-two or three-two count, the fielders will lean in the direction the hitter is liable to push the ball, because he may be forced to swing at a pitch thrown to his weakness.

Believe me, the tension of the World Series is nothing compared to that pennant-race pressure. Before a series game the players cheerfully hold still for dopey questions put to them by strange newspapermen, and they pose willingly for silly pictures. They're as loose as ashes, and why not? They're over the biggest hurdle. They've got fat bonuses coming from the World Series, win or lose, and they're in line for good contracts the next season.

More money is at stake for the players during the season than in the World Series. The difference between a winning and a losing series share last year was $4435, with the winning Giants each getting $11,147. The Dodgers, who finished second to the Giants in the National League, got only $2103 apiece from the series pot—a difference of $9044.

A player's failure in the World Series is not held against him when he negotiates for his next contract. He earned his money helping to bring the team home in front. If his club finished second or third, though, the general manager will be waiting in ambush for him with a stack of statistics showing that a strike-out here and a bad pitch there altered the entire course of the race.

A kid starting out in baseball has only one goal—to make the big leagues. When I was a semipro in Mishawaka, Indiana, and I got an offer from Muskegon in the Central League, I was so crazy to sign the contract that I paid fifty cents' admission at the gate to report to manager Charley Sweeney before he changed his mind. Five years later, when Indianapolis sold me to the Giants, I climbed the fence at the ball park that night and broke a locker to get my shoes and glove. A train was leaving for the East in half an hour, and it was unthinkable to wait for the next one in the morning.

It is only after a player has clinched a big-league job that he can dream of the pennant and the World Series. The pennant comes first. Once he achieves it, there is a tendency to let down. This is why so many men given little attention in the pre-Series dope have dominated the big show. Last year Dusty Rhodes and Vic Wertz, who weren't supposed to do much, were the standouts. Billy Martin, a rookie, stole the spotlight in 1953, and the year before Johnny Mize, who was pushing forty, strolled off the bench to ruin the Dodgers. That's how it often has been since 1906, when George Rohe, a substitute infielder thrown into the breach at the last minute by another man's injury, figured in the scoring of every run in each of the four games won by the White Sox.

An individual crazy with the heat may tear apart a World Series, but coming out on top in a 154-game grind is strictly a team triumph calling for constant bearing down by twenty-five players. Sooner or later they feel the pressure—even on a team bowling along with the big lead the Dodgers ran up this year.

Although the Giants lost Dark, Maglie, Williams and Westrum and continued to play erratically, we actually had a better record in July and August than Brooklyn. The Dodgers' big slump in August was a definite indication that they were jittery from the strain of setting the pace. Those Dodgers are old pros. They know the only safe lead is eighteen games—with seventeen to go. THE END

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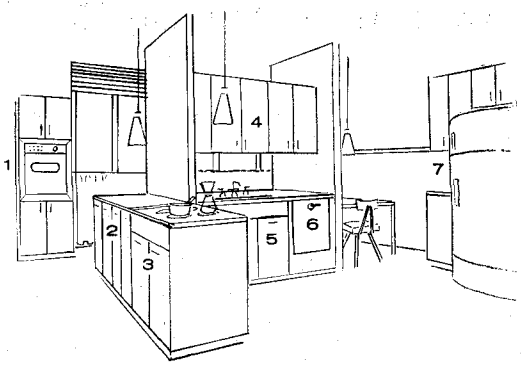
What Belongs in a Beautiful Kitchen?

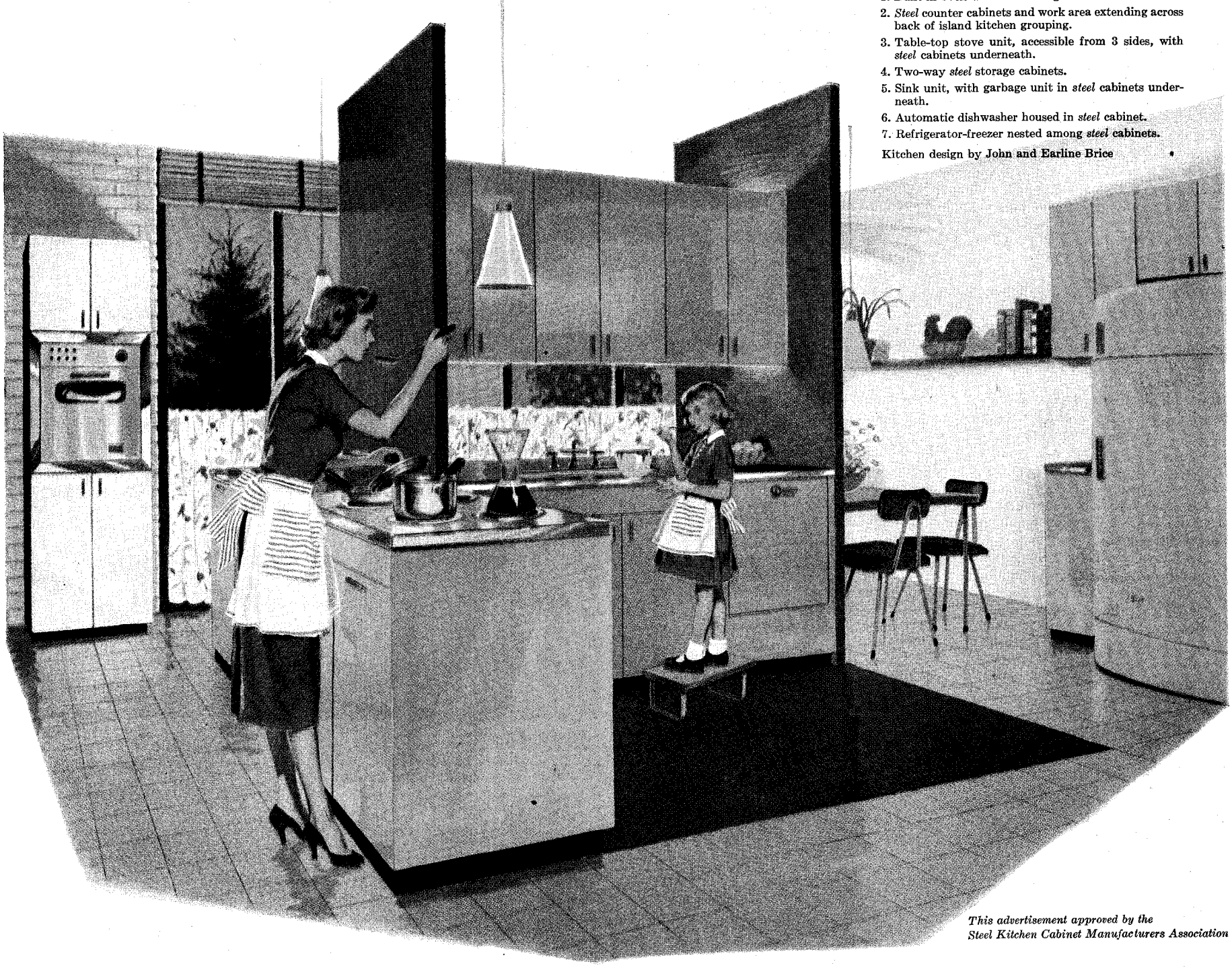
YOU and Steel!



Cabinets of steel for lasting appeal

1. Built-in oven with *steel* storage cabinets.
2. *Steel* counter cabinets and work area extending across back of island kitchen grouping.
3. Table-top stove unit, accessible from 3 sides, with *steel* cabinets underneath.
4. Two-way *steel* storage cabinets.
5. Sink unit, with garbage unit in *steel* cabinets underneath.
6. Automatic dishwasher housed in *steel* cabinet.
7. Refrigerator-freezer nested among *steel* cabinets.

Kitchen design by John and Earline Brice



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You—*and beautiful cabinets* made of J&L Steel

You may have your steel cabinets in warm colors—or in gleaming white—in a wide range of combinations arranged to suit your taste.

Built-in refrigerators, freezers, ovens, sinks, dishwashers, dryers—all are possible with the cabinets being turned out today by manufacturers of modern steel kitchens. Or you may use steel cabinets grouped around your standard appliances.

If you're building your dream home, or remodeling the old one, make sure you get steel cabinets in your kitchen. Steel kitchen cabinets last longer, they're easier to keep clean, they're fire-resistant, they're more sanitary, and they won't warp, splinter, stick or swell.

For beauty's sake, for the kitchen that's easiest to live with, use cabinets of steel. You deserve them.

J&L STEEL

Jones & Laughlin
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Look to J&L . . . for the steels that work for modern industry

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Are Patients Human Beings?

(Continued from Page 19)

the admission clerk and the hospital superintendent were fired, and a more flexible admission procedure was instituted.

To many observers, the most humane change in hospital procedures has been the modification of the get-'em-up-at-dawn technique.

"Most people when they are well do not get up at five or six o'clock in the morning," observed Harlan L. Paine, Jr., administrator of the Winchester Hospital at Winchester, Massachusetts. "But the poor defenseless hospital patient is jarred out of his oblivion before daybreak."

About five years ago, Paine decided, "with considerable trepidation," to toss out this sanctified routine. He announced his idea and was instantly deluged with objections. The nursing department claimed any change would foul up the nursing schedules and more nurses would have to be hired. The dietary department warned that the kitchen routine would be thrown into utter confusion. Staff doctors disapproved, too, largely on the ground that the plan was new.

"Very well," Paine told them; "maybe you're all right and I'm all wrong. But let's try it in one unit of the hospital. Instead of the night nurses waking the patients at five-thirty, let's let them sleep until the day nurses come on at seven. And we'll try feeding them at seven-forty-five."

For the first few days there were vexing problems. Within a week, however, the new routine was working smoothly and it was extended throughout the hospital.

A similar schedule was started two years ago at the new North Shore Hospital at Manhasset, Long Island—again in spite of a host of objections.

"In most hospitals," said Mrs. Dolores Esposito, nursing director, "nurses are supposed to wake their patients between five and six in the morning, feed them breakfast at seven, lunch at eleven and dinner at four-thirty. The poor patients are groggy when we wake them in the morning, and by eight at night they're ravenous."

Each nursing shift started one hour later than usual, and the hospital set meal hours at eight-thirty for breakfast, twelve-thirty for lunch and six for dinner.

"The patients were delighted from the outset," claimed Mrs. Esposito, "and after a few weeks most of our nurses vowed they'd never go back to the old-fashioned routine."

When North Shore was opened, the preparation of food was put under the direction of Henry Haüsli, who had served as chef in Swiss and New York hotels, and in the famed kitchens of the French Line, and who had helped design the food-tray service for American Air Lines. It was an inspired choice.

"Sick people need good food even more than do healthy people," Hausli declared. "Therefore, in a hospital, it is of the greatest importance that the food contains the vitamins. But it must also contain the flavor, the aroma, the beauty.

"We do not plan meals four weeks ahead," he said. "How can anybody tell four weeks ahead what the prices will be? We shop every day. We take advantage of daily price changes. And in Europe, any chef deserving of the name learns how to take leftovers and make tasty dishes. Here we use leftovers, and the patients write to me for the recipes."

Many of the policies and programs in force at North Shore and other relatively small hospitals have also been applied successfully in the new ten-floor, 338-bed Memorial Unit of the Grace-New Haven Community Hospital in Connecticut, associated with Yale University's medical and nursing schools. This is particularly significant to hospital-association officials.

"In general, teaching hospitals have the reputation of being efficient but pretty cold and heartless places," one of those officials confided. "Grace-New Haven, under an administrator who's one of the really bright guys in the field, is a shining exception."

The administrator, Dr. Albert W. Snoke, explains, "Even though we're a teaching hospital, dedicated to the training of doctors and nurses, we've found it not only possible but also profitable to set the individual care of the patient as our major goal. Maybe, in the long run, this is the best way to teach young doctors and nurses."

The patients' day starts at seven o'clock, and the rooms are attractive, comfortable and even soundproof. Doctor Snoke relaxed the usually rigid rules on visiting hours—the building is almost wide open after 10:30 in the morning—and discovered, as some other administrators had found earlier, that the corridors were actually less crowded and confused, the visitors more co-operative and the patients happier. He appointed a hostess to care for nervous, saddened or overenthusiastic visitors, and to provide birthday cakes or even full-scale birthday parties where indicated.

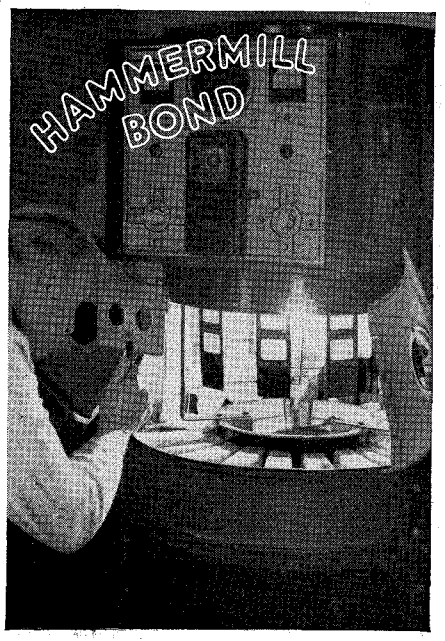
In the pediatrics department, organized under the

Continued on Page 116)

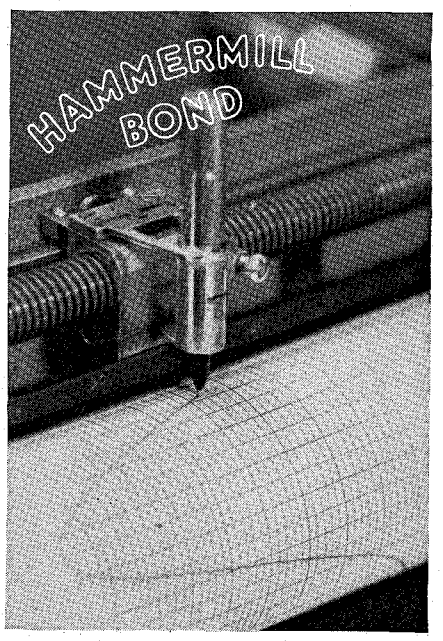
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"May I see your ticket, please?"

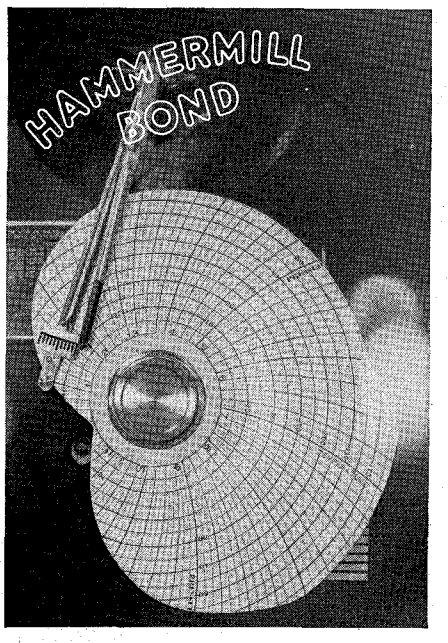
Another... and another... and



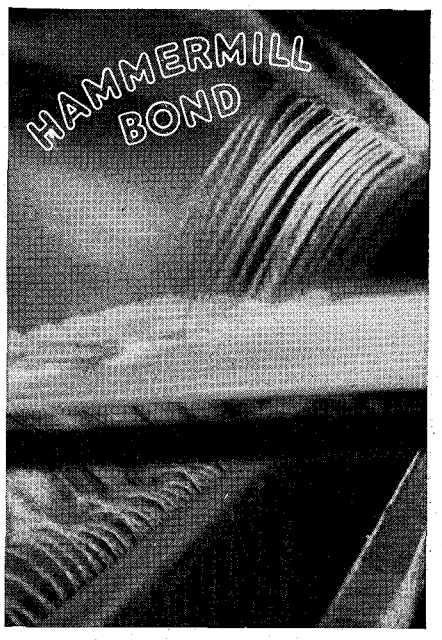
RAY OF SUNSHINE. Why do Hammermill colors fade so little? This machine ages new dyes under artificial sunlight. Only dyes that stand up get into Hammermill Bond.



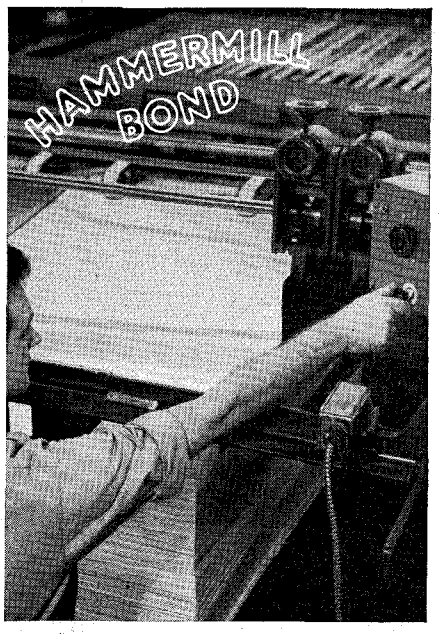
NEED A MATCH? Our spectrophotometer graphs colors in black and white, matches new paper against old. Helps you get the same color whenever you re-order Hammermill Bond.



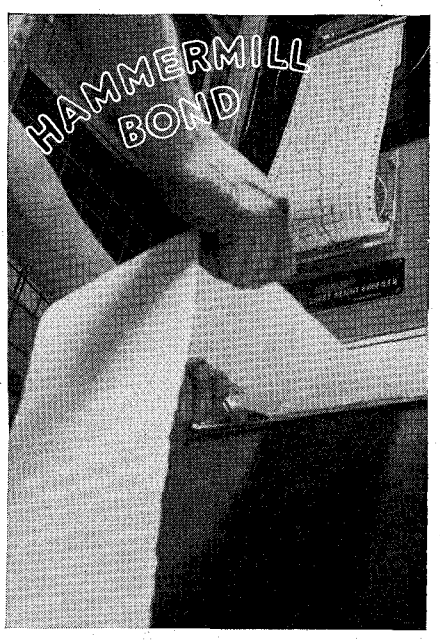
ROBOT COOK. Smell, color and sound used to be relied on to tell when paper pulp was cooked. Now automatic devices control our cooking, keep Hammermill Bond uniform.



SHOWER BATH. A surface sizing of starch solution, properly controlled by Hammermill's *automatic regulator*, makes Hammermill Bond better for writing, better for erasing.



NO MISTAKE. Mechanical counters, that don't get tired as humans do, help us deliver full quantity to buyers of today's better quality Hammermill Bond.



ATOMS AT WORK. Off-weight paper—too thick or thin—gives poor printing. Atomic energy helps us keep the weight of Hammermill Bond uniform throughout the sheet.

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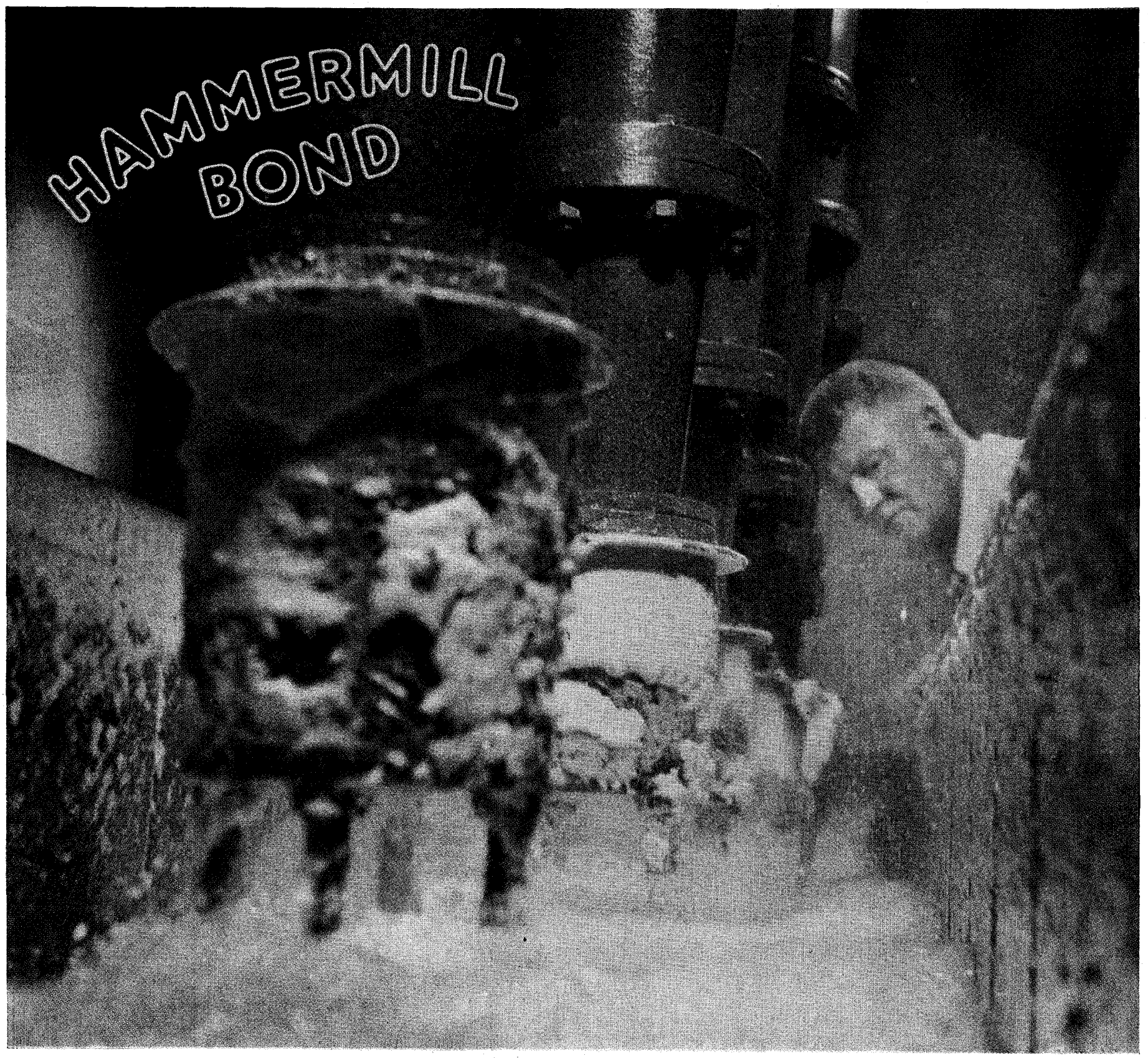
another reason why Hammermill Bond prints better, types better, looks better



IT TOOK A HAMMERMILL INVENTION AND $500,000 —but now your Hammermill Bond is cleaner than ever

NOW you can sign your letters on Hammermill Bond with added pride.

Hammermill Bond has always been scrubbed cleaner than a small boy going to a party. On its half-mile trip through our plant the pulp is washed and screened and bleached and washed again. That's why in the past you've found so few specks to mar its brilliant blue-whiteness.

Now a Hammermill invention makes Hammermill Bond even cleaner than before. The equipment, shown above, gives our blended fibers one last "bath" just before they go on the papermaking machines.

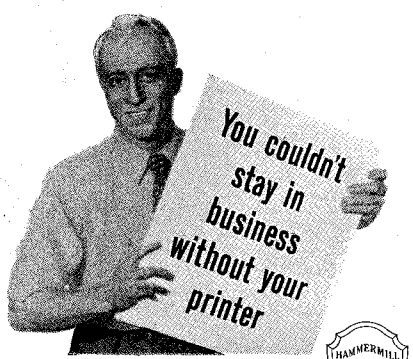
The pulp fibers are pumped, whirling, into those cone-shaped pipes. The dirt particles, being heavier, are flung to the outside and carried away so they can never get into the paper. That white froth you see is actually "dirty" pulp. The clean fibers rise to the top, are piped immediately to the papermaking machine. There they become paper for the cleanest looking letters you ever signed.

This invention took Hammermill four years to develop, half a million dollars to install; a huge investment just to make your Hammermill Bond "cleaner than clean."

Yet it's merely the newest in a long line of technological advances that make Hammermill Bond 1) *print* better—ask your printer, 2) *type* better—ask your secretary, 3) *look* better—see for yourself!

—yet HAMMERMILL BOND costs no more

—and actually less than many other watermarked papers



Printers everywhere use Hammermill papers. Many display this shield. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa.

HAMMERMILL GUILD OF PRINTERS

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WHO MADE THIS EARLY MODEL AND WHEN?
National Batteries had already become famous for quality when this luxurious Locomobile was introduced in 1921.
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REZNOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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(Continued from Page 114) direction of a child psychiatrist, living-in accommodations were provided for mothers of certain seriously ill children, and a special "play nurse" was assigned to arrange appropriate games for convalescent youngsters.

Throughout the United States more and more hospitals each year are adopting this kind of new look in patient care. Numerous studies have shown that these hospitals are no more expensive to build and maintain than ordinary hospitals, and may be less costly. Many doctors believe that patients in these hospitals recover from their illnesses more quickly and more smoothly, and are less likely to complain about dictatorial physicians, cold-hearted nurses, or overstuffed bills.

This attitude has been expressed particularly by Dr. Sidney Garfield, director of Henry J. Kaiser's controversial Kaiser Health Foundation hospitals on the West Coast. Known variously as the archenemy of organized medicine, because of his espousal of closed-panel medical practice, and as the hottest operator in hospital design today, Doctor Garfield has introduced his startling ideas especially in three new Kaiser hospitals at San Francisco, Los Angeles and Walnut Creek, California. Undoubtedly the highest tribute he ever received was given by one San Francisco physician—a long-standing, vitriolic critic of the Kaiser medical plan—who visited the Walnut Creek hospital and remarked later, "I still hope Sid Garfield drops dead—but before he does, I wish he'd build a hospital for me."

A major goal of his planning is early ambulation. "Get them doing for themselves, and they recover more rapidly," he says. "This may not satisfy the patient who comes into the hospital for a rest or to get away from the children, but our patients aren't hospitalized for such reasons. They're acutely ill."

Doctor Garfield's newest rooms are so designed that a patient need not summon a nurse every time he wants something. Within arm's reach of each bedridden patient are a wash basin, running ice water, a radio, a telephone, an intercommunication-system speaker, a bedpan, a small but useful closet, and a push-button device to raise or lower the head or foot of the bed automatically.

Each room opens out upon a lanai, or veranda, through sliding glass doors. The doors can be covered by sliding drapes, also operated by bedside pushbuttons.

In the obstetrical wing the mother can bring her baby into her room merely by reaching to one side and pulling out what looks like a stainless-steel file drawer, but is actually a built-in bassinet on rollers. When the baby has been fed or properly admired by visiting relatives, it is restored to the "file drawer" and pushed back into its own private, air-conditioned nursery behind the wall.

The outer lanai serves as the corridor for visitors. The internal hospital business is conducted in long, inside corridors divided into streamlined units for each nurse. Each nursing station contains record compartments, medicines, food trays and fresh linen for each patient, plus pneumatic tubes, telephones, intercommunication-system speakers, signal lights and other assorted electronic gadgets.

"There's no need for a nurse ever to run errands in another part of the hospital," says Doctor Garfield. "It's cheaper to use electronics. And she's always where she should be—near her patients."

Among other devices which have delighted patients in various hospitals are beauty shops on wheels, and a new food-serving system which keeps hot foods hot and cold foods cold for as long as two hours, and preserves flavor and aroma under a vacuum seal. There is even a new hospital gown—touted as the first improvement in 2000 years—which uses three snaps instead of the usual ribbon ties, and will neither bunch at the back of the neck nor expose tender portions of the anatomy to any passing breeze.

Successful administrators emphasize, nevertheless, that although these and many other physical features contribute significantly to a patient's comfort and well-being, they do not guarantee it. The most vital factor seems to be the attitude of the doctor, the nurse and the hospital administrator.

During informal visits to more than 100 hospitals throughout the United States, I found that those most affectionately regarded by the citizenry were those which treated their customers as human beings and not, as one harried nursing superintendent labeled them, "symptoms with relatives attached."

The patients in those hospitals knew what was happening to them and why. Somebody had obviously been answering their questions, and answering them intelligently. A patient who questioned or objected was not treated automatically as if he were an ingrate, a fool or a neurotic.

In those patient-popular institutions, hospital charges were carefully and clearly listed. There were no puzzling entries for "miscellaneous expenses." In many of them, a carefully written pamphlet was provided to explain the major expenses and to show why the life-saving devices and services required in a first-class hospital cannot be provided for even the price of a suite at The Waldorf-Astoria.

Significantly, in most of those hospitals, I found that the best and most co-operative patients in each ward were usually those who had been hospitalized by their family doctors. They seemed to know why they were in the hospital, they knew what was happening to them, and they knew roughly what it was going to cost. In contrast, the patients described by ward attendants as difficult and unco-operative were generally those ordered into the hospital by busy, overworked specialists who presumably had no time or inclination to prepare their customers for the ordeal ahead.

This rule-of-thumb did not apply in most obstetrical wards. Practically all patients there were pleased with life and with their new babies.

And finally, in those hospitals most highly rated by patients, there was little or no noticeable feuding or maneuvering for prestige between doctors, nurses and hospital officials. I appreciated this lack of obvious rivalry at one hospital in Palo Alto, California, which happened to be the only one on my list I entered not as a reporter, but as a patient. There my doctors told me, "You won't need special nurses—the regular nurses in your ward are the best in the hospital." In turn, the nurses convinced me that my doctors were unquestionably the best in the city, and at the same time—with masterful tact—they convinced my roommate that his doctors were even better than mine.

The value of such teamwork among doctor, nurse and patient was emphasized in a hospital study reported last year by Dr. Ernest Dichter, noted New York industrial psychologist.

"When a mature adult enters a hospital as a patient," he said, "he becomes uncomfortable and insecure. His personality changes and he becomes emotionally a child. How he reacts to that crisis will affect his recovery, his attitude and relation to the hospital, and even how he later pays his bill and contributes to hospital drives."

Psychologically, he claimed, the patient views his doctor and his nurse as his temporary parents, and looks to them for firm but gentle care, reassurance, sympathy, understanding and explanations. Under such circumstances, a nurse who delays in answering her patient's call—regardless of the reason—is "rejecting" him, and a lack of respect between doctor and nurse is as devastating as an impending divorce.

"Under these circumstances, too," Doctor Dichter declared, "you can see why bad coffee—the basis of most complaints in many hospitals—is so important. To the American, coffee has come to mean congeniality and friendship. A good cup of coffee to a bedridden patient means he's with good friends."

To hospital leaders who are spearheading the campaign to provide warmth, comfort and friendship as well as efficiency in American hospitals, the recognition of these needs in itself marks a major advance.

"We know now that we must do more than care for a man's broken leg or his ruptured appendix or his soaring temperature," says Doctor Rourke. "We must take care of the whole man too. Today, more hospital people than ever before are talking and thinking about this problem. And, more than ever before, they're beginning to do something about it." THE END

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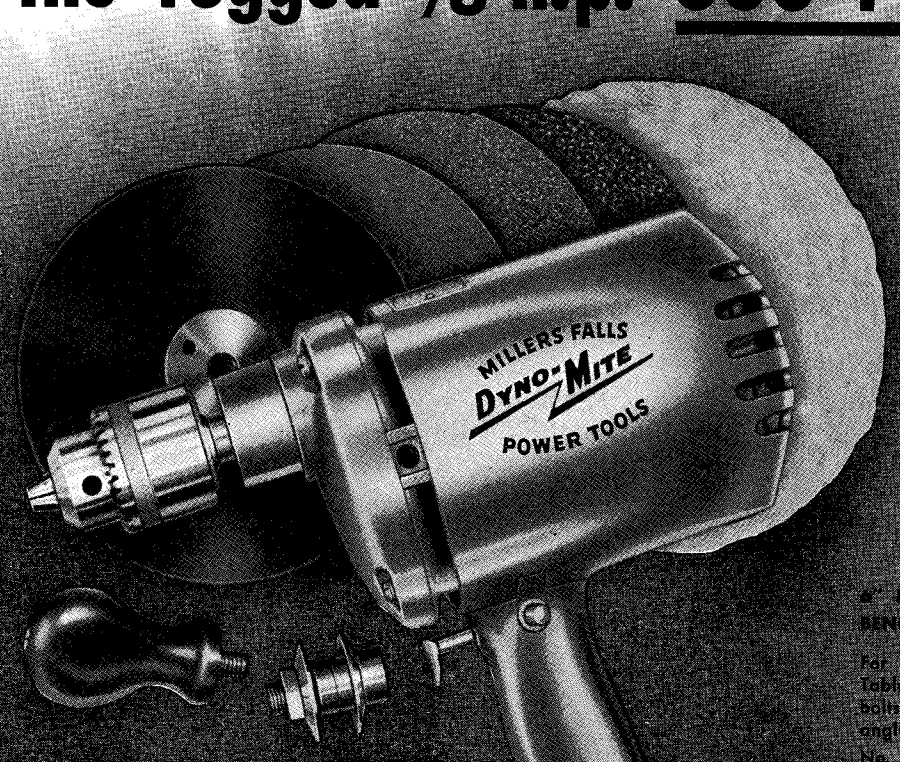

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The World's Newest Army

(Continued from Page 37)

changes in the wind, all building toward a bolder tactical concept. We now propose to fight for every inch of ground we hold. I don't suggest we can with present forces defend Western Germany against all-out attack. I do suggest that we no longer propose to double-time back to the Rhine River, and I can guarantee that we are now able to make an act of aggression a very costly venture."

Speaking on the Rhine, General McAuliffe had in fact advanced the NATO defense front 200 miles due east, to the Elbe.

This new NATO "forward strategy," is it all just high talk? Did the shipping overseas of a few thousand highly trained American Army artillerymen, with no more than a few score superweapons—the atomic cannon, the Corporal guided missile, and the Honest John free-flight atomic rocket—create this forward strategy? Right in the teeth of the Red Army, still by far the most massive military land power in the world? The answer to this question is a simple and emphatic yes. But how the answer was arrived at, in terms of strategy, operations and tactics, is anything but simple. The military men know they have crossed a threshold, that they have taken a decisive step into a future that may spell nuclear war on land if war comes. Changes are being made today that cannot be unmade tomorrow; or, to put it as precisely as possible, organic changes that cannot be unmade the day after tomorrow. By the end of 1955 for the six American divisions, possibly in 1956 for the British Army of the Rhine and the French Army, and probably in 1957 for the upcoming German divisions, and the NATO Command will have a modern atomic army in the field. This will no longer be a conventional army; its troops will no longer be able to fight, to defend themselves, by conventional means.

That there is such a "point of no return" is only the first of several surprises a reporter meets up with here on the ground. I chose the 2nd Armored Division, "Hell on Wheels," for several reasons. It is the oldest and most famous of our crack armored outfits, the only armored division never disbanded since it was first activated at Fort Benning in 1940, at present our only armored division in Europe—in fact, the only one overseas. The "Iron Deuce" is today training in the German Palatinate, in an area where it has to be on constant alert, prepared to fight on instant notice.

This triangle of the Palatinate is a small and compact area about the size of the state of Delaware, bounded by three wine-famous rivers, the Saar, the Moselle and the Rhine. If the reader were to stand opposite a wall map of Europe and aim a dart at the center, a good shot would land in the middle of the Palatinate, near the city of Kaiserslautern. Along the history-rutted route leading from France into Germany, this has always been a famous military crossroad. In the past five years the Palatinate has burgeoned into a mighty concentration of American military depots, dumps,

The Perfect Squelch

A few years ago, a small university with a high scholastic rating suddenly became a formidable power in football. A group of rich alumni had hired a top-ranking coach and provided a huge athletic fund. The faculty disapproved, but they, too, were financially dependent upon the alumni. So the quiet halls of learning soon became a muscle-tuning shop, to the silent anguish of everyone who ever opened a book.

Shortly before the start of the fall season, the head coach, a gruff, bullish individual, addressed the faculty "because I want to insure your co-operation that you don't mess up my football team with classroom interference."

The coach pointed out that he had three potential All-American backs and a line averaging 230 pounds. "This year, gents," he grunted cheerfully, "our boys are really going places!"

"Including, I hope," said the mild-spoken dean, "such places as classrooms and laboratories?"

Al Wilkie

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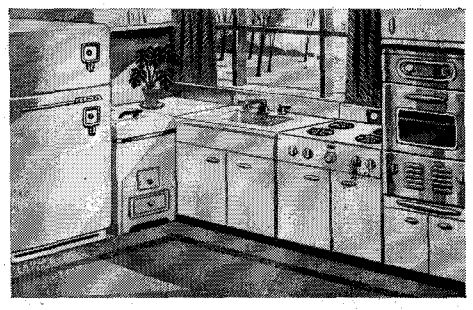

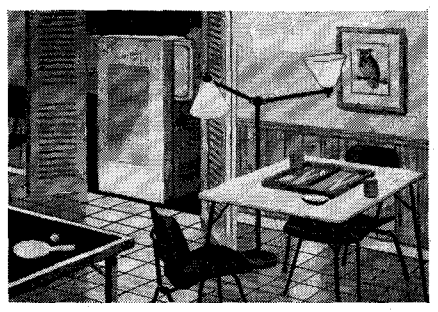

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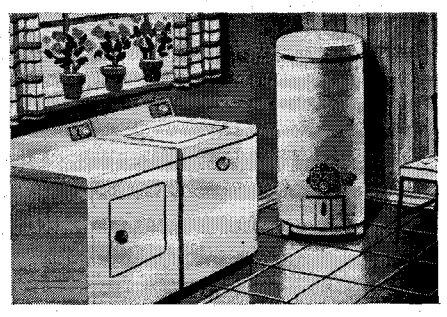

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storage areas, barracks and dependent communities. This conglomerate is ringed by six spanking new NATO fighter-bomber bases, and contains many support and tactical units. Operation Palatinate began as a simple occupation housekeeping problem, more and more stuff piled up here behind the Rhine after the Korea scare, and, like Topsy, it has since just growed. In the atomic age, such a concentration is a first-class strategic nightmare.

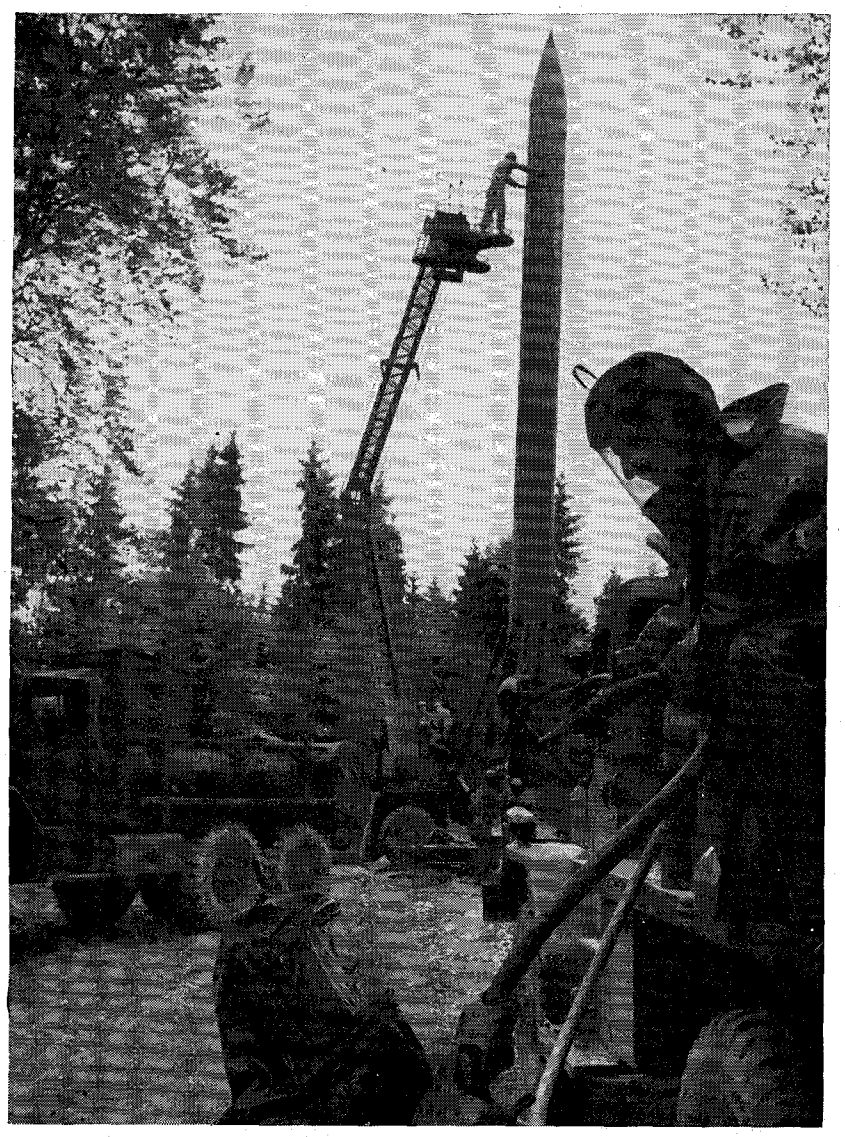
When our Army gets caught in a situation as bizarre as this, it usually comes up with that handy phrase "calculated risk"—meaning, "we would never do it this way if we had it to do over again." And it is this calculated risk, as much as any other factor, that accounts for the present location and spread of the 2nd Armored. Div HQ is in the quiet spa town of Bad Kreuznach. Combat Command A ("Sea Sea Air") is forty miles away, on the Rhine near Mannheim. Combat Command B ("*C'est si bon*") is twenty miles east, near the confluence of the Main and Rhine rivers at Mainz. Combat Command C ("Chuckle Chuckle Charlie") and the Division Artillery are at Baumholder, thirty miles southwest. This is an abnormal division spread, roughly from Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, to Frederick, Maryland, to Manassas, Virginia. Even when Maj. Gen. Clark Ruffner goes aloft in his helicopter, the division commander can seldom see more than a third of his division at one time. Except over Baumholder, where several of his units may be training it up. The 42nd Field Artillery Group, which controls most of the special atomic-artillery troops, is also headquartered on Baumholder.

Here at Baumholder, German ghosts walk. It was in this remote country, not unlike parts of our own Ozarks, that Guderian and Rommel, moving about units seldom the size of a full battalion, evolved the over-all tactics of the 1939–41 Blitzkrieg. Stone villages condemned in 1937 are still the scene of mock street fighting today, blasted trees every spring put forth leaves that always fall in early summer, chewed-up tank trails offer the eternally brown, monotonous choice of dust or mud. As you come over the crest of each desolate hill, there are dummy tank silhouettes with no-nonsense labels: THIS IS THE SOVIET T34 MEDIUM TANK. THIS IS THE JSU 152, SOVIET SPECIAL PURPOSE GUN. THIS IS ——

Early one morning—whatever our Army is doing it always does it early—I drove over just such a slope and came upon a company-level exercise. Fresh in my mind was a question I had brought out with me: "If a World War II veteran were suddenly called back to duty, after ten years out of OD's, how much of what he knew would still be valid, in the harsh new light of atomic warfare?" The answer was soon spelling itself out before me: Nothing has changed, and everything has changed. Everything a soldier had to master then he has to master now; you have to know arithmetic before you can get far in algebra, and now there is an atomic factor in every equation.

Still, at first it all looked old hat, right out of the tanker's field manual. A young Negro first lieutenant, commanding a tank company attached to an armored infantry battalion, has just taken over this company from a white captain relieved of command. Last night they made a road march off the Baumholder reservation, and at dawn reentered from the far side. Now the lieutenant is about to attack his first objective, a town some 600 yards away. He doesn't know it yet, but beyond the village, beyond a third hill, his company will be counterattacked by a full battalion. Right now the problem is to advance to the assault area and take the town. Before him he has three choices: he can move his tanks and infantry in together on the same axis; since there are two roads leading toward the village, he can move tanks and infantry along parallel axes; or he can pull his tanks back, leave them on this sloping hill as artillery, and move the infantry in first. I glance at the crossed rifles on the First John's collar, and know he is going to opt for Choice Three. He does, and another infantryman—an umpire—nods approval. A second umpire—a tanker who could only have got his bandy cavalry legs back at old Fort Riley—groans, "If Gawd had wanted soldiers to walk, he would have given them four legs."

For several hours I jeeped about Baumholder, watching old, accustomed things.



A side view of the Corporal missile shown on p. 37. In the foreground are firemen. In the background: a man on a "cherry-picker" makes adjustments.

Infantry platoon leaders were still talking about "two up and one back," artillerymen were still firing 105's and 155's. Signal Corpsman were cursing what tank tracks do to field wire, ordnance men were apologizing for the tricky turret on the M-47 tank, engineers were fiddling with the problem of a scissors bridge to move tanks across streams. It was only toward evening, when I came upon a group of eager-beaver young officers, company and battalion commanders, mounting a bull session on the day's problems, that I first heard the phrase "atomic overlay."

Then new phrases and concepts began coming thick and fast: "Lateral dispersion, dispersion in depth, concentration in time, in space; optimum distance from Ground Zero, possible delivery error, skirting of blast areas ——" I had yet to see a single atomic weapon—in fact, there were none on the Baumholder reservation that day. And yet it was obvious what these officers were doing. They were overhauling their own SOP's, viewing the day's exercise through an entirely new optic: How would we have taken this objective if we had fire support from the atomic cannon, or if we did not? If we had such support and the enemy did not? If we both had such atomic firepower, scarce or in plenitude? On the attack, on the defense? On a broad or narrow, a stable or fluid front? Nighttime or daytime? With or without air superiority? To follow what is happening today in the 2nd Armored Division, one has first to take a good look at the new weapons themselves, and understand what one American general, Lt. Gen. Manton S. Eddy, meant when he said, "These are super, but not absolute, weapons."

We have six field-artillery battalions here in Germany today equipped with the 280-mm. atomic cannon, a total of thirty-six pieces. There is only one Corporal Guided Missile Battalion. The number of projectiles the missile battalion has with it at any one time is simply a supply problem. There are several separate batteries of Honest John free-flight rockets, and each battery has a fair supply of rockets. But all told, the total of these magic weapons is probably not more than eighty, manned by about 5500 highly trained artillerymen—"men of extinction."

The jump in firepower, as compared with conventional guns? Many whopping claims have been made, such as that one Honest John battery can replace 720 conventional field-artillery 105-mm.-howitzer battalions. That comparison is both true and false, and anyway meaningless. Perhaps the best comparison with old-fashioned firepower is the following: Suppose all these new weapons were lined up along the same firing range, each one mile apart, and began operating at dawn at their normal rate of fire. In one hour they would have let loose more explosive hell than all artillery from the invention of gunpowder to the end of the Napoleonic Wars. Before another hour was out, they would have surpassed the destructive power of all the field guns fired, by all the armies on all the fronts, of World War I. In a third hour, more destructive bursts than those delivered by all the guns, and all the planes, in World War II. Then back to the barracks for breakfast. It is a shuddering exercise in statistics.

It is also a highly theoretical analogy. Before some congressman rises to advocate that "we just ship overseas a few more atomic battalions and bring the rest of our 300,000-man Army home," one has to report the catch. The prime mission of artillery is not to make enough loud bangs to blow up a continent. It has the precision role of laying down exactly the right shell, at just the proper moment, right where the foot soldier wants and needs it at that time—to be precise on the battlefield, and to be decisive. As Korea proved, at Pork Chop Hill and a hundred other places, one simple machine gun skillfully emplaced has more decisive firepower than twenty superweapons down the line somewhere. The value of the new atomic weapons must therefore be measured not in firepower alone, but in battlefield mobility, speed of operation, durability and flexibility.

What can these weapons do? American readers are probably most familiar, through newsreels and television, with the 280-mm. (11.02-inch) atomic cannon. (This gun used to be called Atomic Annie, but was desexed by Army directive. The approved nomenclature now is "280-mm. mobile piece, one each.") As our Army's first fission weapon, it received considerable publicity in the United States, as it did when it first was trundled ashore in Europe in 1954. To watch it today, barreling along the superhighways of Germany or sitting openly and brazenly in gun parks, is to spot at once its greatest military virtue and its critical weakness. For a gun of this giant caliber—total weight eighty-five tons, tube weight twenty tons, barrel length forty-two feet—the 280 is a remarkably mobile field-piece. It has attained a speed of fifty mph. on the *Autobahns*, thirty-five on ordinary highways, has operated cross-country, over snow and ice. But it is a complicated and, in certain moving parts, a most delicate weapon, hence a sitting duck for any skilled saboteur. The chief problem for the 280, in any time of crisis, would be how to hide it.

One senator, who obviously had both ears bent in the direction of the Air Force, has publicly derided the 280 mm. as "obsolete." In the sense that it has been replaced on the production lines by something better, he had a point, albeit a feeble one. The specialist officers and men of the 868th Field Artillery Battalion, who know more about this weapon than anybody else, are peacock-proud of their charge. They point out that the 280, its carriage suspended between twin transporters, can move into position and fire in nine minutes. It can then decamp in another nine minutes or remain firing. It has a maximum range of more than twenty miles, and a terrible accuracy for a weapon its size. Firing at its most effective range—about three-fourths of maximum range—this gun can lay an atomic shell, night or day, rain or shine, inside a city block. Every time.

Moving up to Gonsenheim, on the Rhine River, and the 259th Field Artillery Missile Battalion (Rocket), we come to a weapon more impressive, more deadly and more specialized than the atomic cannon. Viewed lying snugly on its erector—itself a complicated traction machine with thirteen electrical motors, weighing thirty-two tons—the Corporal has a terrible, ugly beauty. The silver missile is forty-five feet long, thirty inches in diameter and weighs 5.5 tons.

(Continued on Page 123)

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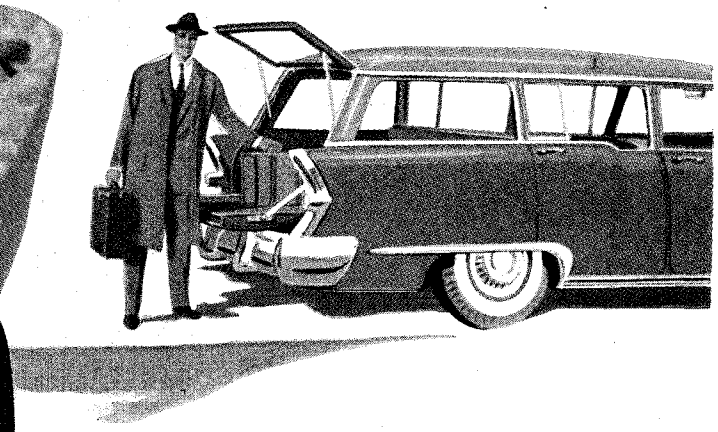

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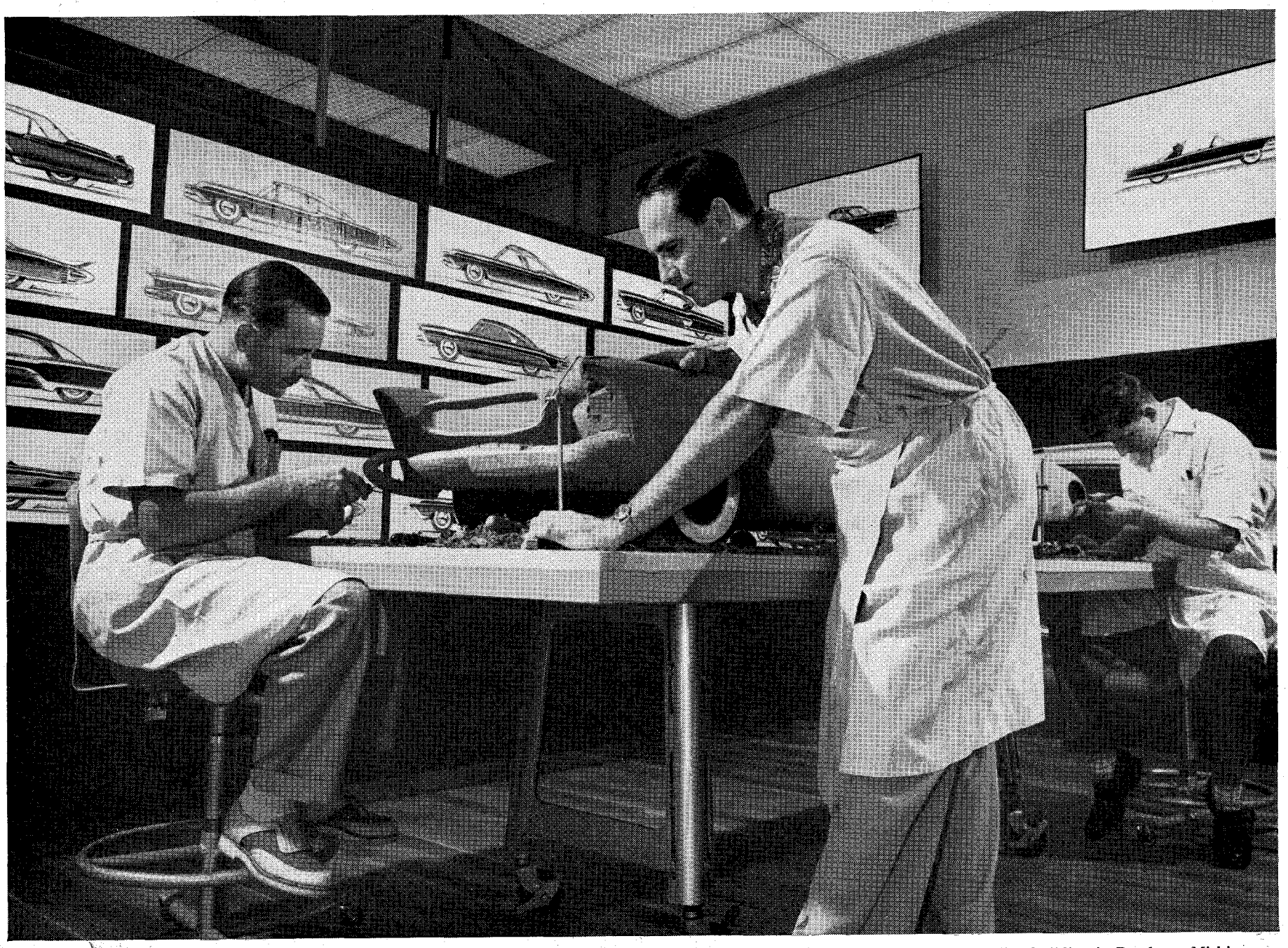
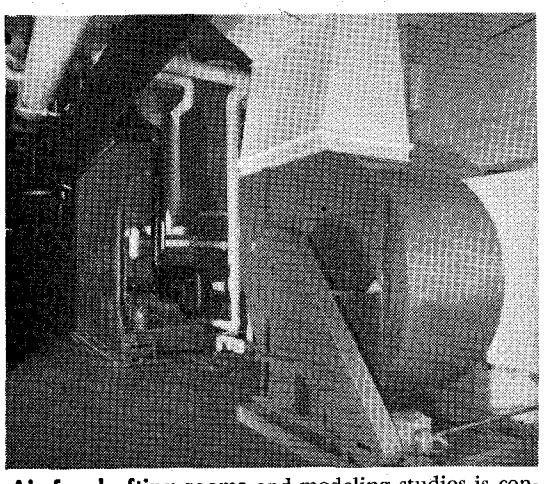


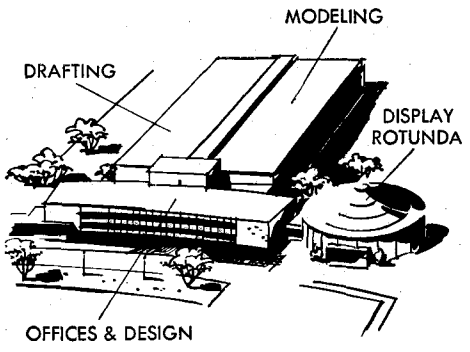
Advanced-Styling studio of the Ford Motor Company's $11.5 million styling building in Dearborn, Michigan.

Ford dream shop has built-in climate

—an example of how American Blower equipment meets the air-conditioning needs of every business



Air for drafting rooms and modeling studios is conditioned by 24 special, automatically controlled American Blower air-conditioning units (left). Each contains heating coils, sprayed-coil dehumidifiers.



Design-office wing and display rotunda are served by a central system. It includes 7 supply fans, 34 exhaust fans, heating and cooling coils, sprayed-coil dehumidifiers — all furnished by American Blower.

This "dream shop" at the Ford styling offices' Advanced-Styling studio is just one of many styling areas which depend on clean, conditioned air.

For example, in 12 roomy studios, clay-modeling teams work under lights which produce shadowless illumination—and intense heat! To absorb this heat, and provide the proper climate for working with clay models, specially designed air-conditioning systems were installed for each studio and drafting room. American Blower air-handling and air-conditioning equipment was used for this unusual assignment.

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(Continued from Page 120) For a surface-to-surface weapon, it has a hyperbolic range of approximately sixty-five miles, and is able to drop a projectile into what used to be the Air Force strategic zone. And because it is electronically guided, the Corporal's accuracy is awesome.

But how effective is the Corporal as a field weapon? It is when watching the 259th move out that one sees why other Army units refer to them as "Space Cadets," and sometimes as "Misguided Muscles." To put this show on the road, it takes 183 powered and wheeled vehicles, 301 if one includes trailers and vans. Without probing too deeply into all the Rube Goldberg gadgets and built-in electronics, one can mention some of the bulky equipment that must be hauled about—an elaborate missile-testing station, acid-propellant trucks, red-fuming nitric-acid tanks, compressed-air-supply trucks, an erector and boom, a hydraulic maintenance platform for technicians, a launcher. Complicated, but if everything functions smoothly, capable of firing one shot that could change the tide of battle.

After the engineering precision of the 280 and the dazzling electronics and chemistry of the Corporal, one approaches the Honest John free-flight rocket in a mood of disdain. That is a mistake. This really nasty black rocket looks like a grown-up—and pregnant—German V-1 buzz bomb. But an Honest John can be carried about by a standard five-ton Army truck, like a telephone pole, and launched with ease. Simple in design and construction, cheap to manufacture and hence highly expendable, it has real battlefield mobility, is thus in many ways the most practical of the three weapons. Its range is equivalent to that of medium and heavy artillery—twelve to eighteen miles.

We shall be hearing a good deal more of this new family of superweapons, about what they can and what they cannot do. But this first quick look into the cannon's mouth is enough to drive home the immense radical changes in tactical doctrine necessary to fight or to survive on any battlefield where these "vile guns" are brought into play. The principles of land warfare—maneuver, mass, mobility, surprise, objective, and so on—remain as valid as when first defined by artilleryman von Clausewitz. But their application has a startling new look. Here in the 2nd Armored Division, the following conclusions have already become SOP—Standard Operating Procedure:

Dispersion. This is the first of the magic words, based on the horse sense that you can't be hit where you ain't. But how much dispersion is absolutely necessary, lateral and in depth, and how far can it extend before a unit commander loses his essential combat control? Here an almost Euclidean formula has been worked out. Assuming the blast area to be one caused by a nominal A-bomb—twenty-kilotons—hence a circle roughly one mile in radius, or the area normally held by a battalion, it follows that dispersion can best be practiced between battalions, and not within battalions. The battalion becomes the key unit, large enough to retain some mass and striking power, small enough to be expendable, and capable of operating alone, beyond the point of mutual support. Two obvious results flow from such deployment. The interval between battalions has to be at least one mile, preferably two miles. Battle replacement will also take place by units—a fresh battalion for a crippled one.

Concentration. To fight, whether on attack or defense, soldiers must mass. Dispersion cannot become an end in itself. As General Bradley pointed out several years ago, a long skirmish line of infantrymen, spread at 100-yard intervals across the map of Europe, could not be stopped by any atomic air force. There must be opposing soldiers on the ground to force them to mass, to push them into becoming a profitable target.

How will dispersed battalions, operating as separate forces, come together for attack? Concentration in space, in the usual assembly areas, would be suicide. Here an old Rommel formula rides back into fashion. Avoiding the assembly area entirely, tank and armored-infantry battalions will have to move out fast, and at the last possible moment, converging for the attack on a split-second schedule. Hence concentration in time.

Time Compression. Time and timing have always been vital elements in the sway of battle, but never more than now. Time, in relation to World War II standards, has been fearfully telescoped. It is no exaggeration to say that months have become days, days hours, hours minutes. Tactically, the profitable target is usually a fleeting target. Unit mobility—the ability to move a mile in ten minutes—may mean the difference between survival and destruction. Tactical intelligence, hot, will be of supreme value; delayed thirty minutes, valueless.

Communications. Always a dull subject, left to the Signal Corps. But the concertina effect of dispersion versus concentration, first one and then the other, will produce a disastrous traffic jam if message-center procedure is not blitz-fast, accurate and continual. Radio, of course, and wire when you have time to get it in. But what if the division is moving, and under radio silence? Ironically, certain of the new procedures, including the tricky one of alerting your own troops that a hot round will soon be passing overhead, call for jeep couriers and even the foot messenger, like old Pheidippides at the Battle of Marathon.

Logistics. Just to mention logistics, around the supply-happy American Army, is to induce a shudder. On Day I of any battle, the 2nd Armored Division will have its full combat load of fuel and ammo. But its armored train, which usually carries or brings up several days' load of this stuff, is almost by definition a "profitable target" for atomic obliteration. And behind the division front, what will happen to that quartermaster's Valhalla, the vast Corps and Army depots, the supply-bulging LOC—Line of Communications—the great western ports of France? After twenty-four hours of battle, will they even be there?

At this stage, once over lightly, we have only begun to pry open the lid of Pandora's box. These are some of the vexing problems—only some of the major ones—of one division. What happens when we raise the sights and view the magnified problems of several divisions, of armies and groups of armies in NATO?

Does the hallowed division remain as the basic fighting unit or does dispersion call for smaller mobile units, something resembling a combat command or a battle group? Maybe, in the future, God will be on the side of the smaller battalions.

If so, what happens to the armored division, to the infantry division? How does the airborne division get into the show?

Does the new-style atomic warfare call for more men, or fewer? Fewer artillerymen, obviously, but what about the other arms and services?

Air support. With monster weapons like the Corporal on the battlefield, and fighter-bombers able to drop tactical A-bombs, what happens to the 125 fighter bases NATO has built to support the ground armies? Soldiers are wondering how many of these planes will ever get into the air—or get down again—after their runways have once been worked over.

What is the shape of the new battlefield? Here we have one traditional clue. Always, in warfare, a tremendous jump in firepower converts a war of movement into a war of position, thus favoring defense over attack. From this, flow such new concepts as the cellular battlefield, geographical defense in depth, the hedgehog front. A few atomic cannon at Sedan in 1940 would have made the Maginot Line a salvation, not a trap.

The deputy commander at SHAPE, Field Marshal Montgomery of Alamein, is a soldier universally respected, if not always loved. A short time back, this great strategist and tactician began musing out loud, so succinctly that he was soon ordered, from above, to clam up. And yet what he said seems to hold the real key to the nature of future atomic warfare:

"We must be prepared for a war in which decisive operations will start almost at once, characterized by speed and violence, with little time to rectify errors which, even small, may be disastrous. These decisive operations may be complete in a very short time, although the final decision may only come after a considerable period of time."

Here is a laconic conundrum, propounded by a veteran captain who may again be called upon to lead troops in just such decisive operations. Why does the field marshal of Alamein sound so positive, clipped, and even jaunty? Because he knows—from his eagle perch at SHAPE he is in the best position to know—that the West already has the atomic arsenal to blunt such an attack. He knows, or at least it is a fair surmise, that the military brains of the Soviet General Staff also know this. Thus, for the most hard-boiled of reasons, the atomic Armageddon he describes will probably never take place.

Editors' Note: This is the first of two articles by Mr. O'Donnell. The second will appear next week.

Deep-Rooted

By HERBERT MERRILL

I've known that oak tree
since its birth,
When first it split the
ground to climb
Steadily upward from
the earth,
Cradled in wind and
nursed by time.
And if my flesh were living
wood
And I had talons like a tree
To grip the world itself,
I could
Begin to share your faith
in me.

But, dearest, you must
surely know
I am made of no lasting
stuff;
The wind may bend me
with a blow,
And time shall fell me soon
enough.
That I have weathered
storm so far
Is by no virtue of my own;
The roots that hold me
upright are
Deep buried in your love
alone.

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Underworld U. S. A. (Continued from Page 45)

anyway, but certainly not so quickly. He had known for two months that Marjory was pregnant. He had intended to do something about it, but had been procrastinating. He liked her, but he was not sure that he loved her.

He was afraid of her father, certain that Jerry was right and that Big Bill would kill him if he did not marry her, but he sensed that such a father-in-law would be a menace anyway. Torpedoes are cold-blooded characters. It is impossible to argue with them. They have a brutal way of compelling a person to do their bidding.

Fingers had discovered that he could not deceive Marjory about the way he made his living. She did not want a pickpocket or a gunman for a husband. She told him so. Because she was to bear his child, she insisted that they be married as soon as possible. She insisted just as vehemently that he quit picking pockets, stealing, armed robbery; that he abandon his friends, get an honest job and become a respectable person.

Fingers had no intention of agreeing to these demands. She had learned to see through his lies in accounting for the money he always had on hand. "Don't, for goodness' sake, tell me that you won it playing pool! I'm not that stupid!" had become a reprimand that irritated him. The afternoon newspapers, banner-headlining the story of his surrender at police headquarters, would take a lot of explaining.

He had been furious when Marjory told him that she had discussed their personal affairs with Shirley Selkirk, and that Shirley had advised that they get married immediately.

"It's none of her business," he snapped.

"She's my best friend," Marjory retorted.

Suppose, Fingers thought, Marjory's father was willing to overlook his term in the reformatory on the assurance that he was going straight, would he go along with his daughter and accept him as a son-in-law?

As a father, he must love his daughter. If Fingers remained a criminal after promising Marjory that he would go straight, would her father feel that his daughter had been betrayed? Would he become wrathful, beat him up or even kill him? Marjory was adamant against an abortion. As Fingers saw it, he had a lot to think about and resolve, a lot more to learn about Marjory and her father before he decided to marry.

He came to the Garden Gate that night to pick up Marjory at his usual time—around 12:15. Her night ended at one. He greeted her with a smile as he passed the checkroom, but she glared and followed him with her eyes until he was seated at his usual table in the corner. He knew now he was going to have an awkward time of it, convincing her that the afternoon papers were wrong.

He didn't get the chance to try. Earl Connors and two of his muscle men were sitting at the usual table with Shirley Selkirk. Fingers hadn't been seated more than three minutes before two muscle men walked diagonally across the floor and stopped by his table.

"Earl wants to talk to you," one of them said.

Fingers looked up. "He didn't want to talk to me this afternoon," he said insolently.

"He wants to talk to you now," the muscle man said.

"I don't want to talk to him," Fingers said.

"Do you walk over or do we carry you?" the muscle man said, with cold indifference.

"Get going before I slap you to sleep," the other one urged quietly.

Fingers got up and walked across the floor to Earl's table. The two muscle men followed.

Shirley swung out a chair, looked up at Fingers silently, and nodded to him to sit down. He did so.

"Fingers," Earl said, rubbing his forehead as though he were tired and bored with him, "when Marjory gets through tonight, you're going for a ride with her to Seabrook. These men are going along with you. You're going to be married by a justice of the peace there. All the arrangements have been made."

"I'm not going for a ride to Seabrook and I'm not going to be married." Fingers glared.

"Quiet!" Earl snapped. "Don't answer me back! Keep your ears open and listen!"

"You're a real brave boy, aren't you?" Shirley looked at him with some interest. "When Earl Connors says something is going to be done, you'd better learn now that it will be done."

"Why don't you mind your own business? I'm not going to Seabrook and I'm not going to be married tonight," Fingers insisted. "I'll decide when I'm going to be married, if I get married at all."

"You're going for a ride tonight." Earl leaned forward and looked directly into his eyes. Fingers gripped his chair. He was beginning to feel the emptiness of fear in his stomach. The words had an ominous sound. He visioned the kind of ride from which there is no return. "You're going for a ride tonight to Seabrook and you're going to marry Marjory, and if you don't listen carefully and (Continued on Page 126)

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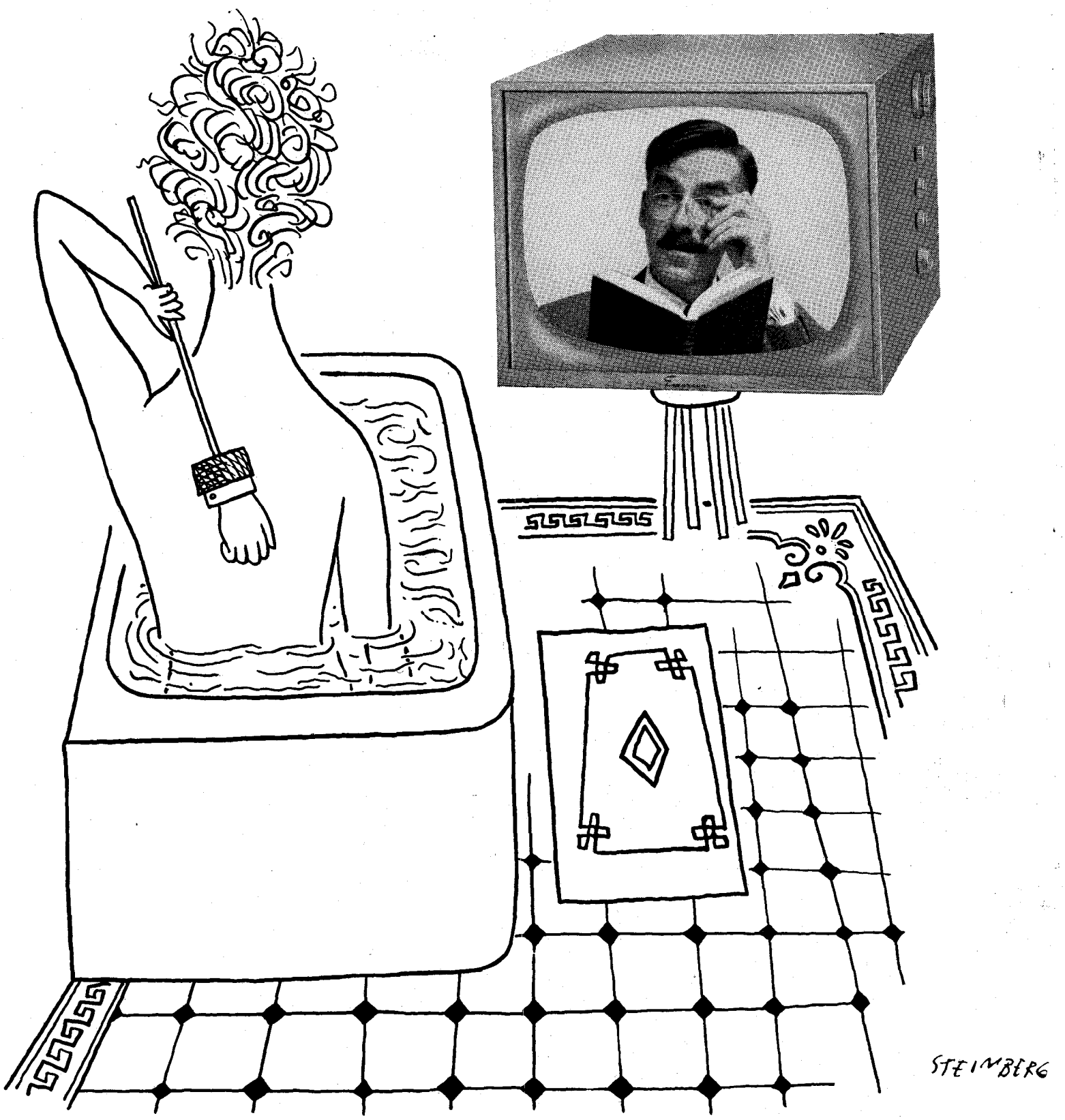

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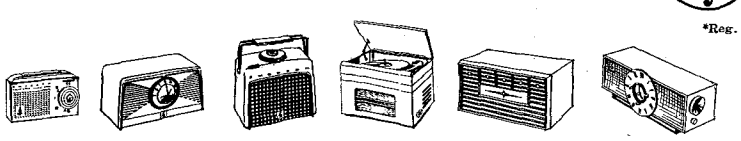

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(Continued from Page 124) keep your big flannel mouth shut, Marjory will come back a widow. Do you understand?"

Fingers nodded.

"Any guy," he went on, "who is dumb enough to go on a payroll heist in his own car is dumb enough to get pinched and be sent away to the can any minute. That's why you're going to marry now—tonight. Marjory's baby is going to be legitimate. Marjory wants it that way, Shirley wants it that way, and so do I. Shirley will go along on this trip too. She'll take it from there, and you'd better listen to what she tells you."

It was a strange ride. The two muscle men sat in front. Shirley, Marjory and Fingers sat in back. It was clear that Marjory was as surprised as Fingers. She had little chance to talk to him.

Shirley explained everything. "I don't know whether you'll thank me or hate me for this, Marj," she said, "but you know I like you. I'm awfully fond of you, and I felt that it had to be done. You're young and I'm a lot older. I made up my mind to save you some of the misery and heartaches that you'd have if this isn't done. The jerk on my right isn't your kind of guy. At any rate, I don't think so, and I've had a lot of experience.

"You're a good girl, Marj. You deserve a better break. You can't reform him. He'll go right on being a crook and a thief and a liar, no matter what he tells you. If he doesn't go straight, you'll want to get rid of him after you're married. It's better for you to get rid of him by divorcing him when he goes to jail, and no matter what happened this afternoon or how he got out of it, he's sure to go to jail again, sooner or later. Then you might meet a nice guy—your kind of guy—and if you've got a paper to prove you're married and the baby is legitimate, then you're in the clear."

They were married in Seabrook that night. The record was made in the office of the justice of the peace. It would stand forever. Marjory had a copy of the marriage certificate in her bag. They were returned to Fingers' apartment. He was unharmed. The air was now cleared. There could be no misunderstanding. Fingers knew the rules. Marjory cried and he tried to comfort her, but he felt like crying himself.

The stock-market crash was responsible for widespread reorganization in finance, business and industry, but at the same time it created a new concept of co-operation and collaboration among big-time criminal leaders in big cities from coast to coast.

It brought together Lucky Luciano, who had succeeded Giuseppe (Joe the Boss) Masseria—who was shot dead some time after succeeding Jack (Legs) Diamond—along with Al Capone and a widespread coterie of leaders. Many of these would survive; some would be transients. Others would be demoted, dropped or killed, until finally all would be approved by a national committee of crime leaders made up of the strongest among them in the evolution of a national crime syndicate.

Earl Connors, powerful physically and financially, tough-fibered, eminently successful, and certainly the most intelligent among them, would become, twenty-five years later, something of a dean of the syndicate; aloof, dignified by comparison. When schism, conflict or investigation threatened, they would beat a path to his door for consultation and advice.

Earl first blazed the trail and pointed the way they followed. When Wall Street laid an egg in 1929, it hatched a nestful of them for beer barons and bootleggers. Earl Connors made nothing and lost nothing on the stock market. He had always held that speculation of that kind was not his dish. Chiefly he bought and sold liquor in violation of law, and made an impressive fortune doing it. He was worth, then, at least $1,000,000. His credit rating at any bank in the city was AAA. Vice-presidents competed for his accounts.

There were hundreds of thousands of gamblers, racketeers, concessionaires, number-pool and lottery operators who went down in the crash. The lay-off men and the big-odds boys who insured long-odds bets on number pools and horses were in trouble. The big and little winners in four adjoining states were clamoring for payoffs. Gamblers and bookies did not have the money. Earl Connors did. He not only had money, he had credit, and if both together were not enough, he had collateral to put up as security. He had a huge liquor inventory, stills spread around here and there in country barns, mash, supplies, equipment, bottling and capping machinery and capital stock.

Gamblers and bookmakers, big and little, formed a line outside his door. For some of them it was not a question of survival or bankruptcy. It was a matter of life or death. They must pay off—or else. The same thing was happening in other big cities where gamblers, bookmakers and racketeers were turning to the beer barons and bootleggers to rescue them. Earl and the men like him reaped the harvest. Rescues like these came high in price for the desperate.

A year earlier, when repeal of the 18th Amendment had played such an important part in the campaign of Al Smith for President, Earl had tacked up in his private office a map of the United States, with the wet states, as revealed by acts and resolutions by their legislatures and assemblies memorializing congress, shaded. Dry states stood out in pure white. At that time Earl thought he saw the handwriting on the wall. Prohibition, he was sure, could not last much longer; he often wondered what he would do when it was over.

Earl was capable of comprehending big figures and large appropriations. Joe Devlin sat beside him as the procession filed by, and kept a couple of fast stenographers busy typing out agreements and memoranda to be signed. Earl was buying control of every number pool and race-track book that came across his desk, and he bought each on his own terms. After two or three weeks of this, studying and evaluating the number, size and regularity of bets ranging from pennies to thousands of dollars, it required no great skill at arithmetic for Earl and Joe Devlin to figure that what amounted to an override commission on $35,000,000 a year in three states and the eastern half of a fourth came out to a tidy sum of $3,500,000 before taxes, administrative expenses and overhead.

The operation also gathered together all the criminals and potential criminals in the whole region, an intelligence force that could keep headquarters informed at all times on who was robbing what and where. It led into deep and more complicated gambling and bookmaking finance, for Earl bought into the books of the lay-off men, the insurers of bets—the bankers of gamblers who figured the odds in their favor on heavily played horses or numbers in the same manner as actuarial statisticians figure the risks on lives, fire or accidents.

Earl organized all of these independents into a compact whole covering the region, and, as it was awkward and dangerous to move money in bulk from city to city, city to town, town to town, and town to city to balance accounts, he created the first gambling clearinghouse to handle debits and credits, winnings and payoffs in much the same manner as bank clearinghouses for checks. Later, as tracks were widespread and bets were placed on big-league-baseball games, football, boxing, basketball, hockey or presidential elections, the same system was used between regions in the national syndicate. Earl bought out competition and consolidated it.

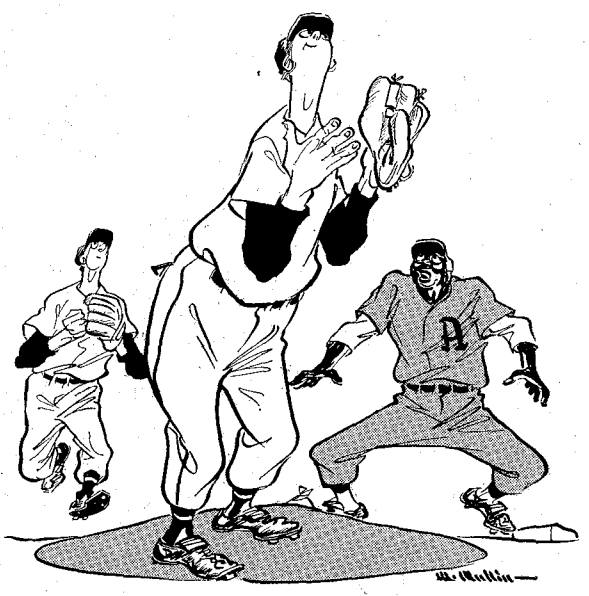
For a time the only two holdouts were King David and Beano Green. Soon after repeal, Beano was shot dead in the lobby of a hotel by a lieutenant who was trying to pre-empt him, and soon after that King David was shot dead in the washroom of his night club by a juvenile delinquent who did not recognize him. Earl had nothing to do with the demise of either. Both organizations fell into his bag.

Lucky Luciano engineered the first "no-shooting" agreement among racial gangs in New York, chiefly to get New York police off his back. He arbitrated boundary lines between the territories of various gangs and they were respected. Earl Connors had no such problem. He was in complete control of all rackets and racketeers, gamblers, track and numbers bookmakers in a territory extending across state lines. He acquired most of it by right of purchase. He set the boundary lines within which each operator or combination of them must operate. He enforced the rules, determined the size of commissions, adjudicated all differences, and his word was law. None would question it. He was the boss.

He rejected all traffic in narcotics and white slavery. He wanted no part of it. As a result, brothels were decimated within a few years, and the Treasury Department would point to the entire four-state area year after year as a fine example of narcotics-law enforcement, as evidenced by its phenomenally low number of violations—the only two dividends returned by organized crime.

He built up an enormous organization, frightening in its proportions when you keep in mind that organizations of the same size and description were being built up in big-population areas in all of the states—except Vermont, which may help to characterize it—and the others were not restricted in their operations, as was Earl's, by his curious code of conduct and what might be termed his principles.

Within three years Earl had become an expert in polls and pools. The polls were political. The pools were financial. Political writers consulted him about the polls. Earl discussed financial pools only with his associates and other syndicate leaders throughout the country. Earl could not make the same mistake in polls as the moribund Literary Digest. He had twenty thousand agents, subagents, bookmakers, franchised concessionaires, runners and collectors, registering bets every day in office buildings, factories, mills, corner stores, warehouses, on wharves and piers and street corners, going into houses and apartment buildings; a force (Continued on Page 128)



So You Think You Know Baseball!

BY HARRY SIMMONS

Under the infield-fly rule, a batter who lifts an infield fly with less than two outs and runners on first and second, or bases full, is immediately called out regardless of whether the ball is caught. The runners hold their bases without jeopardy.

Here in a synthetic setting is a slick situation akin to the infield-fly rule which has caused trouble for umpires of both major and minor circuits lately.

Let's assume Kansas City is batting in the fifth inning of a game at Washington. Vic Power leads off with a single to left field. Jim Finigan then lifts a soft pop to the mound. Power holds first. The pitcher lets the ball plop into his glove, then purposely drops it. Power breaks for second, but the pitcher's throw is far ahead of him. The baseman touches second base for a force play and relays to first in an unsuccessful effort to get Finigan.

As Power trots off the field, the Kansas City coach screams wildly for him to return to second. He does.

With a runner only on first base at the start of the play, the infield-fly rule cannot apply here. So why all the shouting?

See Page 129 for answer

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(Continued from Page 126)

about the size of the New York Police Department, concerned entirely with violating laws in a population area about the size of New York City. These forces are always pitted against each other; one is badged and uniformed, the other is anonymous and for the most part inconspicuous.

During the course of a year, Earl's force reached, touched or talked to roughly a third of the population. During the three or four months before a political campaign, his sampling of opinion covered roughly better than 325,000 voters a day, the majority of these daily repeaters. With the help of his own statisticians, he could not only establish the trend over a widespread area but he could discern and chart the variation of opinion among them from week to week. He became an acknowledged expert in setting the odds.

During presidential campaigns, Earl regularly exchanged information with other syndicate leaders throughout the country; thus local odds are brought into conformity as odds on national contests are set. Critical areas then are in the pivotal states if the contest is close. Every four years Earl would find himself talking over long distance to political leaders in other states whom he had never seen or met.

Earl's information on the free and open money market was far more accurate than that of Roger Babson and more intimate statistically than Department of Commerce reports on consumer behavior. His education in that science began with the commonplace number pool. "Number pool" to the worldly-wise in slum areas and housing developments and the more than worldly-wise among touts and gamblers needs no explanation, and it has a sizable segment of devotees in the middle class. To the uninitiated, the sheltered and guileless, it is a mystery.

In every heavily populated area there are scores of thousands of credulous, gullible persons who think, or have been convinced by others, that they can think of a number made up of three or four digits which will turn up in a given place, such as the daily balance of the United States Treasury as published in most newspapers, or they feel that they might accidentally hit upon that lucky number, and depending upon their means—ready cash in their pockets, bank balances—and the intensity of their hunches or enthusiasm for gambling, bet a sum of money that they will pick the right number.

One man or a group of men organized into a syndicate bets great odds ranging from 3000 to 600 to 1 against the field of all betters that none among them can pick that lucky number. Winners are paid out of the collected wagers of these scores of thousands. Paying bets takes about 5 per cent of all the money wagered. The remaining 95 per cent goes to the syndicate to pay commissions to agents who take the bets, salaries of runners, collectors, clerical help and administrative expenses. In a $3,500,000 handle in three and a half states, it is easy to see how the owners or directors of syndicates become millionaires.

Race-track bets and illegal horse rooms also came within the scope of Earl's operations. All together he had an administrative staff of 200, more or less, depending upon seasonal requirements, divided into five departments. Joe Devlin, as a member of his local board of directors, handled all legal matters, and Joe, in turn, had four assistants because legal matters covered a wide territory. It was Earl's responsibility to provide the legal defense for his agents, solicitors or runners when they were caught by the police, arrested and charged with registering bets in violation of law. Out of 20,000 persons engaged in illegal enterprises under Earl's general supervision, a third of these in a population area of 4,000,000 were repeaters and were arrested for offenses far removed from gambling—larceny, robbery and armed holdups. It followed that they would turn to Earl and Joe to furnish defense in those crimes also.

There were privileges and kudos inherent in the very fact of being a member of Earl Connors' organization. It provided blanket protection almost anywhere in the country. It gave a criminal certified and guaranteed standing. It opened doors to assistance in evading or escaping the law that otherwise would have been closed to him. He was recognized by associated organizations in the syndicate from coast to coast. If he had taken it on the lam with the police in hot pursuit, plagued by telegrams rushed to other city police departments, descriptions of himself on broadcasts carrying an account of his crime, he could get a quick, helping hand.

An outsider in Earl's territory, a member of the syndicate in Chicago—or a member of Earl's syndicate, a fugitive in Chicago, now running short of money and inspiration—could drop into the nearest bar, tavern or third-rate one-arm lunchroom or dogcart and inquire of almost anybody, "Where can I place a bet?" He might even hear one being called in from the nearest telephone. In any case, he was directed to a bookie to explain, "My boss and your boss are close friends. I'm as hot as a pistol. Get me under wraps fast." And it was done, almost in the blink of an eye.

To use that language, the fugitive had to be genuine, because he knew he would be checked with a speed and efficiency uncommon to police departments. The procedure was simple. The big wheel was notified immediately of the identity and hiding place of the fugitive. He put in a call to the fugitive's boss, and even though the call was monitored, few could make sense of it except those in the immediate know, who would understand the double talk.

The conversation, after casual pleasantries, would go something like this, "Say, Earl! I see by the papers that (naming the fugitive under wraps) is in some kind of a jam. Whatever happened to him?"

"Oh," Earl would answer, "he slipped his rocker, went haywire—completely off his noggin and killed a guy."

"Too bad," the caller would say. "I thought he was a nice guy, with more sense than to do a thing like that."

"He's a nice guy, all right," Earl would agree, "and he's got a good deal of sense, but I guess he was pushed too far."

The subject would be dropped. They would exchange views on the weather in each city, discuss politics or whatever was on the mind of either for a moment, and say good-by. Everything that each wanted to know could be translated from the double talk. Earl knew the fugitive was now under wraps and could be produced at the propitious moment for surrender, if that was agreeable. He knew now how to reach him.

The temporary guardian of the fugitive would know that the fugitive was genuine, that he had sense and could be trusted. If he were the jittery type and needed watching, the guardian would have been warned by a phrase like: "Well, you know (identifying him). He was always an unpredictable sort of guy—never could keep his head in a pinch." If the fugitive were a phony, Earl's answer to the first question would have been a curt: "Never heard of him," whereupon he would be thrown to the bulls.

If Fingers Tolland could have been persuaded to live an honest life, he might have been a reasonably good husband. From the beginning he overlooked the curious circumstances of their marriage and appeared to forget them quickly. He accepted the responsibilities of a new life; he was tender toward Marjory and understanding. He was enthusiastic about the baby and hoped it would be a boy. He was affectionate, considerate, hired a comfortable place with a lawn, an expansive back yard and a garage in a good suburban residential district. There were times when Marjory was genuinely happy, although in the background there was always the nagging knowledge that he would not or could not change.

He promised with his lips, but not with his mind. He would not change his habits. He got up at noon, shaved, dressed, had a leisurely meal with her, reiterated as if by rote that he hoped today to find the kind of a job he wanted, with the kind of a salary he felt he would have to have, and complained each time that it was all but impossible for a man with his training, experience and background to find that kind of a job. She knew, despite his protestations and denials, that he was still picking pockets and going out on occasional forays and raids with Jerry Pender and Spider Lonagan. She came to hate them and to dread their voices on the telephone. Unreasonably, she blamed them for what Fingers had become.

Fingers, in his own strange way, loved Marjory. She was cheerful, companionable and good fun, except when she was in one of her black moods because of his failure to reform. It was her only important complaint. She was now well fed, well clothed and well housed. The furniture reflected her taste and choice. She always had money in her handbag to satisfy her own wants, and some left over to help her mother, a frequent visitor who "loved the place" and admired Fingers for providing it. She had told her husband about it when she visited him at state prison. He had been interested, but noncommittal.

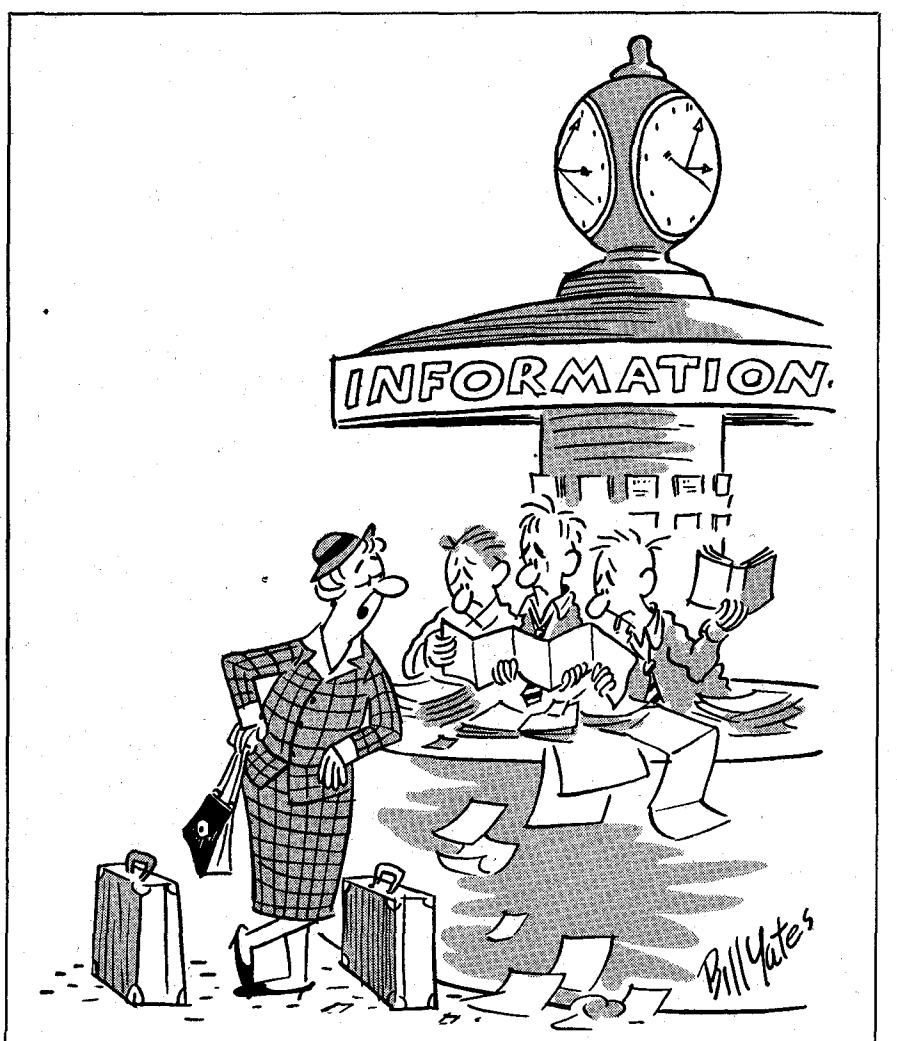
Fingers was never home nights, except on Sundays. His story to her was that he was playing the poolrooms to make a week's pay. She knew this was a lie, but came to accept it with a quizzical look of skepticism and no comment. Pinning him down to it would cause a scene. Occasionally he was away overnight, and explained in advance that he had signed up for an out-of-town competition. She never found one reported in the newspapers or saw Fingers' picture bracketed with Willie Hoppe, but she held her tongue. Marjory became an added reason why Fingers must be cautious in his manner of making a living.

He experienced his bad days after the stock-market crash. Money had become tighter. Blanks became much more frequent. The pickings were sparse. Wallets were either thin or empty. Payrolls and the contents of safes shrank. The chances of apprehension had become greater. To the inquiry, "How's business?" from one to another in legitimate fields, Fingers, representing crime, would readily agree with the common answer, "It stinks!"

On Monday morning, March 17, 1930, the morning Bulletin carried a two-column headline on Page 1: TRIO SNATCH $2800 IN CURB SERVICE HOLDUP. The report beneath it told how Melvin Faber, a store manager, closed and locked his doors for the night before at 9:30, walked across a sidewalk to his car, stepped into it on the left-hand side to get behind the wheel, carrying a box containing a money bag, covered by groceries for his family, pushed the box over to the right-hand side of the driver's seat and found that his car was blocked by a car fore and aft.

He told a reporter, "I thought I had three or four feet behind me and I figured that would be enough to let me get out. I felt sore at the drivers who parked so carelessly. I put the key in the ignition switch, got the motor going and looked back. I didn't want to bump the car behind too hard, and when I turned around I found a handkerchief-masked man at the window by my elbow, and another masked man was opening the door on the curb side.

"The man at my elbow held a nickel-plated revolver to my head and said, 'This is a stickup. Keep quiet.' The man on the



"Good question wasn't it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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other side dumped my vegetables on the floor, picked up the box and then both ran to the car blocking me in front. A driver was at the wheel with the motor running, and they sped away. I was only about fifty feet from the intersection of Main and Belvedere. They turned right on Belvedere. I only got a fleeting glance of the number plate. It had six numbers, but I only got the first three, 346. I tried to follow them, but before I could get started and make the turn, they had disappeared."

Next day, Fingers Tolland, Spider Lonagan and Jerry Pender were picked up by police on suspicion of armed robbery. They were held for arraignment. Peter Coughlin represented them. The court found probable cause and bound them over for the grand jury. They were released in $5000 bail each. Fingers spent the night in a police cell. Marjory was notified and called her mother to spend the night with her. The time for her delivery was close.

Fingers returned home about noon the following day. He protested that he had nothing to do with the holdup. He wasn't even in the vicinity. Marjory refused to believe him. She wept and wanted to know what would happen to her and the baby if he was found guilty and went to jail. Her mother was saddened and contributed her own sorrowful recollections of her own similar troubles with Big Bill. It was a sad, distressing and depressing day for all of them. Fingers insisted that he could not be convicted. He had an ironclad alibi, and he boasted that it was an honest alibi. He'd produce the witnesses to establish it for Marjory's satisfaction if she wanted it that way.

Five days later he rushed Marjory to the hospital. She had a private room, an expensive obstetrician, the most ornate bed jacket in the lying-in hospital and a seven-pound baby girl. Fingers was as happy and excited as any father. Marjory's relief, joy and ardor were dampened considerably by the headlines in the newspapers; the knowledge that doctors, nurses and other patients knew who she was; and by the prospect that her husband might be whipped away from her soon to spend a time to be determined behind bars.

"Stop worrying about it, honey," he counseled her. "You're taking this thing too seriously. They've got nothing on me. I'm in the clear. You wait and see."

Ten days later he brought her home. He had hired a woman to help her and to do the housework. From the very beginning, he was captivated by the baby. There was a light in his eyes she never had seen before. *Perhaps*, she thought, *he is in the clear. Maybe he was picked up chiefly because he had a record. Maybe the baby will straighten him out and he'll get an honest, respectable job.*

He lavished attention on the baby when he was home, but he did not change his ways or hours. He got up, as usual, at noon or after, and was out every night until two or three o'clock in the morning. The baby was six months old when the notation was made on Fingers' probation record:

8/4/30 Armed robbery; "no bill."

A grand jury could not be convinced that Fingers Tolland, Spider Lonagan and Jerry Pender were the perpetrators of the crime. When Coughlin's fee of $1000 was paid, they split $1800. None considered $600 a very satisfactory take for the night's work. Coughlin got more out of the caper than any of them.

Every probation officer and judge's or district attorney's investigator knows that in the toughest of criminals, including the killer, there is an emotional or sentimental soft spot. Fingers loved his baby daughter from the moment he first saw her. She became the center of a separate imaginary world. He did chores usually reserved for a mother because he enjoyed doing them. He

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 126

An intentionally dropped fly ball sometimes brings into effect a rule akin to the infield-fly rule. Under Section 6.05L, "A batter is out when with less than two out, and first, first and second, first and third, or first, second and third bases occupied, a fielder intentionally drops a fair fly ball or line drive. Runners need not retouch and may advance at their own peril."

Finigan was out the instant the pitcher deliberately dropped his fly ball. But Power, no longer forced to advance, had to be tagged to be put out. As the Washington baseman failed to tag him, Power is entitled to remain safely at second.

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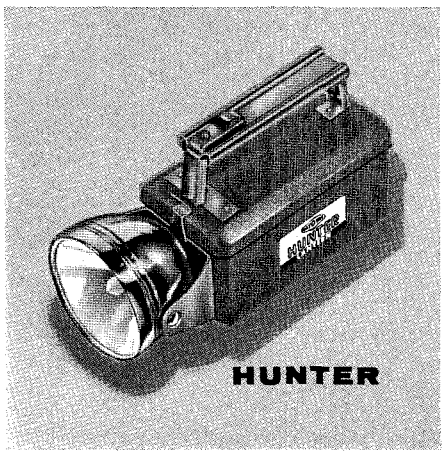

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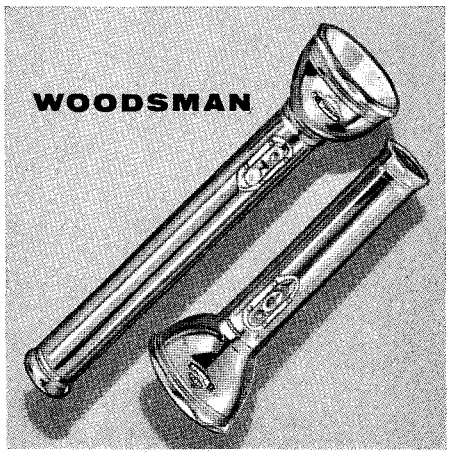

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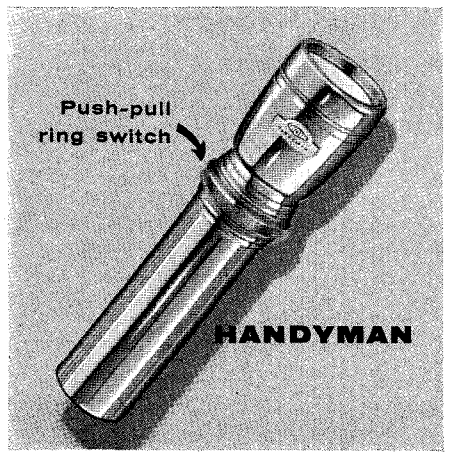

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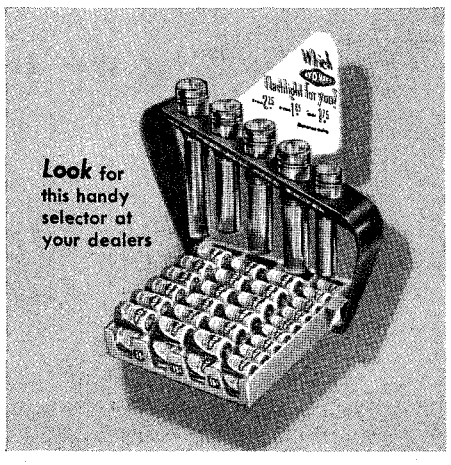

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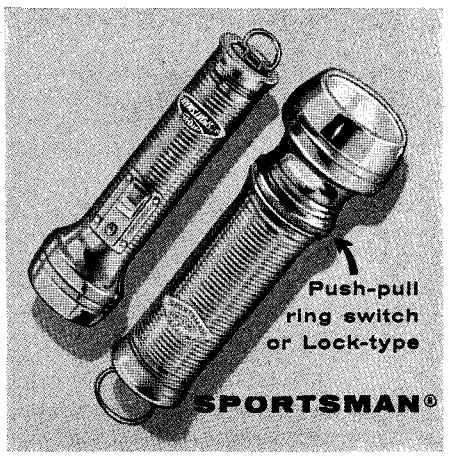

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walked the floor with her, cradled her, carried her, burped her, and patted her back lovingly as he did so. He prepared formulas, tested each, sat in a rocker, fed her from a bottle. He changed her, tucked her in bed, talked to her. He was awakened by her first cry when he was at home and took her out of her crib to comfort her.

He quarreled with Marjory over her name. He wanted a fancy one, and favored Sandra or Mercedes. Marjory insisted upon Theresa. "What a lousy name," he scoffed. "Is that a moniker to hang on a beautiful girl for life—Tessie Tolland?"

But in the end he let her have her way, with a mental reservation that someday before it was too late, he would change that. He bought for Tessie everything that Marjory suggested, and a number of things he thought she might sometime want or need. Tessie became his hobby. In his private dream world she would grow up to be a stunning beauty, always protected by him.

She would go to private schools and have the best of everything. She would never know or learn that he was or had been a crook, a thief, a gunman. How he would keep that from her, he did not know readily, but he was sure he'd figure it out. He could see her at nineteen or twenty, whirling to and from a college campus in a snazzy convertible. He did not know what college, but wherever it was, it would be tops. She would never marry a bum, a crook or a gunman. He would see to that. She would be, in his manner of thinking, "lousy with respectability." She'd marry a rich guy with a yacht. Her husband would be president of a corporation or something very important like that. If she ever learned about her father's past, then, in his dream, she'd forgive him because he made it all possible. It gave him a program, a design for living. It would take a lot of money, he knew, and he couldn't make that much in an honest job. The dream would stay with him and color his whole life.

As the depression deepened, Fingers and Earl Connors were having their troubles, each in proportion to the size of his operation. Fingers' were little ones; Earl's were big. He was riding a storm. He had observed the weekly gambling handle drop 10, 20, 30 and 40 per cent. It was still going down. He wondered how far away the bottom was and when the handle would rebound. While this was going on, liquor sales and revenue remained reasonably constant, fluctuating but slightly downward, leveling off and regaining lost volume.

Earl felt sure now that prohibition would be repealed. He could not avoid a loss in liquidating liquor properties even when business was normal, in the face of a threat that the business would be wiped out. He anticipated a heavy loss now in disposing of stills, barns, equipment and his equities in night clubs and speak-easies, but he toughened himself for it, and with the help of Joe Devlin began converting all assets except the liquor inventory into cash. The liquor inventory was a safe investment and would bring a handsome profit in any event. Even if repeal came, supplies of all brands would be short. It would take some time for breweries and distilleries to get into production, and more time before they would be able to meet the demand. He had at least a small part of a cushion to soften an economic dislocation in his own region, and a short supply would mean a high price.

The gambling handle dived to 50, 60 and 70 per cent. Earl was now dipping into his reserves, shelling out loans to bookies and agents on commissions they anticipated which could not be realized for months. He was paying salaries to runners and collectors, keeping his organization intact while legitimate businesses were letting help go by the thousands. Earl was gambling on his judgment that the tide must turn. There were other things that he felt at times he should be doing with his money. Like other associated syndicate bosses in other cities, he was now putting the money he realized on liquor properties, plus whatever else he could spare, into slot machines, one-arm bandits, vending machines selling everything from candy bars to cigarettes, pinball machines, record-playing slot machines, and even took a flier in miniature golf.

A syndicate owner from Detroit dropped in to see him, looking for ideas on what to do with money after prohibition ended, and in the discussion that followed, the visitor was astonished to find that Earl had not moved in on the laundry, poultry, bakery, loan-company and labor rackets.

Earl shook his head. "Those things are not for me," he said.

"Why?" The visitor could hardly believe his ears.

"In the first place," Earl answered, "I don't think that it's wise for us to contaminate legitimate business with our tactics. They may pay off in the beginning and for a time, but it can't last. That's quite different from selling liquor. Selling liquor may be legally wrong and morally right. Some of the things we do in the business of selling it may be morally and legally wrong. The point is that the ultimate consumer—the guy who drinks it—thinks it morally right to buy it. There are an awful lot of guys like that, and they add up to an impressive public opinion.

"There is nothing legally or morally wrong with the operation of a bakery, a laundry or handling poultry in wholesale lots. It's morally wrong for a guy like you or me to move in on any business like that and create a monopoly for one man who pays us on the line every week for protection, by destroying all of his competition by putting his competition out of business. We satisfy the ultimate consumer now by providing the liquor he wants to drink. We don't satisfy him by moving in on anything else he buys, because in the end he's the guy who pays the price for the protection of a business—and that will make him mad. You've got to remember that the ultimate consumer is the guy who sits on juries. If you're caught and brought before a jury like that, and they find out what you're up to, you'll be hit with the book. In this territory anyway, you'll get everything short of the electric chair."

"Cripes!" The visitor was pop-eyed. "It ain't that way where I come from. You talk like a minister."

Earl nodded. "Some people tell me that sometimes. In the second place," he said, "neither you nor I nor anybody else ever could get to first base in starting a racket like that. As far as the labor unions go, they are very well managed. This is an area of small plants and diversified industries, with only a few giant-sized unions in big plants. The leaders are too honest or too intelligent to make a racket deal, and the members, who are jealous of their rights, are intelligent enough to smell out a deal like that."

"Then let's forget the unions," the visitor said.

"Let's forget the whole thing," Earl went on. "From a racket point of view, businessmen are worse, and just as tough as the unions. The population of this region is made up chiefly of Yankees and Irish, with a hodgepodge of other races. The Yankees are shrewd, close with a dollar, but honest. The Irish are generous, but they've been trained in the Yankee tradition for a couple of hundred years. If you were to send a couple of salesmen into the biggest laundry in this city to propose a racket, the owner would have them pinched, and before the kind of juries we have here, they'd go to state prison for ten years."

"Wanna bet?" the visitor asked.

Among men of their stature in rackets and the syndicate, the query "Wanna bet?" is never used lightly.

"How much?" Earl asked.

"I'll lay you two to one and put ten grand on the line that I have a crew that can do it," the stranger said.

"You're faded," Earl said casually. "You've got a bet."

Two weeks later a crew of six men from the Purple Gang arrived in the city. They booked rooms in the city's swankiest hotel. Next day they called upon the president of the city's largest laundry. He saw them immediately. He saw everybody who called to see him. The spokesman gave him the pitch and ended in about five minutes by saying, "Look! We'll fix it so you won't have any competition at all. If you haven't got enough equipment to handle all the business of the city, you can take your competitors' over, one by one. They'll all be having troubles. You know! Their laundry will be returned soiled. They'll have trouble with their trucks, and so forth. You'll be making more money than you ever made in your life. All we'll take is a small cut. Let me explain to you how that works."

The president of the firm was tall and thin, with a long horse face, and looked as though he got his nourishment sucking on lemons. He had heard enough.

He snapped a switch on the intercom system and barked, "Clara! Get the police here as quick as God will let 'em!"

Everybody in the building who heard came rushing to his office. The sextet broke and ran to the door, fighting their way down the steps against employees coming up. They got into their car and sped away.

The story was on front pages that night. An account of what they had done and their descriptions had been broadcast. Next day they gave the laundryman his first and only lesson. One of his light delivery trucks was tipped over in a puddle. Acid and stench bombs were thrown into another. Six strange gangsters in town stood out like sore thumbs. They were picked up within thirty-six hours of their arrival and were arraigned in court. Joe Devlin represented them. An indignant judge found them guilty and sentenced them to eighteen months in the House of Correction.

Joe Devlin made a serious mistake through force of habit. He appealed the decision to the Superior Court, where the men would get a jury trial. Two months later, a judge, trying desperately to be impartial, charged a tight-lipped, angry jury, and when they returned a verdict of guilty, the judge sentenced them to serve eight to ten years in state prison. A few days later, Earl got a check for $10,000, accompanied by a short note saying: "You win. You were right."

TO BE CONTINUED

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The Newlyweds found a dream house selling for a song, spoke to the owner, and rushed to a loan company to borrow the money. But the loan company, recognizing a bargain, itself bought the house right under the couple's noses. The Newlyweds then sued the company.

"We saw it first and they learned about it only when we applied for a loan," the young couple pleaded. "It isn't fair for them to use our information against us or to interfere in our transaction with the owner of the house."

"What the Newlyweds told us was no secret," the company retorted. "The house was publicly listed for sale and anyone was free to buy it. Nor did we interfere with any actual transaction, as no money had passed hands nor had any contract been signed. The Newlyweds were 'just looking.'"

If you were the judge, would you make the loan company sell the house to the Newlyweds?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The loan company was permitted to keep the house. "A borrower," the court explained, "has no legal right to expect that the lender will not buy the property unless the borrower first binds the owner by obtaining an option. . . . Any resulting damage to the borrower is justified in the superior interest of society in the maintenance of competition . . . which is necessary to the general welfare of society . . . and is the state by which men live."

Based upon a 1926 Maryland decision.

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Trouble in the Suburbs

(Continued from Page 30)

gray-haired, peppery politician named William B. Hartsfield, who looks a little like Foxy Grandpa of the old cartoons. For seventeen years mayor of Atlanta, Hartsfield was possessed with a determination to keep his city intact and growing. With all of Grandpa's skill at dialectics, he succeeded in doing it. The result was one of the biggest municipal overhauls ever attempted in this country—and certainly one of the most successful.

Atlanta has had suburbs since 1918, when the Army built Camp Gordon ten miles outside town, and the city laid a ten-inch water main to service the post. With water available, people began to move out of the city and Hartsfield began to worry. By 1947 he was convinced that something would have to be done. "Too many people were leaving town," he said. "They wanted the same services they got in the city. Both Atlanta and the suburbs were part of Fulton County, which tried to satisfy them. The county's tax revenues pretty largely come from the city. So we people in Atlanta had to pay more to supply a lot of competing towns with fire protection, sewage disposal, garbage collections and a park system."

Hartsfield, then a little less foxy than later, stormed out to the suburbs. "Why don't you let us annex you?" he demanded.

"Yeah," said the local politicians. "You live in Atlanta, that's why you're crying."

Stuck for an answer, Hartsfield finally blurted out, "Suppose we moved Atlanta seventy-five miles down the road? Then you'd be stuck."

The threat was an idle one, but the argument waxed so hot that one country-store lounger invited him outside to settle the issue with fists. It was about this time that Hartsfield decided tactfulness might pay greater dividends. He reached his decision too late. In 1948, when annexation was placed on the ballot, the country districts voted it down overwhelmingly—and their consent was necessary, under the law.

Having learned a salutary lesson, Hartsfield began to profit by it. He persuaded the legislature to set up a local-government commission, hiring two experts to make a year's survey. In January, 1950, they came up with a Plan of Improvement for the Governments of Atlanta and Fulton County, Georgia. The name was skillfully chosen. "For," says Hartsfield, "how can you fight improvement?" Behind the title were some sobering facts. The young, active, child-bearing families were moving out of the city. No place remained in town where new houses could be built. Speakers went out to every corner of the county, promising better municipal services and lower taxes. In the fall of 1950 the voters adopted the Plan of Improvement. On January 1, 1952, the plan went into effect. Atlanta overnight added 91.5 square miles, to reach a size of 118 square miles, nearly a fourth of the entire county.

At this moment Hartsfield displayed his greatest virtuosity. "The county never had done a good job of garbage collection," he recalled later. "Trash would accumulate for days. But in Atlanta our collection service was good. I decided to dramatize the situation. A few days before New Year's I called in our chief of sanitation. 'This is the finest opportunity you've ever had to show what the city can do,' I told him. 'Let's leave off all garbage collection in the city for a day and throw all our equipment into the suburbs.'

"At daybreak on January first the sanitation boys moved in. They worked like mad. Street-sweeping machines were roaring around all over the place. People began calling their friends. All the neighbors and their children were out to watch. And at the same time the chief of police of Atlanta took over. Those people were used to one foot cop on the beat, and they didn't see him often. All of a sudden the streets were alive with patrol cars. That's the sort of thing that sells a city to its suburbs."

On still-vacant land the city can add another 500,000 persons to its estimated population of 467,000. A seven-year program is under way to provide storm sewers, water, and sewage disposal. Fire stations are going up at the rate of one a year, and the costs for most municipal services have been sharply reduced. A $60,000,000 expressway, twenty miles long with feeders, makes it possible to commute from a point forty miles out of town. Suburbia continues to exist, and continues to grow, but it is no great problem. South of the city are the Tri-Cities of East Point, College Park and Hapeville, which date from long before annexation. To the east, across the border of De Kalb County, some 30,000 persons have moved into new development areas since the war. These areas, under state law, cannot be annexed. Atlanta does not much care. The city is building faster than anything around it, and keeping its white-collar workers at home.

Exactly the reverse situation obtains in Washington, D.C., the biggest white-collar town in the United States during the working day, and one of the smallest from five P.M. onward. Maryland and Virginia, which hem in the tiny District of Columbia, have drawn away so many Government workers that suburban land is hard to come by. In Arlington County, Virginia, only 2000 acres of land remain, and this is quoted at $35,000 an acre. The rest is covered by garden-type apartments, or by semidetached houses, which accommodate two to four families much in the manner of the old-fashioned duplex apartment. The population is transient. "They stay three or four years—work in Washington or down at the Pentagon, which is in Arlington County—and then they move along," says Wilfred Owen, chairman of the Zoning and Land Commission. Owen works for the Brookings Institution. "Even after they've been here fifteen years, they still consider themselves citizens of Red Wing, Minnesota, or wherever they came from." In theory, this should make for a badly organized county. But Arlington is in fact one of the most efficiently planned in the country, thanks to the large number of Government experts who live there.

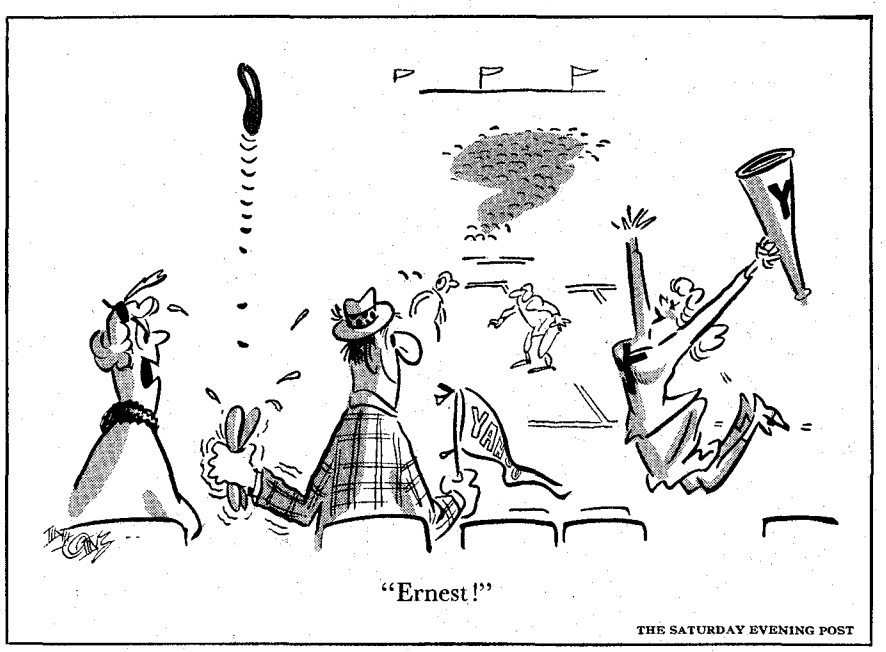
Next door to Arlington lies Fairfax County, five miles upstream from the center of Washington. Growth in Fairfax has come so rapidly that the population, which was under 60,000 in 1940, is now 261,000—a four times increase. All the problems of suburbia assume a magnified form in Fairfax. Outside of the city of Falls Church and a few other incorporated towns, the water supply comes from wells. So many new wells have been drilled that the water table has dropped fifteen to twenty feet. Last summer during a drought, the suburb of Annandale went completely dry. Tank trucks hauled water from Washington and smaller vehicles shuttled back and forth from the city carrying five-gallon cans. Sewage disposal proved an even worse problem. The soil in Fairfax County is a nonporous clay. So many small homes were jammed together on quarter-acre tracts that the effluent from one septic tank would overflow on the lawn of the house next door.

At the very peak of this state of confusion, came the Battle of CIA. The Central Intelligence Agency, one of the most secret branches of Government, had been spread all over Washington, scattered through every building where space was available. Many of its high officials live up the Potomac, across from the pleasant reaches of Fairfax County. Their eye was caught by a 200-acre tract, belonging to the United States Bureau of Public Roads, but used only incidentally by that agency. This site, at Langley, two miles north of the Arlington County border, is surrounded by farmland. It seemed an ideal spot for CIA.

The battle took shape at a series of closed meetings. It was a four-cornered affair, involving the CIA, the commuters to Washington, the planning officials and the "courthouse gang"—a term used loosely by suburbanites to cover the local politicians, farmers and businessmen who stand to make money out of any increase in population. A CIA official explained that, if Washington ever should be bombed, it would be necessary for CIA to have quick contact with the White House. A planner rebutted: "But how? A bomb would knock out the bridges over the Potomac. What do you propose to do—swim to the White House?"

The county officials said they would be happy to provide sewage and water facilities. "You can't afford to," said the planners. "This new setup will bring in more than thirty thousand people." The "courthouse gang" spoke through one exceedingly frank farmer. "I've got five hundred acres just two miles away from this site," he said. "I can't make money farming. If this thing goes through, I'll sell out and go to Florida." The commuters, like commuters everywhere, simply said they didn't want any changes. CIA finally gave up the battle, and now is considering a site on the Washington side of the river.

Annexation might relieve the problems of the Washington area, but getting it



"Ernest!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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through Congress would be an impossible task. The experience of Atlanta, moreover, is no guaranty that the same technique will work anywhere else. Houston, Texas, more than doubled its size in 1949, from 75 to 159 square miles. Developers simply hopped over the new city boundaries and engaged in a feverish race for cheap ranch and farm land. Houston gained only 76,000 population between 1950 and 1954; the suburbs increased by 114,000. Under the law, the City Planning Commission must approve all subdivisions within five miles of the city limits. Last year, 72 per cent of all land subdivided was beyond the city limits.

The citizens of Houston, being true-blue Texans with an admiration for progress, are prone to compare their city with Los Angeles City and County. The exaggeration is pardonable, but nothing is quite like Los Angeles. In 1920 there were 576,000 persons living in Los Angeles. Now there are 2,150,000, and there are 5,000,000 in the county. Two million of them have arrived since Pearl Harbor. Seen from the air, Los Angeles County is a mass of streets, houses and broad-gauge express highways extending from the mountains to the sea.

Los Angeles takes its growth without grumbling. Citizens cheerily spend an hour and a half on the road, morning and night, commuting from the shore to work in the hills or from Santa Monica to Long Beach. Even the smog is accepted with reasonable agreeableness. An acrid and eye-smarting compound of oils and gases, it lies like a pall for days over the Los Angeles basin from August to October, and often at other times of the year. Trapped under a layer of cool air, unable to escape over the mountain ranges, the smog just sits until an offshore wind comes along. What causes it is still debatable. Some scientists blame the catalytic cracking process used in the oil refineries. Others blame the fumes from automobile exhausts—there are nearly 4,000,000 cars in Los Angeles County. Everyone blames the back-yard rubbish incinerators used by almost every home owner in the Los Angeles area.

So many odd things go on in this section of the country that smog has become merely one item in the catalogue. The San Fernando Valley, of popular-song fame, was a pleasant bowl of fruit trees before the war. Now it houses 520,000 persons and a $10,000,000 shopping center at Panorama City. Lakewood Park was ten square miles of open farm land, fourteen miles southeast of Los Angeles, in the spring of 1950. Thirty-six months later it was a city of 60,000, and now has 90,000 residents. Gardena, another southern suburb, is one of two towns in the state of California permitted to operate draw-poker games. These pay half the village taxes. The village of Signal Hill, outside Long Beach, has a population of approximately fifty, but it is one of the richest in the country. Signal Hill is one mass of oil derricks. The oil companies set it up to make sure that their taxes would never be too high. Long Beach proper has accumulated $165,000,000 from offshore oil wells on city property. To its consternation, the State Supreme Court has ruled that this money must be turned over to the state.

There is even, in this area, a suburb of wealth and antiquity that for a wonder does not object to newcomers. Pasadena, a city of trees and spectacular public buildings, has grown from 82,000 to 116,000 between 1940 and 1955. "We are absorbing thirty new families a week," said Don McMillan, the city manager, "and there isn't the slightest trouble about it. We've grown so much that we even have suburbs of our own. More people come into Pasadena to work each day than go out of Pasadena." The ubiquitous parking meter, a trade-mark of almost every suburb, is to be found nowhere in Pasadena. A survey established that, instead of causing a turnover of parkers, a metering system simply led them to stay on for hours, dropping in coins whenever the "violation" flag popped up. More importantly, the women's clubs objected. Meters were proposed for Colorado Street, the main artery of Pasadena. "No," said the women. "They would look simply awful alongside the palm trees."

Los Angeles City, which lies next door to Pasadena, is doubtless the most dispersed community in the world, a mass of suburbs confined by a city line. The bulk lies within a rectangle fourteen by fifteen miles, but a twelve-mile finger extends down to the seacoast at San Pedro, where the city maintains an artificial harbor. Inside this area the population density is only 4350 persons per square mile, compared to 16,000 in Detroit and 64,000 in some sections of New York City. Leadership is spread just as thinly. "We've got battle fatigue," said Arthur Bennett, for twelve years director of planning for the city. "The place is so big you simply can't get the right men around the table together." The plan now is to maintain the central city government, but to cut up Los Angeles into fifty-nine neighborhoods connected by freeways. Three branch city halls have been built so far, and nine more administrative centers are planned. An over-all metropolitan government may be the eventual result.

Lack of such a government has produced something approaching chaos in the New York metropolitan area. In seventeen counties of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, the suburban population has risen from 2,077,000 in 1900 to 7,000,000 persons today, most of them commuters. The Regional Planning Commission estimates that by 1975 there will be 8,700,000 persons in

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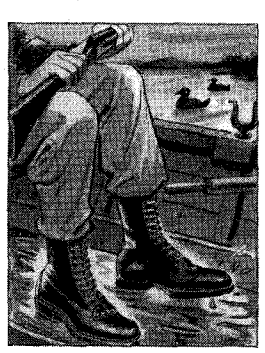

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the city and 10,500,000 in the suburbs. In New Jersey, across the Hudson River from Manhattan, so many expressways have been built or projected that the citizens of Bergen County have risen in arms. In Scarsdale, a town of some charm in southern Westchester County, New York, a zoning ordinance requires every new house to differ in appearance from its neighbor. This effectively bars the developer of small homes, who uses the same basic plan to cut his building costs.

With less subtlety, Fairfield County, Connecticut, has established minimum acreages ranging from one to five acres for new houses in such towns as Greenwich, New Canaan and Darien. The country-club set which cherishes this grassy collection of suburbs was rocked back on its heels recently by a counterattack. State Sen. Benjamin L. Barringer, of northern Fairfield County, became, in effect, a traitor to his class. He introduced a bill in the Connecticut legislature to abolish large-acreage zoning. "I'm tired of the two-acre aristocracy," he said. The bill died in committee, but it was an ominous sign of things to come—an era when the development house may rise in Fairfield County.

The greatest suburban growth in the New York area has come on Long Island. This sandy strip of land, 118 miles long and twelve to twenty miles wide, extends from the East River, opposite Manhattan Island, to Montauk Point, far out at sea. The boroughs of Queens and Brooklyn, part of New York City, occupy the western end. The balance is divided between Nassau and Suffolk counties, with a population of slightly more than 1,000,000 persons. Nassau villages run one into the other with nothing but a roadside sign to indicate the difference. Village, township and county functions overlap. There are village fire and police departments, but also a county police force. Without adequate planning or zoning, Nassau has become a mess.

Divided authority has permitted the smart operators to break down building standards and building codes. Robert Moses, who built the parkways that opened up the county, has cited one example of bad planning, the "planned" community of Levittown. On this site there once were four truck farms employing 100 people. Now there are 63,000 persons, and eventually there will be more than 80,000. But if the proper amount of space had been allocated, says Moses, there would be only 30,000 persons in Levittown. Wherever zoning laws are lax, a subtle siege goes on. Many a village lawyer has made a fortune by representing his real-estate clients at the village hall, the township hall or the county courthouse in Mineola.

The most concise summation of Long Island's troubles has come from Newsday, a daily paper of 215,000 circulation that grew up with the new suburbia. Recently, a bill passed the state legislature to provide a more effective planning commission for Nassau County. Gov. Averell Harriman vetoed it. The irate publisher of Newsday, Alicia Patterson, printed a full-page "open letter" to Gov. Averell Harriman.

"If you could arrange it, governor," said the open letter, "we'd like to take you on a guided tour of Long Island, to show you firsthand what lack of planning has done.

"We'd like to show you how Nassau County may become another overcrowded, strangled suburb of New York.

"We'd like to show you the confusion we have in school districts, for example. We can show you a letter from a Wantagh mother who sends her three children to three schools in three directions.

"We'd like you to see Hempstead Turnpike, planned by the county as a multipurpose through highway, but abused by the townships that allowed hot-dog stands and shopping centers to snarl traffic.

"We could show you our water supply, governor, which is still administered locally. If too much is taken out, the sea and the sewage seep in. This has started in the northwest corner of the county.

"At the heart of all this, of course, are zoning problems. How can a county grow along reasonable and permanent lines when a man never knows if a factory or a sump will be built in his back yard? His village can zone, of course, but the village line may stop at his fence."

Doubtless with Long Island on his mind, since he lives in the suburban village of Babylon, Long Island, Robert Moses made some tart comments in a speech a year ago.

"I am not at all sure," he said, "that the problems of the suburbs are not more serious and less understood than those of the city. In the indecent haste to convert acreage to postage-stamp values, in the fury of filing plans for division and subdivision, flat land which is best suited to truck farming becomes an imitation ranch colony, the uneven hilly sections are temporarily ignored, problems of transportation, utilities, schools, hospitals, drainage, sewage, water and many others are ignored and, indeed, hidden from the innocent, eager purchaser; and timid local zoning officials peculiarly subject to pressure, dubious about the limits of the police power, and fearful of the courts and the grocery man, wring their hands and make feeble efforts to cure evils which should have been prevented.

"The great need of the city is renewed confidence, that of the suburbs is restraint. A city, as the poet said, is not builded in a day, and a suburb takes even longer to acquire a soul, if, indeed, the modern suburb can acquire anything so sublimated. Not until stone, brick and wood have weathered—if shoddy material will last that long—until metal has acquired a patina, until plantings have grown to shade dwarfed, boxlike houses, until newcomers have been buried in local cemeteries, can the callous real-estate dealer, developer and subdivider be forgiven for the evil he has done to what was once pleasant open land."

Moses, who can turn a polished phrase as deftly as anyone else in public life, managed to point up the most glaring flaws in suburbia, but not all is wreckage outside the city limits. One pleasant institution has evolved directly from the flight to the suburbs, and that is the shopping center, a gleaming mélange of chrome and plate glass, parking space and well-stocked stores. Some fifty of these establishments have been built or projected. The grim suburban matron, battling her way downtown to shop for clothes or shoes, is very nearly a vestige of the past. The new model wears a sun dress or perhaps shorts and a halter, drives not more than five to eight miles from her home, and does all her buying alongside her friends and neighbors.

A postwar phenomenon, the shopping center has become a suburban rallying place, a bazaar where everything is on sale. The technicians who plan these centers include, at a minimum, a branch of one big department store, a series of specialty shops, shoe shops, one or more supermarkets and an assortment of smaller establishments ranging from the five-and-dime store to the hairdresser, the barber, the soda fountain and the toy shop. When the planning is skillfully done, the result is more than pleasant. The J. L. Hudson Company, after five years of study, invested $13,500,000 in Northland, a shopping center outside Detroit. Hudson's occupies a great central building flanked by pedestrian walks. Overhead are translucent plastic canopies to ward off the rain. Along the walks fountains tinkle and flowers grow brightly. Hudson's downtown is boxed in by office buildings and woefully short of parking space. Hudson's Northland has space for 8433 cars. At night, when the parking lots are a bare expanse of macadam, the neighborhood moves in. Husbands teach their wives how to drive; families set up picnic tables; children fly kites or model airplanes. The investment has paid off. From March, 1954, to March, 1955, the first year of operation, the total sales of Hudson's and its satellite stores amounted to $70,000,000. Nobody had expected to reach this figure until 1957.

By making it pleasant to shop, the new centers have hit a previously untapped vein of money. The result has been a rush to build more of them. In Westchester County, the new Cross-County Center has been opened at a cost of $30,000,000. Outside every major city, more shopping centers are going up. Encouraged by Northland, Hudson's is considering an Eastland and a Westland, each to serve a specified geographical area. These will pay off if too many people don't get into the business. Within two miles of each other, a pair of multimillion-dollar centers are going up in suburban New Jersey. Two more are under way, less than five miles apart, on the San Francisco Peninsula. The experts calculate that somebody is going to suffer if promoters don't take into account the size of the population to be served.

"For there are limits to the shopping-center business, as to every other kind of business," says Charles E. Joern, who operates the Village Market at La Grange Park, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. "We were fortunate in getting in early and establishing our position." The Village Market, one of the smaller shopping centers, has won half a dozen awards for good planning and architectural harmony with the surrounding community. Business has boomed to the point where, in one month, Joern was able to account for shoppers from 104 towns. His largest store, Charles A. Stevens and Sons, has expanded four times since 1952.

There are other pleasant things to be found in suburbia. When the fire siren lets loose with an ear-splitting screech, the man at the filling station drops the hose and says to the customer at the gas tank, "Be back later." The grocery clerk takes his fingers off the buttons of the cash register and rushes out with his apron flopping, and the barber drops his shears. That is the volunteer fire department at work, a heart-warming feature of most suburban towns, and in many of them a highly efficient, elaborately equipped organization whose members work hard at an extracurricular job.

On a sunny morning when the householder is watering his lawn, the local cop may drive up in a radio car with a grin on his face and lean out to say, "Just wanted to make sure you were getting along all right." That same cop, called in the middle of the night to investigate a prowler, will be there in three minutes flat. You can't get that kind of service out of many metropolitan police departments. Nor, simply by asking, can you get a city cop to watch your house when you go away for the summer.

There is a sense of belonging too. The usher in church commutes to town with you every morning, and the minister calls you by name as he sees you out of the door. The grocer, the dry-cleaner and the man at the filling station know your likes and dislikes in food, clothing and gasoline, much as they do in a country village. The local tennis courts are full of couples at play, and you know most of them—or soon will. At night, even on a lawn forty feet wide, you can look up and see the stars. If it is hot, it is never as hot as the city at the same hour.

Perhaps these few things help to explain why suburbia is here to stay. There are troubles aplenty, but time and money will solve them all, if ever the boom slows down. When that time comes, suburbia may finally be able to live up to its reputation. Meanwhile, people will grumble about the suburbs, and people will continue to stay there. I know, for I live in a suburb.

Editors' Note: This is the last of three articles.

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every family has men who'd like Hanes

Tiger or tot size, Hanes is something to roar about!

Hanes underwear is long-wearing, shrink-resistant and—pounce on this news—you save money on every Hanes shirt, short or T-shirt you select.

Why? Because Hanes buys its own cotton, spins its own yarn, knits its own cloth—thereby eliminating many outside costs that you normally pay for.

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- knitwear is treated to stay whiter than white
- stress points are reinforced with Nylon
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- the Givvies shorts are cut on the bias to g-i-v-e

You can't growl over these prices: T-shirts, $1 (boys', 75c). Givvies shorts, $1 (boys' boxer shorts, 65c to 69c). Look for that famous red label at your dealer's today. If he doesn't have Hanes, he can get it for you. Remember, to get more than you bargained for, be sure the name's . . .

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The all-family lip balm for dry, cracked sore lips.

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★

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The all-family lip balm for dry, feverish, sore lips. Why not buy a Personalized* 'Chap Stick' today for everyone in the home?
Refuse all substitutes.

Keeping Posted

Roz Russell's Family Gets Injured Too

Rosalind Russell and her son Lance have a dandy time in their swimming pool.

Although comedienne Roz Russell is a champion at collecting bruises, lacerations and broken bones, Frederick Brisson, her husband, and their son, Lance, occasionally show flashes of similar genius. When author Dick Hubler, page 38, visited the Brissons, they were recovering from shock induced by Lance having a Fourth of July calamity. The lad, while visiting a friend's house which has plate-glass walls, had ignited a forbidden firecracker and run right through one of the walls, not noticing its presence. Somehow he managed to escape with only one deep leg laceration and a glassware bill for $52.

Then there was the occasion when father Brisson showed Lance how to dive in the surf. "You dive through the wave, like this," he expounded, and dived. His wife told Hubler resignedly, "Of course, we had to have three men dredge him out of the sand. Too shallow." Later that evening, Hubler recounts, the lady's husband took on a glassy stare and she trundled him hastily to a doctor. Diagnosis: slight concussion.

At last report, Hubler was busy in California helping Capitol Records make a play of his, The Hallow'd Time, into a Christmas album: music by Dr. John Vincent, singing by the Roger Wagner Chorale. The playwright says he and the composer get along beautifully by calling each other geniuses as often as possible.

The U.S.A. is Shrinking

Remember the small-town wedding featured in The Face of America series on August 20? Keeping Posted related that photographer Ivan Dmitri picked that wedding couple at random out of the whole nation, then discovered that the bride's father was a college classmate of his. Title of K.P. item: "It's a Small U.S.A." Mr. Harry Obitz, of Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pennsylvania, made it smaller by writing in: "The bridegroom is from Red Cloud, Nebraska. Elsewhere on your page was a picture of ex-baseball pitcher Dazzy Vance; he is from Red Cloud. His nephew, Spence, lives in Red Cloud. I am from Red Cloud. The little girl in the wedding party is Jo Ann Wiggins, our niece. The newlyweds spent their honeymoon at Shawnee Inn. I might add that I'm golf professional there." It's a big Red Cloud.

Crime Expert Has Remote-Control Secretary

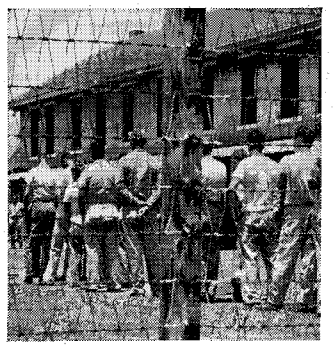
That photo of Joe Dinneen, whose brilliant crime serial is developing on page 45, shows him in his car using a device which let's call a radio secretary. Ever hear of it, or her? Dinneen, of the Boston Globe, a celebrated crime reporter and author, says his gadget is just a service that's available in all big cities, nothing glamorous about it.

However, he's been using this ridy-talkie for something like seven years, and maybe familiarity breeds unglamorousness.

The device isn't a person-to-person telephone by which one can phone or be called by anybody. Dinneen, while cruising in his car, needs the help of a secretary who is stationary in an office, and phone-company operators have enough to do without secretarying. What happens with the author's contraption is that if his editor, or anybody else, wants him, the wanter phones a number listed as Mobilfone, and an operator-secretary there pushes a button which calls 170, whereupon Dinneen, being Mr. 170, answers. The lass says, "Call So-and-So by land phone," or gives him a message. If Dinneen isn't in the car, when he gets back to it he always remarks into his mike, "170 on the air" and the lass, getting his signal, comes right back at him. Or, for instance, if Dinneen has to break a luncheon date with Joe Doakes, he exclaims, "170 calling" and turns the miserable task over to the poor girl. If he has a sudden writing idea, he just dictates a memo into the mike. The only thing the secretarial Mobilfone won't do is fetch him coffee, an appalling defect which may prevent its acceptance by the general business public.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Our Prisons Need Not Fail"



Do bars and guards rehabilitate criminals? Read about a prison expert who, employing trust and fair play, got cleaner parole records and fewer escapes.

How to Get a Whole Family in a Photo

One day Charles Ewing's wife phoned him that a letter had come saying he'd sold his first story to the Post; and the day was Friday, the thirteenth, proving what a lucky day that is. When the author's story was scheduled for this issue (page 28), he sent a snapshot of himself, apologizing that he couldn't send a promised picture of the whole family because Mrs. Ewing had just gone to the hospital and added another member to the family. However, a few days later, in rushed that photograph of the whole family, depicting, besides Lee, Gerald, Charles Junior and the proud

parents, also David, one week old. The wee lad who refused to miss the big doings checked in on a Friday—the twelfth. Proving what a lucky day that is too.

An unusual switch is that when Ewing's wife told him about the story sale, the first thing he did was get mad. It should be explained that the author, after working on the Knoxville, Tennessee, Journal, spent World War II with the 7th Army, spent the Korea war with the 8th Army, and now is happily stationed at Headquarters 3rd Army in Atlanta; and at the time of the story sale, the Ewings were negotiating the sale of a former home. Ewing claims that his wife was incoherent with emotion on the phone, and when she stated the amount of the story check, he thought she had sold the house for that. Maybe he was thinking incoherently. Anyway, they were able to get things untangled, and when Ewing reached home, youthful Lee shouted, "Here comes Mr. Hemingway!"

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